N. S. E.

Outdoor America

OCTOBER, 1927

Price 25 Cents

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DEFENDER O[illegible]ND WILD LIFE

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Concerning The Superior National Forest Situation

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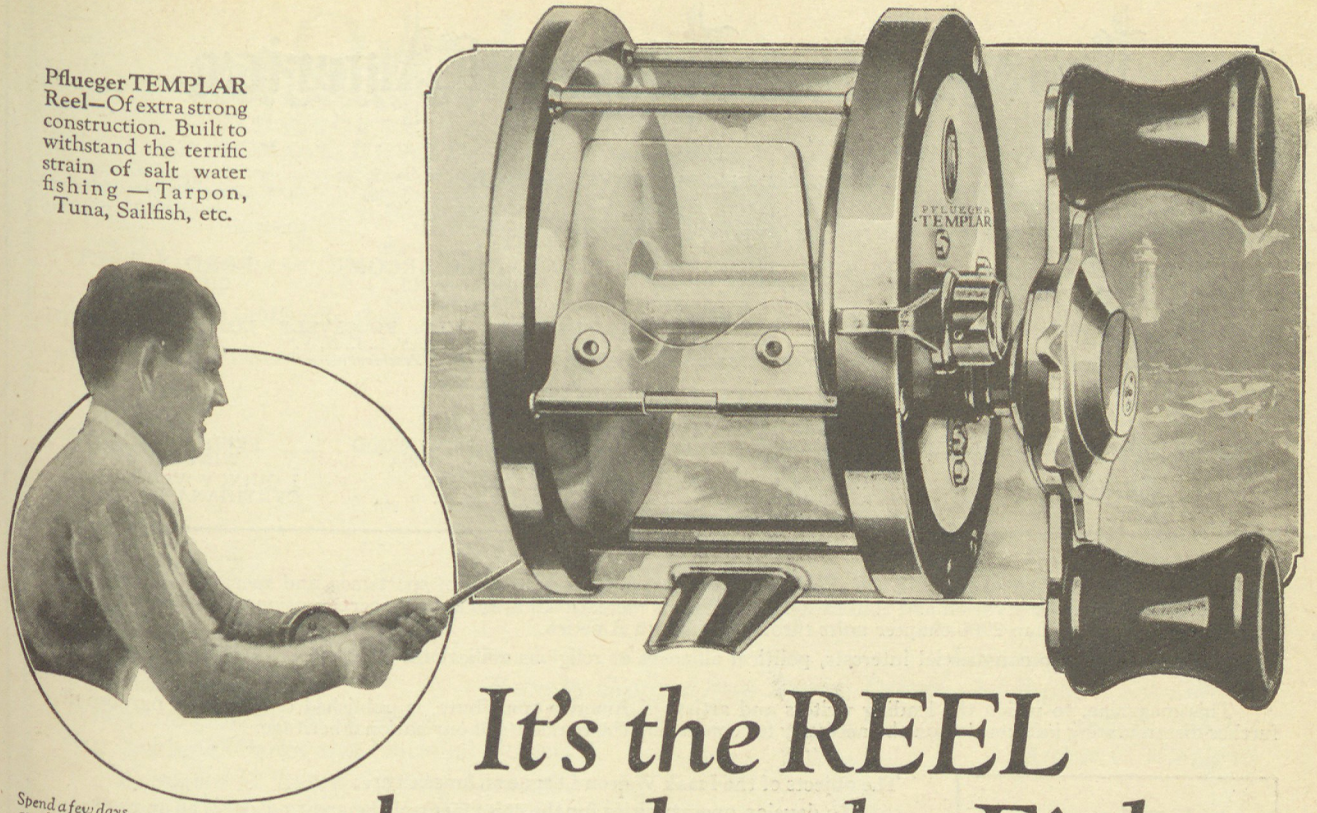

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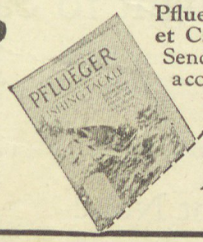

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 2900 chapter units throughout North America.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

This Platform of Waltonism Means

More forests
More clean streams
More fish and game
More outdoor life

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The objects of the Izaak Walton League of America are:

To develop opportunities for the enjoyment of the great outdoors as an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of our people.

To encourage the protection and restoration of woods, wild flowers and wild life.

To safeguard the public health and conserve aquatic life by the elimination of pollution, and

To restore and transmit to posterity the Outdoor America of our ancestors.

The League's platform is as follows:

1. A comprehensive system of forest extension and management, reforestation of denuded areas, and proper encouragement to private landowners to grow timber.

2. A copious supply of pure water to safeguard public health and conserve aquatic life, and an aggressive campaign to eradicate pollution from inland and coastal waters.

3. Opposition to drainage projects which injure natural resources without equivalent benefit to the general public, and the restoration of unwisely drained areas.

4. More adequate protection for beneficial wild life, and the establishment of an ample number of properly administered fish and game refuges, and public fishing and hunting grounds.

5. The establishment of sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

6. The establishment of biological experiment stations for the training of scientific workers to guarantee expert supervision of all game and fish propagation and distribution.

7. Opposition to the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes, except for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the aesthetic and economic value of our birds and wild flowers.

10. To develop greater opportunities for and encouragement of outdoor recreation as an essential part of the character-building, and the spiritual and physical development of the American people, especially our boys and girls.

11. The practice of true sportsmanship, respect for the property of others, and strenuous opposition to all unfair and illegal methods.

12. The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America.

13. Co-operation with all organizations having like aims and better co-ordination of the efforts of such organizations with state and governmental agencies.

14. An unceasing militant educational campaign to attain the declared objects of the Izaak Walton League.

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Outdoor America

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SIGNALS

GEORGE ERWIN BOWEN

BIG CHIEF long ago in the Forest dim
Called his Copper Warriors many leagues to him.
Blew upon a tiny spark, blew with all his might,
Soon the cat-tail cotton gave forth a living light.
Then a smudge of scented pine lifted to the sky
A call to all the loyal brave: "Come, nor question why!"

BIG CHIEF gone away, plenty civilized.
Sold his Forest to a rogue, as a man disguised.
Sold his freedom, sold his pride, sold the Red God's State . .
Stands a City where he trod—broken pawn of fate.
Stands a City,—pity more those who waste therein.
They shall live to curse the thief who knew not his sin.

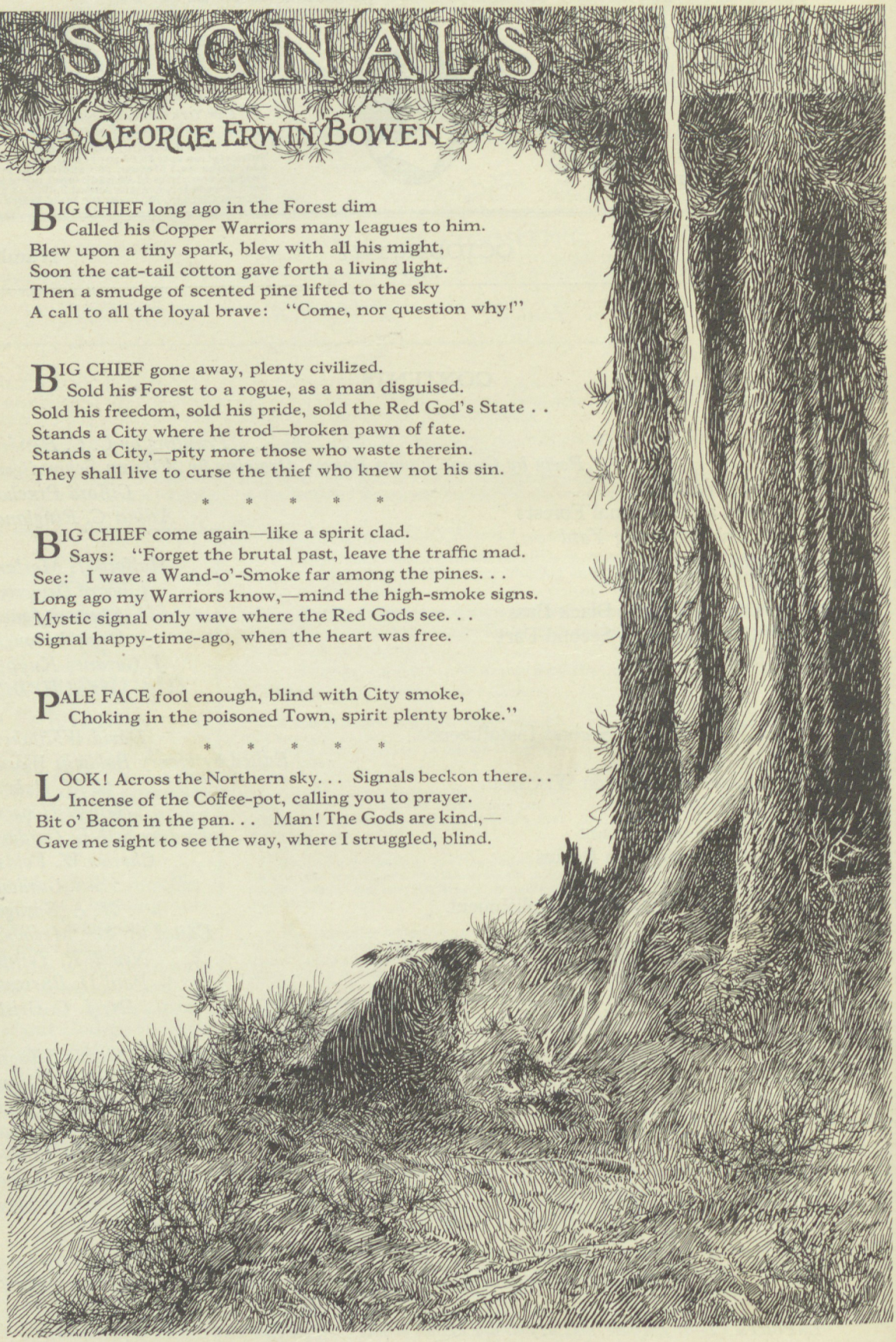
* * * * *

BIG CHIEF come again—like a spirit clad.
Says: "Forget the brutal past, leave the traffic mad.
See: I wave a Wand-o'-Smoke far among the pines. . .
Long ago my Warriors know,—mind the high-smoke signs.
Mystic signal only wave where the Red Gods see. . .
Signal happy-time-ago, when the heart was free.

PALE FACE fool enough, blind with City smoke,
Choking in the poisoned Town, spirit plenty broke."

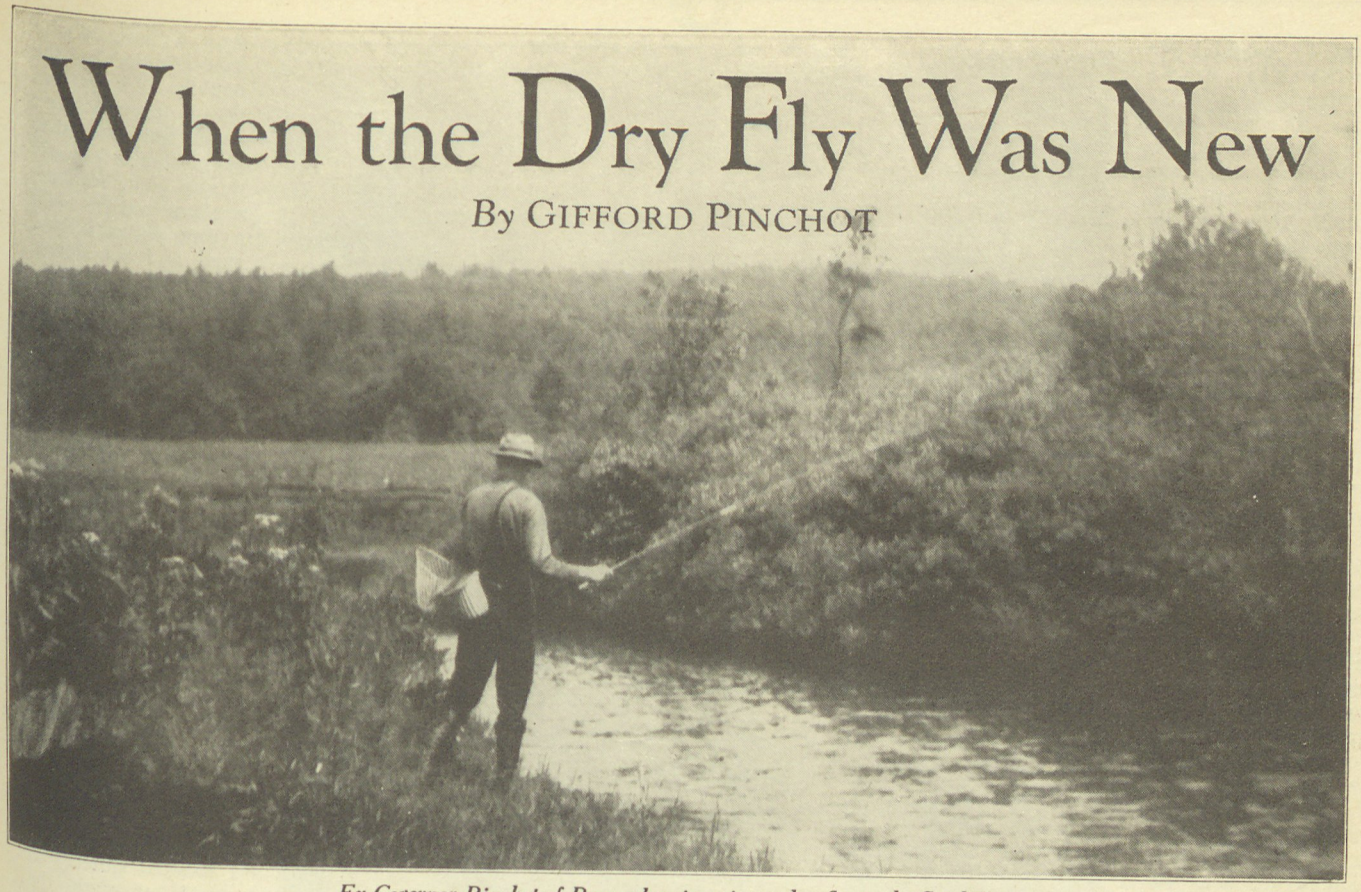
* * * * *

LOOK! Across the Northern sky. . . Signals beckon there. . .
Incense of the Coffee-pot, calling you to prayer.
Bit o' Bacon in the pan. . . Man! The Gods are kind,—
Gave me sight to see the way, where I struggled, blind.



When the Dry Fly Was New

By GIFFORD PINCHOT



Ex-Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania using a dry fly on the Sawkill.

This story was written fourteen years ago. It was not published, and is here printed for the first time just as it was written in 1913

I HAVE a classmate who has a brother who wrote a book. Therein he described what is at once the simplest and the most difficult, and by far the most attractive method of stream fishing that ever has come my way. The book is Emlyn Gill's "DRY FLY FISHING IN AMERICA." For me it opened the road to the most satisfactory of all forms of fresh water sport.

To read Gill's book was to be eager for the practice of the dry fly, so I sent to New York for the means, began with no teacher but the printed word, and dry fly fishing for trout captured me on the spot.

One of the charms of it is the simplicity of the outfit—a leader or two, a pill box with a few flies, a little one-drop oil can filled with albolene (five cents' worth of which will last you a season), and you have the whole of the special appliances necessary for the use of the dry fly beyond the ordinary equipment of rod and reel, creel and net.

Long before Emlyn Gill had come himself to teach me, by the example of the master at work, some of the finer points of dry fly fishing, I had discovered that it was possible, when streams were low, to take more and bigger fish with the dry fly than with the wet, and to take them not only in cloudy weather and at the two ends of the day, but in bright sunlight at noon, with the water clear as crystal, provided only you approach the trout from behind as he lies headed upstream, or otherwise keep out of sight.

There are two ways of staying hid. The one is to fish upstream with a long line delicately; the other to keep behind what cover there may be along the brook, so that the trout cannot suspect your presence, while you yourself often cannot see your fly as it takes the water. Each way is good in its place, but keep hid you must, except where the water is rapid. There, provided you fish upstream and your shadow is behind you, you may take trout almost between your feet.

In the Pennsylvania village where I live there is a man famous for years as the best fly fisherman of all that region. He knows the brooks as few men can, and the trout he has caught in past days make the envy and despair of his younger followers.

To him I said one day last summer, "Come to the Sawkill, and let me see you use the wet fly. I am studying trout just now, and I want to learn how you do it."

"No," said he, "this is a bad day. When the brooks are low, I must have cloudy weather. I will call you up the first good day."

So he did, and we went to the stream at the time and place he chose. But the water was still too low for the wet fly, and he had no sooner seen the brook than he said so; and he added "I can do nothing in this water. Let me see you try."

Just then a trout rose in a long still reach of the stream. There was no cover near, and the rise was nearly as far from where we stood as the longest cast I could manage. But by good fortune reach it I did (I am a very moderate fisherman) and the response was satisfactory. By the time the trout had got his liberty again (for this was a native trout, and since, worse luck, there are brown trout in this brook, for the present all the natives caught go back), the veteran's ideas began to undergo a change.

On our way to the brook he had condemned the dry fly without mercy. Now he had seen taken a trout which the

Gifford Pinchot, often called the "conservation governor," here gives us a delightful account of real fishing experiences. All America knows him as a great conservationist and is grateful for his valuable pioneer work in forestry, associated with Theodore Roosevelt. —EDITOR

wet fly could not possibly have reached. To make the story short, throughout the afternoon the wet fly took no fish, while the dry fly made a score of eight, four of which, being natives, were returned to the stream.

My friend went home converted, but not before he had promised that some day when the stream is high he will show me how the fly which bears his name will do its work under his hand in roily water.

Another day another friend of mine — Grant, we will call him because that happens to be his name—was walking up the Sawkill with me about the middle of a hot still afternoon. The brook was excessively low, the water clear as glass, but what little wind was stirring came from the South, and here and there a trout was rising. As we came near the spring by which we meant to eat our lunch, we saw, holding his place almost without motion in the imperceptible current, a brown trout well over a foot long.

"There is a pool upon the Sawkill—I have haunted that pool evening after evening."

He was lying in water not two feet deep, close behind a high tuft of grass upon the bank, and he rose as we watched him, and saw us as he rose. It would have been useless to "chuck a brute of a fly" at him just then.

"We'll attend to him after lunch," said Grant, and on we went to the lunching place. But all the while we were lunching we could see that our fish was lunching too. We finished eating, my friend smoked his smoke out to the end, but evidently the fish was hungry still.

Finally Grant could stand it no longer. Crawling on hands and knees, as though he were stalking big game, as indeed he was, Grant reached the cover of the bunch of grass. Once there, the trout was within ten feet. There had been no jarring footfall, no movement of grass or brush, and the trout was still unfrightened and unaware. Then the single fly dropped delicately upon the water above the feeding fish, which did not wait for this final course of his long meal to be brought slowly to him by the stream, but came swiftly to meet it.

There followed as pretty a fight as you will often see. Three times the brown trout came out of water with a rush, and it was not until after a most spirited struggle of ten minutes that the net rose round him—a beauty 15 inches in length, and a pound and a half in weight.

This fish represented the best size and condition of brown trout rising to the dry fly in this particular stream. Here was a fish, wholly inaccessible to the wet fly as such, and which the longest and finest casting even of the dry fly might well, in such a place and on such a day, have frightened and set down. It was taken purely because the fish did not know the fisherman was about.

Someone may say that, in this particular instance, a grasshopper would have answered the purpose just as well. It is possible, although not probable, but this much is certain, that in such a case the pleasure of the recollection would have lost its finest quality.

For me, two trout stand out as the best catches of that season. One of them was a fish of a pound and five ounces. As I walked quietly at sunset through the old meadow along the brook, it rose with a splash. The rise I heard but could not see till the widening ripples had half crossed the stream. Then, lengthening my line from behind some bushes, I cast around them, so that the fly struck the water out of my sight. Up came the trout smartly, and I hooked him by the sound of his rise.

I was fishing with perhaps thirty feet of line, and for the moment that was all I had, because the rest of it, to my shame, was tangled on the reel. Also, I was on my way home and fishing, as I seldom do, downstream, and downstream went the trout when I hooked him. He had to be stopped short, for there was no more line to give him, and stopped he was, and out of the water he came, and the leader held, and at the end of five minutes of as vigorous play as you would care to see the net rose around him too, and I had finished the season with one of its finest fish.

The best of the English dry fly fishers are, I am told, the purists, who will cast at a trout only after they have seen him rise. If the trout are not rising, there is no fishing, and not only the fly but the line goes home as dry as it came out. We in America fish streams less known, less clear, less placid, and we are always speculating, dropping the dry fly here and there where a trout is apt to be, seeking our luck from the stream even though no trout rises to invite us to come and kill him.

I am by no means a purist. I am given to taking chances along the brook; but the more I fish with this most sport-giving of entanglements the more I find myself enjoying the taking of the individual fish that I have seen and stalked and hooked, as against the promiscuous unseen fish I have cast for merely in general.

There is a spot in a meadow brook where two logs cross. Near them lie the last remnants of an ancient dam, and these, it is reported, are inhabited by huge and somewhat legendary trout whose weight and length and game qualities may be set as high as the reader pleases. I wish I knew. Coming home one evening at the heel of a rather unsuccessful day, between dog and wolf, as the French say, just when the beauty of the brook is at its loveliest, I saw the second of my two best trout rise in the angle of the logs.

The distance was about the limit of my casting power, which is not set at ninety odd feet like Emlyn Gill's, but at a figure so much more modest that it declines to be mentioned at all. Luck was with me, and when at last the line was well out, the Whirling Dun dropped lightly in the angle. Instantly came the strike, and instantly the hooked trout dove under and between the logs. It was a ticklish moment, with so much line out, but the tangle became untangled, the roots and branches were cleared, and one of the most welcome trout I ever caught came to the nearer bank.

It was not the legendary big fellow, but only a trout of a pound. Yet because I had seen him and gone after him, had fished for him perfectly so far as my abilities would take me, and had landed him without a mistake, that fish makes, and will continue to make, one of the pleasantest memories of my days along the brook.

There is no question, I take it, that the dry fly beats the wet fly when streams are low, and at all times I judge from my small experience that the average of fish taken is larger with the dry fly than with the wet. Indeed, there are but three things to be said in even partial detraction of it. The first is that the dry fly requires a far more intimate knowledge of the places where fish lie, and of their habits of feeding than does the wet fly.

The brown trout, for example, on clear sunny days with the wind in the South, affects the lower margins of still pools, lying many times on sand bars in six or eight inches of water, plainly visible to the distant but discerning fisherman, yet out of reach of all but the most careful casting of the dry fly. At such times, let your fly drop six feet to one side and a little behind the fish, and if he has not seen you, which he can do at the most astonishing distances and through the most astonishing amount of cover, you are more than likely to hook him, and to find him of good size.

At other times you will get no fish but in the riffles, and yet again only in the deepest center of the pools, at which times the dry fly jerked under and retrieved below the surface has a fascination often not to be denied. So this first objection is really an advantage, for the dry fly compels you to learn your fish.

The second detraction is that dry fly fishermen are the natural prey of all the brush along the streams. The need of false casts to dry the fly makes so many additional opportunities for all the prehensile fingers of the trees to snatch your hook, and the fact that you must fish against the current, and therefore cannot trust it to place the fly for you, makes longer casting, with a good back cast, most necessary. In other words, the dry fly requires a kind of handling of the rod and line on wooded streams which adds tenfold at times to the aggravation, and on those rare occasions when everything a man does goes well, a hundredfold to the delights, of the fishing. This second drawback then is really but a spur to ambition in disguise. Nevertheless, if you own the stream, use your axe where the brush is thickest. You will be astonished at the comfort which will follow a little judicious cutting.

The third difficulty is more serious. Accuracy in the placing and management of the fly is more essential to success with the dry than with the wet fly, of which latter I speak as a user and lover for many years; and accuracy in the placing and handling of the fly involves a degree of eye strain, especially if a very small fly be employed, which may amount to a serious drain upon the angler. This is the one real objection to dry fly fishing.

There is a pool upon the Sawkill where in the edge of the evening you may see and hear trout rising with the deep convincing plop which always means a heavy fish. I have haunted that pool evening after evening, when the colors of sky and land and water were almost enough to drown the love of fishes. I have cast my longest and finest. I have done my very prettiest. I have dropped my fly over the rising trout just beyond the grass, and in the center just below the middle of the rise. Evening after evening I have come back from that pool with my troubles for my pains.

I have used the Whirling Dun and Wickham's Fancy, the most uniformly successful flies upon that brook, and the Coachman, the Pale Evening Dun, the Cahill, and many another fly whose name I do not know; and night after night those fish rise and rise, but not for me; and night after night I go home without them.

Whatever it is they feed on they will take within six inches of my fly, but my fly they do not strike. Gill has tried them; Grant has tried them; my brother has done his best. We are not good enough yet. We do not know how, yet. Could there be a stronger reason for the preparations which are already under way for the next season's campaign?

Former Governor Pinchot and his family at beautiful Sawkill Falls, Pa.

George M. L. LaBranche

distinguished angler and author of "The Dry Fly and Fast Water" and "Salmon and the Dry Fly," will have a story in a later issue of Outdoor America. Mr. LaBranche spent the summer fishing in Scotland, where he was the first to kill a salmon on the dry fly, a feat which has long been thought impossible of achievement.

Our National Parks and National Forests

A Clear and Unbiassed Analysis of Their Inter-Relation

By
ARTHUR C. RINGLAND

Secretary of the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation

Comment

By
ROBERT STERLING YARD

Executive Secretary of the National Parks Association

IF the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation had accomplished nothing more than the accomplishments of its Coordinating Commission, all the time and work involved in its creation and operation since would have been fully justified. Every time I repeat this opinion its truth is more apparent. Misunderstanding between the national park and national forest groups, each of the other's motives and purposes, once amounted literally to a Tragedy of Error. Its infection was spreading far. But within a year after appointment of the Coordinating Commission this has dissipated like morning mists. Today the two groups, partners by nature and interest, have become partners in fact.

The National Conference on Outdoor Recreation represents a stage in the struggle of clear thinking to emerge from the clutter of new and confusing conditions created by the sudden overwhelming recreational tide which, a decade ago, followed the newly discovered pastime of motor touring. Its title even then was a misnomer. According to common understanding and all the dictionaries, recreation is diversion after work, and this movement from its outset represented infinitely more than play. Conservation, preservation, purification of polluted waters, restoration of disappearing species, education, mental and physical health, and spiritual inspiration can be considered diversional only by inference; but there was no other word which even remotely twinned these principal objectives of the National Conference with the new passion for outdoor pleasuring. Born in 1924 of the struggle for clear thinking, the National Conference has itself importantly contributed to the vision of today.

Prominent among today's accepted recognitions, is that of primary uses in land classifications, to which all other uses must be secondary. In national forests, as Mr. Ringland shows, recreation finds full play except where it may retard or supplant their primary functions, which he enumerates.

So with national parks, whose primary function Mr. Ringland defines as preservation of areas of original unmodified nature which are also extraordinary examples of typical scenic magnificence. To this, then, as in national forests, recreation is a secondary function which must not be permitted to retard or supplant preservation.

During the last eight years, education and inspiration have also become publicly and officially recognized as peculiarly functions of the National Park System. But education is also a function of all outdoors. John Burroughs at 84 told me that he could still learn new truths in the field opposite the old home (on whose porch we sat) where he had first pried into Nature's secrets as a child. Every third-growth patch of spindling woodland is a school room to those who seek knowledge patiently. What lifts our National Parks System into the Super-University of Nature we now conceive it is its unique quality of originality, carrying down from infinity to us today the unmodified sequence of Nature's handling of her own.

The other newly recognized function of national parks, the inspirational, is also a universal outdoor product to those whose minds have eyes. Who has not thrilled before the demonstration of power in storm-swept seas, or of beauty in immense vistas of farms, woods, waters and villages seen from commanding heights? There is beauty wherever rain and sun have their way with earth, and often where absence of moisture reveals desert and mountain starkly naked. Our national forests disclose many spots of sublime beauty. But what makes our national parks system a national Temple of Inspiration is its collection of America's choicest selections during nearly sixty years.

Those who have sought and those who still seek to make national parks of areas which have lost their quality of pristine originality or fail of scenic sublimity are merely ignorant. These physical qualities are all that differentiate national parks from national forests and State parks, determining primary functions. As Colonel William B. Greeley once told a Congressional committee, national parks are "not national forests under another name." Neither are they state parks in masquerade. They differ in kind, therefore in use, from every other classification of lands in the world.

To one who has lived so long in daily touch with these distinctions working out in practice, it seems strange that many, even some in official life, fail to see that dilution of national park standards will swiftly diminish the glory of the System.

THE present high tide of popular indulgence in outdoor recreation has stimulated widespread interest in our National Parks and National Forests, but the distinction between these classes of Federal reservations and their primary functions does not always seem clear in the public mind. A statement of the principles involved in their establishment, and the policies governing their administration, seems timely in view of recent adjustments in National Park and National Forest boundaries, as recommended to Congress by the Coordinating Commission of the President's Committee on Outdoor Recreation.

National Parks are dedicated to social welfare exclusively while National Forests primarily are dedicated to economic well-being. This is the distinction to bear in mind in any consideration of these classes of reservations.

National Parks

A NATIONAL PARK is an area of original unmodified natural conditions set aside to protect and maintain lands of relatively subordinate economic value but embracing scenery of quality so distinctive, commanding and impressive, or enclosing natural features of scientific or historic interest so extraordinary or unique, as to possess national interest and importance, as distinguished from those of sectional or local significance. They are, therefore, held inviolate as a preserve of primitive nature. National Parks are designed to render public service through the *complete preservation* of all their resources; scenic, scientific, historic, and wild life, for the education and recreation of the whole people. They serve, as well, a coordinate value in high degree for the protection of waterflows.

Preservation of the objects of interest and of their scenic, historic, and scientific values is basic in National Park administration. National Parks are outdoor museums and as such are made fully available for public enjoyment and education under the most profitable conditions. Utilities for these purposes are, therefore, dominant to any other use and are designed to afford the freest enjoyment of nature by the whole public unimpeded by individual privileges. The chief function of these Parks, as stated by Secretary Work, is not to afford the popular playground conception of recreation, but for the exercise of their scientific values and "the higher education of our people in the finer things." They are not created to duplicate recreation utilities "down to the smallest picnic park standard," for "Municipal and State and National Forests together offer outdoor opportunities in countless numbers and are easily accessible."

On the National Parks the complete preservation of wild life is a basic principle of Park administration. The National Parks are game sanctuaries and breeding reservoirs where wild life may be enjoyed for esthetic pleasure and study, for the recreational use of photography, and where no hunting is permitted. The use of the wild life assets of the National Parks is spiritual rather than economic and supplemental to the wild life administration of the National Forests.

In brief, the administrative policy governing the National Parks is cogently set forth by Franklin K. Lane, former Secretary of the Interior:

"first, that the national parks must be maintained in absolute unimpaired form for the use of future generations as well as those of our time;

"second, that they are set apart for the use, observation, health, and pleasure of the people, and

"third, that the national interest must dictate all decisions affecting public or private enterprise in the parks."

National Forests

A NATIONAL FOREST is an extensive area set aside to protect, improve and maintain in a permanently productive or useful condition lands unsuited to agriculture but capable of yielding forest products and other coordinate benefits. National Forests are designed to benefit the public through the *complete utilization* of all their resources and the development of their potential values—the timber, the forage, the waters, the wild life and the recreative, in accordance with the principles of applied science and coordinated use consistent with permanent productivity.

It is not the purpose of a National Forest to duplicate the unique recreation functions of National Parks, although recreation is a common resource of both classes of reservation. Recognition is given to the occurrence of landscape features; natural formations; objects of scientific, historic, or archaeological interest; game animals and fish; and areas preeminently suited as sites for camps, resorts, sanatoria, picnic grounds and summer homes. These utilities constitute recreation resources of social importance. Their preservation, development and wise use for the promotion of public welfare is an important and essential feature of Forest management coordinate with the production of timber and forage and the conservation of water and other resources. Where recreation and other forms of use conflict, however, careful planning determines whether the maximum utilization of one resource can be secured with minimum injury to the others.

The National Forests' complete administration of the wild life and game resources on a permanently productive basis is dictated as a use coordinate with other uses. The use of the game assets of the National Forest is economic and in a lesser degree spiritual. The numbers of game administered are adjusted to the food supply available to insure a permanent breeding stock which will perpetually produce a given surplus to be used as completely as possible for all three cardinal purposes of game conservation; economic use; esthetic pleasure; and recreational use, for sport, study and photography. To this end the National Forests, wherever the laws permit, embrace not only sanctuaries where all wild life is held inviolate; and areas for feeding, rest and breeding; but areas where hunting is permitted under state laws.

The inclusive functions of the National Forests are well summarized by Henry S. Graves, former chief of the U. S. Forest Service:

"Forests are more than trees. They are land areas on which are associated various forms of plant and animal life. The forester must deal with all. Forest administration should be planned with a view to realizing all possible benefits from the land areas handled. It should take account of their indirect value for recreation and health as well as their value for the production of salable material; and of their value for the production of meat, hides, and fur of all kinds as well as for the production of wood and the protection of water supplies."

Yellowstone Park. The Grand Teton from Jenny Lake in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming. Photo National Park Service.

Relative Values of National Parks and National Forests

WHETHER an area should be under administration as a National Park or a National Forest depends upon a proper evaluation and weighing of all assets, present and potential, within the area under consideration and the relation of these resources to existing National Forests and National Parks and to local, state, and national economy. A National Forest demands economic utilization of its resources; a National Park preservation of its resources. National Forest utilization creates wealth; National Park preservation redistributes wealth. Both Forests and Parks create invisible

wealth — spiritual, educational, and physical; the Parks in relatively greater measure than the Forests. Together the two forms of administration, and each in complement to the other, are designed to satisfy material and spiritual wants.

The ultimate test of their public value will come when the economic pressure of an increased population demands the complete utilization of all available resources. The resources within the National Parks, therefore, must be of such outstanding character that there is justification for their permanent withdrawal from all forms of commercial use; and those of the National Forests must be managed upon the most productive basis possible.

Stand of Yellow Pine, Kaibab National Forest, Arizona. Photo U. S. Forest Service.

Our National Parks are administered by the Department of the Interior and the National Forests by the Department of Agriculture. Historically the first National Park preceded the establishment of any National Forest. The Yellowstone National Park was created in 1872; and the first National Forest not until 1891. However, the National Forest system did not become extensively established until after 1905, and the National Park system not until after 1916. Some of the National Parks or additions were created through the transfer of outstanding scenic areas from the National Forests.

Since the National Forests and the National Parks were not established concurrently and force of circumstances at times dictated the establishment of arbitrary division lines it has happened that National Forests have embraced areas that should be withdrawn from utilization; likewise the National Parks have included areas that should be placed under Forest management. To effect coordination in policy and the complementary development of the resources of each class of reservation the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation requested the President's Committee on Outdoor Recreation to undertake a study of the problem.

On February 10, 1925, the President's Committee formally appointed a Commission to investigate and report to the Committee on all projects under consideration by the Department of Interior and Agriculture dealing with proposed enlargements or adjustments of National Parks or National Forests which involve the interests of the two Departments. The Commission as created consisted of Dr. Henry W. Temple, member of Congress from Pennsylvania, Chairman; Mr. Charles Sheldon of the Boone and Crockett Club; Major William A. Welch, Chief Engineer of the Palisades Interstate Park Commission; Colonel W. B. Greeley, Chief of the United States Forest Service; Mr. Stephen T. Mather, Director of the National Park Service; Mr. Barrington Moore of the Council on Parks, Forests, and Wild Life; Mr. Duncan McDuffie of the Sierra Club, and Mr. Arthur Ringland of the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation, Secretary.

This Commission spent the seasons of 1925 and 1926 in the field and examined proposed adjustments in the boundaries of National Park and National Forests in Wyoming, Arizona, California, and Oregon. Four projects have now been approved by Congress: the Sequoia, Mt. Rainier, Rocky Mountain and Grand Canyon National Park projects; the Yellowstone Park project is pending action; and field work on the Yosemite and Crater Lake National Park projects has been completed.

Conclusion

THE work of the Coordinating Commission, it is hoped, has established the principles which should govern the inter-relation of National Parks and National Forests. Usually these reservations have coterminous boundaries and therefore coordination in administration is an obvious necessity. Each class represents an essential phase of the conservation of national resources; national parks an example of the complete preservation of natural environment, and the national forests an example of economic use of the annual income of natural capital. Thus the national parks perpetuate the social enjoyment of unmodified resources. The national forests, through the conservative use of their material resources, permanently contribute to the maintenance of local and national wealth.

SHALL WE ESTABLISH A FEDERAL RESERVATION FOR ANTELOPE AND SAGE GROUSE?

By

WILLIAM L. FINLEY

of the

American Nature Association

IN NOVEMBER ISSUE

A Brush with Luck

By

HALFORD J. MORLAN

HALFORD J. MORLAN *is one of the best "all round" sportsmen in America. Every outdoor activity wins his interest from dry fly fishing for salmon in Labrador to big game hunting in Mexico, alternating with months of fascinating sport after bass, trout, quail and ducks. His understanding and appreciation of the ways of a dog will appeal to all dog lovers. Also Dr. Morlan is a true conservationist, an enthusiastic member of the Izaak Walton League, and has the well being and safety of America's outdoors closely at heart.*—EDITOR.

IF there is anything at all sure about "luck," it is the fact that it is often bad. Until the very last of the quail season, bad luck was my constant companion. Last year, Lady, one of the finest working dogs that ever trailed a quail, was assigned to my retinue by my friend Daus Cole, who always has several good examples of what a perfect setter should be. Lady promptly became ill on the opening day of the season and soon had to be laid up, though she tried valiantly to overcome her handicap until weakness made it peremptory that she retire. She was very sick for months and seemingly had not thoroughly recovered until about a month before this year's shooting began. I reported at Marion for a day's visit with Daus and Cline before we started on our annual rounds of the good shooting places in southern Illinois, and immediately inquired about Lady and Joe. I was assured that they were in good shape for the arduous grind which was before them. They were a bit thin, but seemed vigorous and puissant enough for any ordinary season's work. But that afternoon late, when we all went to the house for dinner, Lady was dead! She had suddenly taken sick and though the local veterinarian had immediately responded to the call, the dog was unable to do likewise and consequently departed from us on the eve of the opening day of the season's shooting. The loss of that little dog with her keen brain, her understanding of spoken English, her mastery of canine strategy and her consummate knowledge and perpetual application of all the instinctive genius with which the best of breeding can endow a dog, was almost fatal to the joy of our fall shooting. Dog lovers need no description of the extent of sadness which that death produced. If there is a heaven for imperfect humanity, there must be one for dogs like Lady.

But despite our great loss, we "carried on," though not without a nightly discourse upon the virtue of Lady's capabilities. Another dog was purchased to take her place in the field, but none could ever take her place in our memory.

The first few days were spent where we opened each season. Never had we been disappointed there. Always, we came in before night with the limit. But not so this year. The quail had migrated. Many must have died too, from other causes than being shot. There was not in all that territory as many quail as previously were to be found on any one section therein.

A few days later, after hunting several days without any one killing more than five or six birds daily, we moved over a distance of some seventy miles to a body of land comprising thousands of acres: timber, pasture, weed fields, corn fields, grain fields of all kind indigenous to that country, and the dogs traveling in relays covered completely every likely place of this vast, hitherto unhunted territory —but we saw only a few quail and never once got the day's limit of twelve.

From all over Illinois and adjacent states came to me identical reports. The quail had either migrated or died. They were not killed during the previous season; that was positively known.

I moved on to Texas. Bob Briggs had another wonderful dog. She had undergone intensive training for three years and was considered in marvelous form and condition. She had been pointed for this hunt, and I was to have the use of the dog during my stay in the valley. The season opens there later than in Illinois so that I was able also to get to that objective in time for the beginning of the season. The day before the opening Bob's children had the dog out for a romp and were playing along the roadside. It was a wide road, concrete, and with a wide shoulder on each side. A large truck driven by a Mexican was seen to approach. The children stepped aside and the smart and experienced dog with all of her training quickly retreated to her accustomed place well out on the farthest rim of the shoulder, sat down on her haunches and waited for the fast approaching truck to pass. The driver came on straight down the concrete until almost opposite the dog. Then suddenly, and without warning, but with deadly precision and determined vandalism, swerved the car and before the innocent and trusting dog could spring to safety, the heavy truck was directed over her prostrate body. No, the driver was not shot. For before the children reported this dastardly, cowardly act of a malicious and depraved mind, the truck had been piloted rapidly away, and the miscreant culprit was well gone before Bob was aware of the tragedy.

But when one reflects upon the weaknesses of humankind, through the light of occurrences such as just related, it is difficult to refrain from dwelling upon the subject of punishment, and many righteous citizens might be willing to furnish an example of what they consider justice.

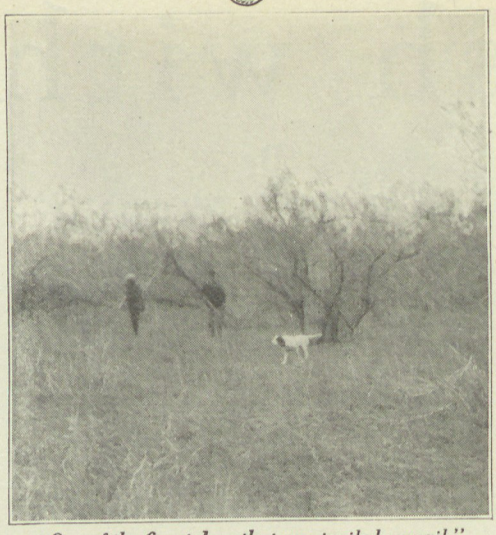
Two other dogs—good ones too—were purchased to substitute for the one so ignominiously and maliciously killed, and though they performed faultlessly, we never could forget the tragedy which was responsible for their presence with us, and there was always a doubt as to whether the other dog might not have found more birds. Luck! Yes, lots of it—all bad. In one season I had lost two of the finest dogs ever bred and both of them on the day before the opening of the quail shooting season. A sad coincidence.

Last year quail had been fairly plentiful in Illinois, and some adjacent states, but in Texas there were few places where I could find any bob whites, though I was assured that during the previous season there were quail by the thousands. It was an enigma. What had become of them? Now the conditions were reversed. Where, in Illinois we had found dozens of coveys last year, there were scarcely any this year. While in Texas where they had practically no quail the past year, it was alive with them this season. Getting the limit was a matter of but an hour or two. What had brought about the reversed conditions? No one knew, and I would not contend that quail migrated from one *distant* state to another. Yet I know that quail do migrate, arguments to the contrary notwithstanding.

At the "late" Bill's camp near Edinburgh, Texas, we had miles of territory over which we might hunt within the strict confines of our own premises. One occasion took us up to the north pasture, and the quail were so thick that I speak not in parables or with hyperbole when I tell you that we found coveys as thick as singles usually are after a covey is flushed. Before we reached the singles of a covey once flushed, we would almost invariably flush another covey. Moreover, the coveys were not small. I estimated them at from a dozen to forty quail per covey. All bob whites. In some localities hereabout we found blue quail (Mexican), but as I have elsewhere related, "I am all caught up with my blue quail shooting for life." No more! Never!

The pasture was slightly rolling, soil sandy, and every

fifty yards or so there was a slight sand dune, or hillock, not high, but elevated a few feet above the level of the lower part of the pasture. These small hillocks were covered with a fringe of bushy growth and rank grasses with usually a few mesquite trees near the top. Almost every one of these hillocks had its covey of quail, and only the thousands of rattlesnakes found in this part of Texas last year disputed the quail's right of possession. The snakes were the only drawback to the hunting here. We were constantly on the qui vive and had to watch our dogs as well as ourselves. There was never a day without its quota of rattlers, and though many of the quail migrated, the rattlers remained always.



"One of the finest dogs that ever trailed a quail."

Picture that vast pasture of thousands of acres, with small sand hillocks fifty to seventy-five yards apart and almost every one inhabited by quail — today. Then drive up there tomorrow, anticipating the same conditions and find but two or three coveys of quail during the entire day and that, by covering hundreds of acres of pasture; would you, then, say quail migrate? That is what I found not once but many times and that is why I say that quail undoubtedly do migrate from day to day, and, possibly for much greater distances than we have ever suspected.

"Men who gather annually, tell the same old stories and make the same prophecies."

I remained here in camp for almost a month and the same conditions confronted us until the end of my visit. One day I would find quail in quantity in one locality; a day or two later that same territory would be the habitat of but few, if any, quail. Furthermore, they would not be found even in that vicinity. If they were found at all, it was miles away. We used the same dogs. If they could find them in one place, they certainly would have found them in another if the quail had been there. Moreover, when quail are very plentiful, one will occasionally kick them up. We could not be mistaken! The quail *did* migrate and they went far while they were about it. Whether they walked, ran or flew and why, I do not know. But I do know that they disappeared.

"Do we love our dogs? Abuse one—you will need no further proof."

Among other dogs in camp was a wee bit of common breeding owned by Marshall White, and called Frank. He was a little white setter and looked as though he might be half shepherd. Whatever else he was, he was wonderful in the field and a great attachment sprang up between that doggie and myself. Marshall was a bit jealous and complained to the dog, but he assured me personally that it was all right. Too many hunters spoil a dog, just as too many cooks spoil the broth. A dog must have a master, must be accountable to him for his actions and hunt according to his master's directions. A dog, no more than an individual, can be rightly directed by several men, all with different ideas of where to go, what to do and how to do it. Consequently, when Marshall saw how wonderfully Frank hunted for me, how willingly he obeyed me and the uncanny traits and acts of skill Frank performed for me, he capitulated and turned the dog over to me for my own use. I was to use him for myself and any one companion whom I chose to take with me. But no gang was permitted to abuse Frank. Rightly so! He was vastly too good to be inadvertently abused and possibly ruined.

Usually I took my friend Arthur Sangster, my borrowed dog, Frank, and was off early each morning, fully expecting to return long before noon with our limits. That was our program, and the cook was never disappointed, and "Boots" willingly let his helper Floyd clean all of the quail. With several men hunting every day and about twenty — sometimes more—to feed, it took some game to keep us filled. I never saw anyone eat a quail a day for a month, but I saw a number of men eat three, four and even five quail at one meal. But this was always when they first arrived in camp.

It was a great pleasure for us "snow diggers" as Judge Merrill, called us "northerners," to share the hospitality of the men who gather here annually, tell the same old stories and make the same prophecies. But not the least of our pleasures this year were derived from following old Frank. I never knew him, in all of those days, to lose a crippled bird. That is a record of which any dog might well be proud.

Once I flushed a covey and after picking up one bird while Frank retrieved the other, started off in the general direction of the deployed singles. Frank moved over a bit

and stopped under a tree. He didn't point, but looked up and refused to come away. The tree was barren and small, not over fifteen feet high, and no leaves. I spoke to Frank but he refused again to leave. I started to walk away and Frank whined and went over to the trunk of the tree, where he arose to his full height, stood on his hind legs, and gently scratched the tree, then looked at me and again looked up. If that wasn't saying there was a quail in that tree, then no one can talk. But I failed to see any quail though I looked very carefully. Finally I shook a limb and away went a quail. Some dog!

Directly I made a killing, after Frank had located a single on the edge of a briar and weed patch. The bird flew directly over the thickest of the growth and fell at the far edge. The way it fell I thought it was a clean kill, but Frank said no. He trailed that quail thirty or forty yards away and then came back and went over the same route not once, but six or eight times. Finally he stopped, raised one foot and looked up at me and waited to see what I would say. I spoke to him encouragingly and again he started over the same old route, then he circled, came back almost to me and began a series of figure eights that persisted several minutes, and finally, with a quick dive, he grabbed the winged bird and brought it to me. When he dropped the bird in my hand, I knew he was smiling, and the look in his eyes spoke volumes. Scotty and I estimated that Frank was at least twelve minutes getting that quail. But I never saw prettier work. Do we love our dogs? Try and abuse one and let us catch you! You will need no further proof.

Not long afterward, Scotty made a very long shot that brought down a bird which hit the ground in a very open spot. We saw no movement and couldn't understand how a quail could get away from such clean territory. But Frank trailed and retrieved the bird from a patch of rough more than sixty yards distant. I seldom picked up a bird, and when I did it was not until after carefully looking over the ground. Rattlers were so thick it was dangerous to be careless.

Sometimes Frank would unavoidably get on the trail of some bobs that acted like blue quail. He would look back at us and his actions would very plainly say, "Come on!" He would keep looking directly at us, wag his tail with great understanding, and when we would approach to a proper distance, he would get very low on the ground and crawl to the birds and stand frigidly. Frank very plainly interpreted to us his own thoughts.

Sometimes we took Bell—another setter—with us. She worked well under my direction and seemed to be very fond of me. She obeyed only my commands and brought me all of the quail that she retrieved, no matter who shot them. Then I had to obligingly distribute them. One day she ran over two coveys in succession. She had a good nose, but was nervous and got excited amongst so many quail. I had to take her in hand and administer the proper disciplinary measures. Bell's pride was hurt. She felt we were friends and that I should overlook all of her mistakes. She never forgave me. Always, after that, she would, as before, mind me better than anyone else, but she ceased to bring the birds to me. From that time on, Bell delivered to Scotty every quail that fell. As she was not my dog, and I hunted with her but a few times afterward, I permitted Bell to continue her display of resentment. I enjoyed the peculiar cunning of her pique.

On a trip like this, one has many a brush with luck. One afternoon after four o'clock, the East boys invited me for a quail hunt. When I explained that the dogs were too tired and sore footed to attempt it, they said, "No dogs are required where we hunt quail. We *find* them and kill them so dead we don't even need a retriever." Any good reporter must have a nose for news and I was naturally anxious to see how theirs worked on quail, so I accepted their call to arms.

I was promptly piloted to the locality of a thousand hillocks where coveys were so evenly and thickly distributed that one might reasonably opine they were tame quail conveniently and deliberately placed there by their foster parents. But not so! It was the real thing and as we three hunters approached one of the inhabited hillocks, we could see the quail begin to scurry about. They would run from all directions across the small open places, assemble, run down a trail in single file, and then, like an aeroplane, when reaching the proper point, they would take wing and depart with the speed of the aforesaid plane.

Each covey acted the same way. We needed no dogs and we shot into the same covey but once. As they departed from us our guns spoke with full force and effect. After picking up the fallen birds, we left that particular covey and flushed another on an adjacent hillock, to repeat ad libitum—until the limit was secured. Within half an hour we had almost secured the legal allowance of quail when we had a brush with a different branch of luck: We went to the car with our game and to get more ammunition and found a puncture in the right front casing.

Darkness was but a few minutes away; there was no light except our headlights; and but one or two tools with which to work. The *extra* tire was flat! Darkness and nine miles from camp! No food or blankets or light. Patches? Yes, plenty. Finally removing the casing we patched the tube as best we could and replaced the casing on the rim.

We had no other way to test it. It refused to hold air! Again we went through the entire process and the casing was again replaced and again refused to hold air. This process was continued until we had put on nine patches. Nine on the same tube! It would hold air until the weight of the car was upon it—then out! came the air.

Nine patches we thought were plenty for one tube, but we considered each patch as a penance for a quail killed, and when finally we got that one tube fixed, we felt greatly relieved. "Look around and see if we have everything," said Arthur. I began to feel around, which was the only way one could "look" now, for it was pitch dark. I finished my search by "looking" at the other three casings. Fine! Only *two* of them were down. However, it required less than nine patches to repair both of the other tires—and I'm trying to forget it. But did I not tell "you-all" that I'm all caught up with my blue quail hunting? Well, that goes for my tire pumping too—I'm all caught up for life! if I have my way, and I thank Providence (and Boots) for keeping my supper warm, and I trust the next time to brush such luck the other way.

Ducks at Dawn

By EDWARD ORMEROD

AT chilly dawn our paddles steal along the marsh's edge,
Through glassy, limpid loveliness, broad lily-pad and sedge . . .

Silent, the rosy, woolly mist conceals our stealthy speed;
In hidden rice-beds close at hand ducks gabble as they feed . . .

* * *

A distant gun loud echo wakes; the gabble is subdued—
Within us stirs the primitive; intent, we hunt our food . . .

DOWN through the rosy mist there swings a string of speeding birds—
Our guns are up, our hearts beat hard—no time for thought or words . . .
Onward they come . . . they're overhead; we fire . . . again . . . again!—
Forms hurtle down . . . distractedly the flock beats on amain!

* * *

In reed-beds are soft rustlings—life stirs in marsh and wood . . .
The sun lifts over distant hills—Ah, God!—to live is good!

I Become Acquainted With the Black Bass

"Inch for Inch and Pound for Pound, the Gamest Fish That Swims." — DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

By SPENCER JONES

DURING my first experience in black bass fishing, I was so thoroughly bitten by the deadly "bug" that I have remained a devoted follower of Izaak Walton ever since.

One June day several years ago found me stranded "somewhere" in Florida—that Mecca of all fishermen. We had been trying diligently all that day to bridge the gap between Jacksonville and a small village called Grandin, some one hundred and twenty miles to the south. In front of us was a railroad track on which, as we were told, one locomotive pulled two cars a distance of one hundred and seventy miles, six days a week. We had been awaiting this contraption for four hours and were in a corresponding frame of mind.

A yokel approached the group and leaned against a nearby tree:

"What," asked Mr. Jackson, "is the name of this railroad?"

We knew it only as a branch line of the Southern Railway.

The yokel dexterously shifted a large wad of chewing tobacco.

"A and N," he replied.

"A and N, eh?"

"A and N."

"And what does A and N mean?"

"A and N?"

"Yes," said Mr. Jackson, growing exasperated. "A and N."

"Absolutely Nothing," replied the yokel, and spat with remarkable aim at a post some three yards away.

Mr. Jackson glared and stalked off to walk up and down the track.

The train finally arrived and we were at last deposited at Grandin.

My father and Mr. Jackson contracted for two boatmen for us and they agreed to be on hand at five the following morning.

By the time I had gotten up the next morning my father and Mr. Jackson had been on the lake several hours.

My father came in about eleven and let me have the use of the boat and boatman for about an hour. Up to this time I had never cast for bass and was consequently in a dubious state of mind as to just how I would proceed once having hooked one.

By the time we had gone half way around the lake I had contrived to cast just six times. The remainder of the time I spent unraveling yards of backlash and listening to criticism of a not very constructive sort from Jim, the boatman. On the seventh cast I got a strike. I had, and still have, a habit of talking rapidly and incoherently to the boatman, to myself and to the fish I am playing.

"He's a man, look at him run, look at that rod—damn!"

Unfortunately I had employed salt water tactics. I had heaved and reeled rapidly. The water had swirled and foamed and what was really a very small bass, weighing perhaps two pounds, had leaped clear of the water, shaken himself and flung the minnow within a foot of the boat.

I turned around and looked askance at Jim.

"He's gone," I said a little hesitatingly.

"Yassuh, he sho' is; pity too, he warn't a bad one."

All aglow with excitement I went on with my so-called casting.

We had by this time reached a most "unlikely" stretch of shore. There was no grass, no logs nor lily pads, only a stretch of sand, and water, not over three feet deep. By some freak of luck I managed a really beautiful cast, the minnow sailing out low over the water and landing with scarcely a splash about twenty-five yards away. As I was retrieving, the minnow came suddenly to a dead stop.

"I am hung on something, we will have to—"

The line sung through the guides and cut the water with a vicious whirl. Close into the shore, discolored water marked the spot where a mighty bass had leapt to fight for his life, and he had a very good chance of winning.

The slender rod buckled and swayed. I buckled and prayed and had the skin knocked off my knuckles by the whirling handle of the reel. It was indeed fortunate for me that there were no logs around for otherwise the bass would never have taken to open water.

"Let him run, boy, let him run," yelled Jim.

"Run, fool, run," I shrieked at the fish.

The bass took heed and made a glorious dash, taking out about sixty feet of line. Suddenly the line grew slack. I almost fainted.

"Reel, boy, reel," screamed Jim. "He's turned."

I reeled frantically with perspiration born of fear rolling down my face. I felt a reassuring tug and breathed again.

By this time we were out in deep water and the bass sounded. I "pumped" and despaired. He sulked and refused to budge from the bottom. Then slowly, very slowly, I began to work him toward the surface. I would soon see him, have him, I exulted. The battle was mine, I thought. Remember, please, that this was my first day. A mighty form appeared in the water. I cautiously reeled in more line. A deluge of water was thrown in my face, the rod nearly torn from my hand—again the line sung and swished, the reel whined. Back and forth, in and out, up and down in frenzied spurts the bass led me around. Finally in one last glorious burst for freedom he made a terrific run—my line was nearly exhausted—he had to be checked. I put the slender rod to the greatest strain I thought it could bear and prayed again. He stopped when there was only a few feet of line left me. Painstakingly, and with trembling hands, I once more worked him toward the boat, this time successfully—he was mine.

I plopped down on a seat and marveled at his size.

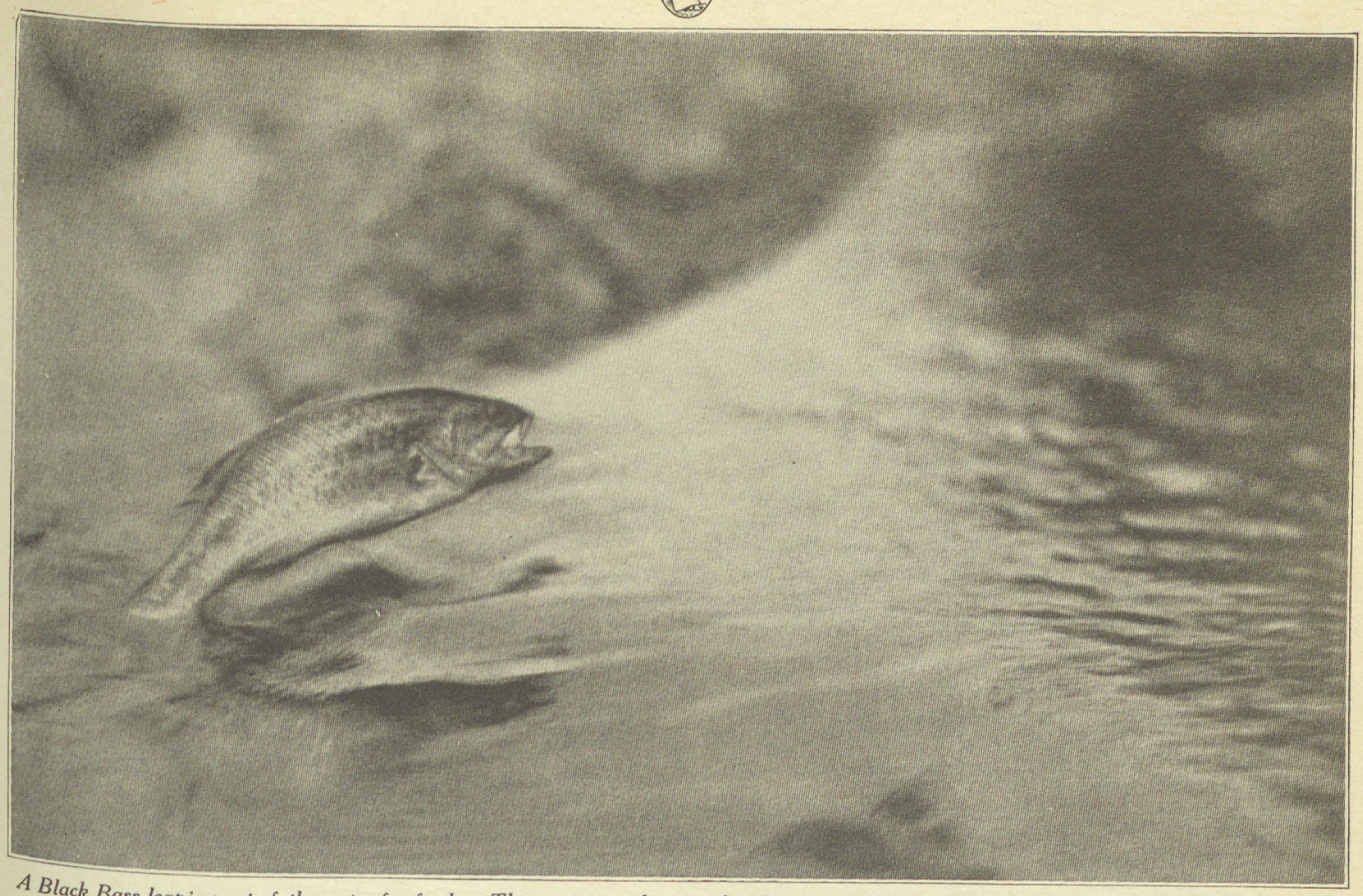
"Row for the landing, Jim, I want to go back."

When we reached the shore I swung the bass over my shoulder and ran yelling up to the house. My father and Mr. Jackson came out.

"Good Lord, look what the boy's got!"

Scales were brought—ten pounds was what he weighed. I became bloated with pride. I fairly swaggered as I told my story.

It was hard to make my father and Mr. Jackson realize that I had caught a fish on my first day larger than any they had landed in five years' fishing. They began to explain to themselves and to each other how such a thing had come about. The bass, they decided, was ill and had resorted to shallow water to die in respectable solitude. Yes, that was it; it was all very clear, too clear; they looked at me with something like pity. How else could it be, they argued. It was an insult to the fighting qualities of the black bass to suppose that a healthy one of this size could be caught by a novice—the very idea! The next morning they were out at four o'clock, whipping the shores zealously.



A Black Bass leaping out of the water for food. This amazing photograph, taken with a speed camera, is a product of much patience and good eye-sight.—Photograph by Leonard Sefing.

I was at a loss to know just how I was going to fish that morning, both the boatmen being in use. There remained behind, however, a dilapidated boat and a broken oar. I found a piece of rope lying on the shore and to this I tied a large rock to serve as an anchor. Thus equipped, I set out.

I managed to land several small bass during the course of the morning. I was just about ready to return to the landing for lunch when I decided I would fish what is locally known as a "'gator hole." I approached this particular 'gator hole, anchored my boat on the outer rim of the lily pads and proceeded to cast. On my second cast as the minnow approached the surface a bass lunged upward from the depths and met it on the way. I was at a greater disadvantage than I had been on the previous day. I had no boatman to work the boat across the stretch of lily pads that lay between me and the pool. Also there was no telling what manner of snags lay at the bottom of the hole. I realized that the bass could either so entangle himself in the long stems of the lily pads that I would be forced to pop the line or that he could pop it himself by winding it around snags on the bottom.

As I had feared, the bass, after a furious swirl on the surface, sounded. Down and down he went until I began to wonder if the hole had a bottom. He finally stopped. The old mossback then employed every device known to his kind for avoiding capture. No sooner had he reached the bottom than he turned and surged upward through the water, I reeling frenziedly all the time trying to take up slack line. Like a streak he came up from the depths to the surface—and kept right on coming. With slack line lying all about him he cleared the surface by a foot and shook himself. I almost stopped breathing when I saw how loosely the bait was dangling from his lower jaw. Back he flopped and made a bee line for the lily pads. I was powerless to stop him. In he charged and wound the line in and out among the stems. Feeling then, perhaps, that something was bound to give, he started out. In some miraculous way the line cut through the maze of stems and held. Mr. Bass tried next an old favorite ruse. He pretended to be worn out, allowing me to recover all the line he had been so busy making me lose. I began to work him towards the rim of the lily pads nearest me, not having the slightest idea what I would do with him when there. All that was decided for me in a most efficient manner. No sooner had I worked him to the edge of the pads than he galvanized into action and charged straight for the boat. He tangled the line in great fashion around himself and around more lily stems. In fact, he became so enmeshed as the results of his efforts for freedom that he was not able to move. I could see him resting there in the water a few feet below the surface. I was in a quandary. If I didn't want to pop the line, then I must unravel it; a most delicate task with the bass ready to dash anew at the first opportunity. However, working slowly with the tip of the rod, always keeping a tight line, I managed to get it all clear in the course of about ten minutes except for the part that was entwined around one stem.

I now proceeded to demonstrate how little I knew about landing a black bass. I reached down and laid hold of the line with one hand, and the lily stem with the other. It was my asinine intention to bring bass, lily pad and line into the boat in a heap. I had about one chance out of a thousand to succeed, but that one, strange to say, did the trick. I got all three in the boat—the bass landing in my lap. I had brought scales with me. Eight pounds he weighed. I was jubilant.

Seeing my father not far away, I paddled over to his boat.

"What luck?" I asked.

"Hold them up, George," he said to his boatman.

George held up a beautiful string of ten bass but none so large as mine. I pretended to scorn them—indeed I did scorn them. I reached down and affecting a great deal of difficulty, I raised my prize.

"You being a doctor," I said, "I have brought this ill and no doubt demented animal to be placed in your care."

I placed the fish in his boat and paddled away.

Although I have since had unusual luck with black bass I have never had any more enjoyable or exciting time than when, inexperienced and unversed in the art of bait casting, I hung, fought and landed, out of sheer luck if you like, those two bass, of whose kind it can be said: "Inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims."

"The Namakon River . . . . would be shut off, dried up, by a diversion dam . . ."

A Battlefield of Conservation

By
DONALD HOUGH

SECOND PART

Donald Hough knows the Superior Forest country as can only one who for years has travelled its summer and winter trails, fished its waters, and slept under its stars. He writes on the subject of its possible devastation with sentiment and logic, with practical common sense and patriotic fervor. A woodsman, a hunter, a fisherman, an outdoor-loving American, a leading writer on outdoor subjects, he appeals to all other outdoor-loving Americans to realize the present situation and its ultimate effect on all of the outdoors in this country, before it is too late.

—*EDITOR.*

SEVENTY years ago men with lots of vision—vision considered, usually, in terms of good hard U. S. cash—used to go out into those parts of the country where settlers (including policemen) were few, and where natural resources, easily garnered, were many, and these men made lots of money for themselves and for their children, and managed also to do a great deal of good for this struggling young Republic.

They reaped forests with Paul Bunyan's scythe; they worked skin games on the animals until a hideless brute was more common than one with its original covering. They found out where the iron and the copper and one thing and another of that kind was hidden 'neath the sod, and they traded thin dimes for mighty acres that are now spoken of in terms of dollars and square inches.

They made a heap of money, but nobody can say they didn't develop the country. If it hadn't been for the lure of the beaver hides, there is a good chance that California would still be undiscovered. The corralers of the natural resources made a bad reputation for themselves, but they were the pioneers and they cleared the track for the advance of civilization.

As time passed it was necessary to build the United States out of timber and metals and other such things and the fact that this is the greatest material civilization in the world, and that it has sprung up faster than any great development ever has sprung up before, testifies to the work of the men who have taken the raw materials from the ground in one way or another, and nothing in this article is to be construed as in any way deprecating the work of those who developed, and still are developing, the natural resources of America.

Motivated, of course, by no altruistic idea of development, but rather engaged in the feathering of their own nests, they nevertheless worked to the general advantage of building a new country, and if they were permitted to overstep the bounds of fairness and even of honesty toward their countrymen, it was because nobody could foresee the great growth of America and the need of conservation.

In those days the owners of the lands, the people, were perfectly willing to let the first comer dig into them because, after all, the resources were no good until turned to use.

The people had no other use for the forests and the streams. They didn't need them for outdoor recreation. There was plenty of outdoor recreation right in the back yard—there was, in fact, too darn much of it, and it was full of Indians to boot. The thing to do was to turn the outdoors into money, because there was too much outdoors and not enough money, and that is just what was done.

Times have changed. The people are taking a longer look at their belongings before turning them over to the first applicant. There are two reasons for this. The first one is this: There aren't so many belongings now as there once were, and there must be a tightening up on the reins. That is, instead of getting a ten per cent benefit and letting the founder of some future First Family pocket the eighty, as a reward for pioneering it is beginning to percolate into the public noodle that the terms should be reversed, and that what used to be pioneering is now a lead pipe cinch.

The second reason is that the people are beginning to

plan on using some of the natural resources themselves, instead of selling them. And this brings us right down to the flat statement of a new theorem in economics or politics or metallurgy or something, which is this—

A new natural resource has been discovered.

The new natural resource is an intangible something called outdoor recreation, and its discovery is based on the fact that the time is here when, *in some instances,* there is too much money and not enough outdoors.

This new natural resource has a tough time holding its own against the others, because you can see the others and you can't see the new one. That is, you can't weigh it up; you can't measure it in tons or horsepower or board feet. It is a pretty tough assignment to try to explain something that you can't take hold of and feel, or look at and see. And it is a tougher one to try to defend it in court. The man who wants the forest for lumber can state his case easily by saying that it represents so many board feet, so many dollars. It is easily visioned by the oft-abused "man in the street" because his garage is made of lumber, and he knows,—sometimes rather vaguely—what a dollar looks like.

But try to explain the value of that same forest in terms of outdoor recreation, and it leaves you hopelessly pawing the air for new words. Electricity, which is similarly invisible, is measured by the words "watt" and "volt," but outdoor recreation can be measured only in terms of long speeches, and who likes long speeches?

Which reminds me that I'm making one. Let us get to business.

Up in the Superior Forest, familiar to canoeists and familiar to those who fight conservation's battles, some people got together before an international tribunal two years ago and made speeches. The people were divided into two camps. One camp (it consisted of three people) was dominated by one man who wanted to dam the waterways along the international boundary and convert them to his own use; the other camp was composed of a large number of people, representing local and national organizations and communities—The Arrowhead Association, composed of northern Minnesota communities, the Izaak Walton League, national in scope, are examples—who felt that the most recently discovered natural resources of all —recreation—was, *in this case,* of more value than the waterpower might be, and who were sure that you couldn't have both.

These latter had the toughest job, for reasons stated above. Whether they won their case or lost it is not yet known, for the tribunal has not reported its findings to Congress and to whatever it is in Canada that corresponds to Congress, but the fact remains that The Man Who Wanted a Forest—and what's a forest between friends?—made such remarkable proposals that they are worthy of record here, even if they may be considered only as a museum piece, because he spoke in terms of seventy years ago.

The waters of the boundary between Minnesota and Ontario constitute what many men have called the most beautiful waterway and forest region in America. (Some say 'in the world,' but I am trying to be perfectly fair and strike an average). What is more important, this is not only the most beautiful wilderness area, but, with its surroundings, is the *only* wilderness area left, that is within striking distance of the great mid-west centers of population, the average mid-west pocketbook, and the average mid-west employer's idea of an adequate vacation period. This is all a matter of geography, and can be measured on the map or can be paced off right on the ground.

The waters of the Superior Forest drain into Hudson's Bay. They gather at the international boundary, flow westward along the boundary through Rainy Lake and The Lake of the Woods, then north through the Winnipeg river and so on into Hudson's Bay. It is important to keep this in mind in considering the matter under discussion.

"Basswood Falls and the others of the great series along the boundary would be obliterated . . . "

The Superior Forest region enjoys an increasing reputation as one of America's major outdoor playgrounds, with a future which makes it undoubtedly a serious rival, in point of use by the people, to any of the National Parks. It was going along swimmingly, all primed for its destiny, when out of an otherwise clear sky there came from Washington to the International Joint Commission, which investigates boundary matters, instructions to find out if it was "practical and desirable" to raise the water level of Rainy Lake or of Namakon Lake, and to provide storage facilities upon the boundary waters east of Namakon Lake.

"The boundary waters east of Namakon Lake" are the international boundary waters that extend eastward nearly two hundred miles and constitute the lakes and other waterways hereinafter referred to.

A public hearing was called, was held at International Falls, Minnesota, in September, 1925.

At the hearing appeared, in strenuous and unremitting behalf of an affirmative decision, Mr. E. W. Backus, a Minnesota lumberman who has come closer to tying into a knot the resources of the center of the American continent, lying partly in Minnesota and partly in Canada, than any man ever has or ever is likely to.

Mr. Backus already controls the water levels of Rainy and Namakon lakes by means of dams.

His proposals to the Joint Commission were to the following effect:

That a series of dams be constructed at the outlets of various lakes, either on the site of present natural waterfalls or at other favorable spots.

That the levels of the lakes be raised to varying degrees, ranging from three feet for some to sixteen feet for others, and that the water so impounded be used as water storage to insure a steady flow through the various power and mill units owned by the Backus interests on the Rainy and Winnipeg rivers, for creation of electric power at the new dams, and to stabilize water transportation.

That the two governments stand half the cost, and the power sites benefited half the cost.

The physical results that would follow installation of this plan, it was shown at the hearing, would be about as follows:

Lac LaCroix, most beautiful lake in Minnesota, forty miles long and containing eight hundred islands, surrounded by magnificent pine forests, would be raised sixteen feet (figures by Mr. Backus) and almost every one of the islands would be submerged; the shoreline would be entirely lost and a new one, made up largely of dead trees, would be formed. This would provide not only one of the world's most famous eye-sores, but would constitute what is known as a "tinder line," a ready-made bonfire for igniting the whole forest. And this shoreline, instead of being given a chance to consolidate itself, would vary as the dams were opened and closed. The Minnesota State Forester estimated that it would take "several hundred years" for a new shoreline to form.

The above, applied to Lac La Croix, would hold good for the entire chain of boundary lakes with a few exceptions.

Loon Lake, a beautiful lake adjoining Lac La Croix, would be merged with this overflow basin and lost.

The Namakon river, running out of La Croix and into Canada, would be shut off and dried up by a diversion dam.

The series of great waterfalls along the boundary would be obliterated.

The water levels of the entire chain of boundary lakes, some of them with areas of hundreds of square miles, would be raised.

Many small lakes, between the existing larger ones, beauty spots almost beyond description and which add infinite interest to the canoe voyageur, would be wiped out.

Thousands of acres of forest would be submerged.

According to one version, hinted at but not definitely proposed by Mr. Backus, the water which now flows into Canada from one of the eastern lakes would be diverted to the boundary waters, thus increasing the volume to a very great degree and leaving high and dry one of the finest canoe routes in the entire region.

The above results apply only to the boundary waters proper. They form the backbone of a complicated waterway system, including that network of channels which has made this the greatest canoe country in America. The effect of raising the boundary waters on adjoining lakes, rivers and channels is almost beyond estimate.

It is evident to the before mentioned "man in the street" that if so much Ned is going to be raised there must be something to it. It must be, he reasons, that this is a part of the giant plans of industrialists to harness everything in sight and give every man Jack of us cheap electricity for heating and cooking, a tin automobile for $3.98, delivered, and any other number of similar benefits—including free air.

Therefore, with trembling fingers, we search the transcript of the evidence given by Mr. Backus and associates, and find that the following public benefits are claimed.

"The benefits to the people of Canada and the United States may briefly be summarized. Navigation will be improved and may be revived after having practically passed out of existence for several years. The scenic beauty of the streams and lakes will be enhanced under control and they will become more accessible to tourists and as recreation grounds. The more uniform levels will improve the waters as fish, fowl and game preserves, and for breeding purposes. New wealth in the building up of industries, with all its concurrent and far-reaching possibilities, will be created. The construction of necessary works and power plants is only the first step in bringing into existence that new wealth, which must annually increase as the beneficial results extend to and are enjoyed by an added population of artisans, merchants, manufacturers, and indeed, those in every walk of life. The increased wealth of each and every community within this area will be many times the proposed expenditures. Annually and for all time the people of both countries will enjoy its benefits, which in dollars and cents, it is almost impossible to calculate."

> *"Conservation means guarding, preserving, and if possible, enhancing the natural resources of our country that we may enjoy them to best advantage and hand them down unspoiled to our children."*
>
> *—Henry van Dyke.*

Looking further, we find that Mr. Backus has reference to pleasure boating rather than commercial navigation, and that the benefit will lie in that the canoeists can portage around his dams rather than over the natural portage trails around the waterfalls and rapids.

The fact that the loss of the islands would make most of these large lakes extremely dangerous for canoe travel is not mentioned. The other Public Benefits listed are subject to substantially the same liberal interpretation.

The idea that because of a small water-power development far in the wilderness there will be an "added population of artisans, merchants, manufacturers" is entirely too far from the subject to be of passing interest.

For the water-power development of the Superior Forest waters is a small development. The destruction would be gigantic, the area affected would be extensive, yet the total horse-power would be less than 30,000, which is, comparatively speaking, a mere nag among horse-powers. The Superior Forest is a lake country, not a river country. In order to salvage the slight amount of horse-power available, vast areas would have to be flooded. And in the meantime, the north shore of Lake Superior, with countless dashing streams, provides, potentially, infinitely more horse-power, and this power would be available close to railroads, lake transportation, big cities, and civilization in general.

Added to this the fact that nobody even attempted to show that there was any present demand or use for water-power in the whole region, and we are forced, after deep thought, to gradually eliminate all of the above named benefits excepting the one we inserted ourselves—free air.

I know a number of men who live in the immediate vicinity of the Forest and who, having seen all of it, and having come to regard a canoe trip as part of the day's work, would not look askance on some Public Benefactor coming along and turning the whole Forest into electricity, pulpwood, or New Thought, if they, as part of the interested public, would benefit thereby. I have since interviewed these men, and they are unanimous in declaring that they have scanned the whole project and find that, considering the demand for electricity, either in Minnesota or in far off Winnipeg and environs, and considering any possible unannounced philanthropic thought that might be lurking in the rear of Mr. Backus' mind, the only tangible Gift to a Nation that would result would consist largely of a staggering number of square miles of timber under water, a series of waterfalls converted from their raw savage state to one of true Christianity, a couple of dry channels where rivers once ran, and a spectacle reminiscent of a mixture of the front line near Verdun and the high spots of the Mississippi flood to serve as a grand area to be devoted to what some people think is outdoor recreation.

The ground flooded would be paid for, the timber destroyed would be paid for. It seems that the law (stop me if I'm wrong: I don't know much about law) provides that you can go right ahead and flood out a person and then pay him damages for having done it. This is the way things have worked around Rainy Lake, just west of the region in question, where Mr. Backus now has a couple of dams and has raised the levels of two lakes. It seems that a good many people have been flooded out there, and either have or have not received compensation, said compensation being based on a cold calculation of the value of the land, and not taking into consideration, for example, the idea that flooding a sand beach (commercial value about $.001 cent an acre) can wreck a summer property worth many thousands of dollars, and that while a homestead can be measured in terms of actual acreage value, the fact that it is somebody's home can make all the difference in the world.

From the transcript of the hearing we find the following illuminating passage, which indicates the light in which such things are regarded by Developers of a Continent, and the method of procedure that was used in raising the levels of Rainy Lake:

Mr. Backus: "I went to the state auditor's office and there met Mr. Iverson and said, 'We have the surveys made on Rainy Lake; we know what the effect is going to be of a 500 foot level; can we get a bill through the legislature or how had we better proceed?' He agreed with me that the land was of very little value, *that we should go ahead and that the damage would be nominal, instead of asking for a concession which would be objected to.*"

(Italics are mine.)

And again—

Mr. Backus: "Any lands affected by the waters of Rainy Lake are not of value enough to consider."

And in regard to interests affected by the manipulation of waters in the Lake of the Woods district (below Rainy Lake) we find Mr. Backus indicating his attitude thus:

Mr. Backus: "Well, they have been trying awful hard to establish some damages. I think you will find that we have all the lawsuits they have dared to bring."

And yet, at the hearing, many farmers, settlers, summer home owners and others affected by the present manipulation of the water levels of Rainy Lake appeared to tell what the high waters had done to them—in some instances

(Continued on page 72)

"The 'benefit' will lie in that the canoeist can portage around the dams rather than over natural trails around the waterfalls and rapids . . ."

Demons of the Rogue

By

J. GARDNER KNAPP

Typical steelhead riffle on the lower Rogue.

A fifty pound Rogue River salmon.

NO demons from the sea ever had as much fight per square inch of fish flesh as do the steelheads that ascend the Rogue river every fall. These fish are a species of trout but are naturally a salt water fish ascending the fresh water streams to spawn. The Rogue river is one of the few rivers on the Pacific coast that is favored with the visits of the steelhead. These steelhead are taken mainly on a fly—either a light or a dark fly in a number four or six size hook. Of all fly fishing known to anglers this, I think, is the greatest. The Rogue has been the mecca of many prominent sportsmen of the country in years past and according to word received from several sportsmen will be a bigger attraction this year as the steelheads are beginning to take flies early.

Every ounce of one of these steelheads is fight from the time he is hooked until he is safely beached. It requires great patience and skill on the part of the angler to play the fish and save him. Nine times out of ten if he tries to rush him he will come to grief to be thrown from the heights of anticipation to the depths of despair. It is an awful feeling to lose a steelhead which weighs between 6 and 8 pounds after you have played him for about fifteen minutes and if the person losing the fish is not a man of strong control and restraint it is better for the angels to hide their heads and weep.

Angling for steelhead with a fly is not a lazy man's sport. It requires energy, perseverance, endurance and a will to carry on despite fatigue and discouragement because these Rogue steelheads are not caught like catfish or trout, by the dozens. A fisherman may spend two or more afternoons on the river fishing without a single strike and the next time he goes out he may bring home the limit which is 20 pounds and one fish on the Rogue river.

The lighter the tackle used the greater the sport. Experience of fishermen on the Rogue has shown that the rod should be of split bamboo about 9½ to 10 feet long and weigh between 6 and 8 ounces. The rod should be strong enough for the long casts that are necessary to reach the steelhead water in the river. The best rod used is one that is capable of handling from 60 to 90 feet of line from a pick-up on top of the water. A heavy level line or good tapered line is best on the Rogue. The leader used is a matter of individual choice. Some prefer a 5 foot leader of ordinary gut testing about 12 pounds while others use lengths up to 9 feet.

Wet flies are used almost exclusively on the Rogue as the steelhead seldom jump for the fly but take it submerged just under the surface. Early in the season they rise to a dark or dull color fly while later they take the light coachmen and hackle flies.

It is an indescribable sport—this steelhead fishing. The true sportsman will arise long before daylight, don old clothes and leave for the river to battle his wits against the steelhead.

One morning last summer Hontz J., my fishing pardner, and myself arose long before sunup and went down the river about 20 miles below Grants Pass to our favorite riffle—Panther Chutes. We arrived there at daybreak and found a low fog hanging over the surface of the water. There was the genuine autumn tang in the air that is a bit chilly and makes the water feel warm while wading.

We had heard that the river was full of steelheads because of a recent run that had started from the ocean. We set up our rods and put on Royal Coachman flies and started on our early morning quest for fish. We waded out at the head of the riffle and started operations. Hontz was about 50 yards below me wading hip deep in the slower water and casting over the swifter water of the wide riffle. Cast for cast we worked the entire length of the Chutes riffle. Each spat of the fly on the water brought new expectations known only to the steelhead angler. I followed Hontz down the riffle to the end but neither of us got so much as a strike. We fished only what we had judged the steelhead water as these fellows generally lay in swift water at a depth of 4 or 5 feet and avoid the shallow white riffles.

We sat on the bank and told fish stories for about thirty minutes and then started at it again. This time Hontz took the head of the riffle and I started in at the swift water. I had hardly got my line in the water when I heard Hontz yell.

"Hi, look and listen," he yelled at the top of his voice.

I turned just in time to see a beauty weighing about eight pounds make his first leap in the smooth water just above the break of the riffle.

Z-z-z-ing sounded Hontz' reel in protest to the sudden dash. The steelhead started down stream like a runaway locomotive then he stopped evidently behind a rock. Hontz braced himself in the swift current and then began slowly to wade back to shore with his prize somewhere down stream on the end of 150 feet of line.

I reeled in my line and headed for shore to watch him land the demon. Slowly Hontz reeled in the line until he had but 75 feet out, then the fighter had a sudden idea that the climate was more healthful up stream so up he went taking yard after yard of line. Up the river he went, the line grew tight and we saw a flash of silver in the morning air at about the same place he had made his first jump. He settled down up there as though he intended to stay but by gentle coaxing and by pulling easily on the line

Hontz managed to get the fish moved and slowly pulled him down the river, always reeling in the line slowly so as not to rush him.

Soon we could see him. He was a beauty fully two feet long and his silver and rose sides shone like a mirror in the early morning light. Just as Hontz was about to pull the battler out on the rock beach he made one last effort to free himself from the hook but he did not run far. Hontz dragged him up on the rocks and there he lay, a beauty that tipped the scales at just 8 pounds 7 ounces.

With lighter hearts and higher expectations we started to fish the riffle again. I had fished about 100 yards of the riffle without a strike and had just made what I thought was a beautiful cast across a rock ledge when—bang. I had connected with a west bound freight and it was headed oceanward. In my anxiety my foot slipped on a flat rock. At the same time the fish—for I guess that was what it was—was headed for parts unknown, all the time taking my line with him. The reel that I was using was of lighter weight than that generally used by the steelhead fishermen and it gave out the line too freely. That steelhead made a mighty last spurt on the end of his dash but that was all it took to pull me off my balance in the swift water.

When I finally came to the top again the fish was gone and as I looked down at my reel I saw an awful mess of line all tangled. Curses and a blue haze set over the river and the fair landscape like the coming of a mountain storm only to be followed by the rainbow of good fellowship as Hontz had seen it all and when I finally crawled to shore he offered me the use of an extra line and reel that he had brought with him.

We fished for three hours on the riffle that morning with rapidly increasing luck after my mermaid act. Hontz landed four weighing from four pounds up to his eight pounder which was the largest of the morning's catch. I managed to land three of the demons, not as large, but I had the satisfaction of believing that I had had hold of the largest steelhead that ever flopped a fin in the Rogue.

Two kings of swat displaying an afternoon's catch of Rogue River steelhead. Ken Williams, left, spends part of each fall on the river. Babe Ruth, right, was the guest of Ken one day last fall.

City Worn

By

WILL H. DILG

Founder of the Izaak Walton League of America

I AM weary of civilization's madness and I yearn for the harmonious gladness of the woods and of the streams.

I AM tired of your piles of buildings and I ache from your iron streets.

I FEEL jailed in your greatest cities and I long for the unharnessed freedom of the big outside.

I AM sick of your dirty highways and would wander in clean woodlands and drink of crystal springs.

I LISTEN always for the patter of summer rainfalls and thrill at the thought of the racing storm.

I SIGH for the caress of the unsoiled winds of the open and would welcome the shriek and the whip of the gale.

I CRAVE for surroundings solitary where I can watch with calm eye the hurrying clouds.

I WANT my heart to beat at the crash of echoing thunder and throb at the sight of white lightning as it plays and leaps about the hillside and lights the mountain tops.

MY senses plead for the peace of forest glades and my feet search for the feel of the trail.

MY eyes strain to view the flaming set of the sun and to watch the birds winging for home.

I AM starved for the myriad sounds of the open and the mysterious tranquil whisperings of the night.

I WANT to see the evening stars shine out and watch the moon creep over the pines to silver the world.

FOR fifty years I have loved all these as poets and painters and anglers do. And when I have finished life's long portage may my spirit rise from the pregnant earth as balsam or oak or wild spring flower. Who knows? I don't. Do you?

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

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James Oliver Curwood

IT is with the deepest sense of loss that OUTDOOR AMERICA goes to press this month without the name of James Oliver Curwood on its editorial board. All true outdoor lovers mourn the untimely passing of this man whose flaming ardor and unswerving allegiance to the cause of the conservation of America's outdoors was unrivalled. For many years his name had been linked with unceasing effort to call a halt to the criminal neglect and exploitation of our outdoors. He not only wrote and protested against this exploitation, but he *acted*. He fought valiantly for more protective laws for wild life, streams and forests. And it is with a glow of gratitude and satisfaction that his admirers and all true conservationists can contemplate that he achieved a great part of his purpose.

Only a few weeks before he died, Michigan, his native state, passed some important changes in the game laws, due to his constant advocacy and militant championship.

His intense love and understanding of the wilderness and its life bred in him a conscientious abhorrence of the dangerous delay and inadequacy of much so called conservation work. He flayed those who were willing to let well enough alone, or who were oblivious of or indifferent to the perils threatening our outdoors.

His fighting spirit in defense of wild life, doubtless advanced the conservation crusade in America many years.

Few men have done more for the noble cause of conservation and none have fought with more determination and utter consecration. He fought not only as a man fights for a principle, a more or less general belief in the beauty and value of wild life conservation. He fought as a man fights for a precious, consoling, intimate possession. Such was the outdoors to James Oliver Curwood. He loved it, thought of it, dreamed of it and fought for it with a fierce, adoring ardor.

Years ago he wrote a book entitled "God's Country," in which he blazed the Trail to Happiness. . . . "I have found the heart of Nature. I have come to a great understanding of her, and this understanding has brought me health and faith and a joy in life. I believe that a vital spark exists in every blade of grass and in every leaf of the trees." His strongest contention was that conservation should be entirely free from politics. In 1923 he wrote, "My prayer is that the governors of all the states in America may see the futility and the sin of allowing politics to control the conservation affairs of their states, which mean so infinitely much to the health, happiness and future welfare of every man, woman and child living today, as well as to the generations yet unborn."

In 1922 James Oliver Curwood became a National Director of the Izaak Walton League and began to contribute valuable articles to the League's magazine, OUTDOOR AMERICA. In 1926 he resigned from the League in honest disagreement with some of its policies. In May, 1927, he expressed a renewed faith in the activities of the League. Later he permitted his name to again be placed on the editorial board of the League's magazine and in the June issue contributed a very fine editorial.

In this editorial, entitled "Paying the Price," deploring the recent Mississippi flood and hoping for a comprehension and remedying of its causes which should prohibit future flood calamities, he said, "The ultimate effect—will be good."

So men will say of him.

He lived most of his life in the wilderness, and he spent himself in the service of the wilderness. Even those who did not understand his zeal and whom he irritated and estranged in the fervor of his crusade doubtless will admit that the efforts he made in behalf of the saving of the outdoors sapped his strength, lessened his resistance, and cost him his life.

He wrote in 1924 to Will H. Dilg, founder of the League (and the two men were not unlike in many ways): "I am ill, due directly to my four years' fight for conservation. The strain has been great. Not only was I carrying on a terrific fight in Michigan, but burdens were falling on me from all over America. Not only you were calling on me to put my shoulder to the Izaak Walton League movement, but almost every conservation agency in the United States was asking me to do the same. I was made an honorary officer in a dozen different organizations east and west; senators and representatives from Washington were constantly calling upon my energies for advice and information on innumerable conservation problems. Alaska got me to take up the cudgels for them. States and smaller organizations did the same. Two years of it and I began to feel it. Three, and I began going down. Four, and both my literary work and my health were almost totally sacrificed."

But the ultimate effect—will be good. James Oliver Curwood paid the price willingly. It is our duty to prove that he did not pay it uselessly.

"Conservation," he once wrote, "is the greatest word in the English language. People must come to an understanding of what conservation means. They must be made to realize that human life is absolutely dependent upon wild life and forests. Without these things we would become extinct as a race. The hour for action is not ahead of us. *It is here.* Tomorrow will be too late." . . . . "To clean our inland waters is, in my opinion, the greatest task ahead of us today."

The Izaak Walton League, which James Oliver Curwood once prophesied was destined to save America's outdoors, honors and holds in gratitude the memory of this ardent, battling conservationist and pledges itself to be ever worthy of the sacred outdoor cause so close to his heart.

The Days of the Wild Pigeon

Alaska Dave, as he is called in his native haunts by the miners and prospectors of the far west, relates some strange and fascinating stories about the wild creatures of the forests and the plains. Mr. Whittaker is a prospector and timber cruiser and is known from one end of the land to the other, by the men of his profession—the lumbermen and miners. He has traveled the wilds for more than sixty-five years searching for the hidden treasures in the earth, and imbibing knowledge of the out-of-doors.

By DAVID WHITTAKER

Illustrations by Clemons Gretter

CHAPTER III

Pigeons Clouding the Sky

THE wild pigeons always went south when cold came, and they flew faster than the wind. No wild pigeons were ever caught in snow-storms. "Many times," said Ahmoor, "I have seen them come up and go back on the same day. They do that many times; they know they leave good feed in the north and want some more, and when they eat plenty the cold snow come in the night, and they go back before it get them." So the Indians used the wild pigeons like the white man's glass to tell the weather.

In all my life I saw only one pigeon snowbound.

When Ahmoor said, "Look, they come!" I looked out over the horizon and saw a black cloud coming over the sky. "Come back in the bushes; me get gun," said Honkepoti. "No, you get porcupine; you stay here; too much gun; too much eat pigeon; you stay here;" and Honk sat down.

The birds came in over our heads, flying in disorderly ranks, screaming and calling. But when they got over the timber they began to form into columns and went off to the southwest.

"My people watch them many times when they cross the lake—always come back when fog is on the lake; all time nearly they light in the wood near lake, and we kill many," said the Indian Ahmoor. That showed that the pigeons did not like fog or were afraid of it.

The next day we broke camp and headed for the Presque Isle River, as I wanted to look it over. When we got there I camped back in the woods again, as I did not want to let anyone know that I was looking over that country. I took Ahmoor and the Oneida, and told the others we would be gone five or six days. I told Honk to look out for pigeons. When a day out in the timber, we parted, and I told them we would meet at a certain lake in the granite country, ten or twelve miles from there. Deer were very plentiful, and I saw tracks of bears along the streams. I was careful not to run into any of the old ones that had cubs. They are not to be trifled with; so I gave them the right of way, as I had no gun with me; otherwise they are harmless if let alone.

On my way to the lake the next day, I met three Chippewas. They had been trapping, and were on their way out. They had some nice beaver and otter skins. They told me the best way to the lake. I thanked them, in their tongue. They looked surprised, and asked me for some tobacco. I always carried some for an emergency like this and I gave them some. They offered me a pelt, which I refused, but thanked them again. They looked at one another like foolish children. Those dark copperskins, I suppose, never had been thanked in their lives before, and probably hardly knew what it meant.

Then one of them swung my blanket over his shoulder and started off toward the lake. The others waved their hands for me to follow him; so I started after and he led up through the timber and struck a good trail. He pointed to the south, and then bade me good-bye and started back, but not the same way he came, and that showed he knew the country well.

On my way I passed several small lakes, and on one of them there were some Indians fishing in canoes. I did not hail them, but passed on. I soon came to the lake I was looking for, which was a beautiful sheet of water. The next day Ahmoor showed up across the lake, and made signs for me to come over and get him. I looked for a canoe, but found none. I knew the Indians sank their canoes when they went away any length of time, so that no one could steal them. I found a canoe and went over and got Ahmoor. That day the Oneida came into camp, and he had a large, beautiful male pigeon. I had not seen one like it for years. He had killed it on the nest with a stone, to show me, he said, that they were nesting about three miles from there, near a creek in the big timber.

Inspecting a Nesting-place

WHEN Ahmoor came in from fishing, I showed him the big pigeon. "Ugh," he said, "gone—not many more." When I asked him if there used to be many, he said, "Some, not many, all small flocks, sat straight on dead limb, they kill easy, no fly when you shoot, small boy kill with bow and arrow. Some Indians say two kinds; I dunno. One fly slow and one fly fast, maybe, I dunno."

The Oneida who had brought in the big pigeon was heating stones on which to cook his fish. He did not clean them, but plastered them in a coat of clay and buried them with the hot stones, then making a fire on them. In the morning they were fine. The skin and scales came off with the clay; the inside came out in a ball. Think you, fishermen of big fish and little lies, would you like to have a breakfast like that!

That morning we started for the big pigeon roost. The Oneida said it lay three miles east, on a creek. When we got there I found the nests on both sides of the water. There were fifteen nests in all. Most of them were in a scrub beech, the rest in a yellow birch, and all low down—from seven to eight feet off the ground. The woods were dense and thick, and by the vegetation on the ground I knew that it was hardly ever reached by the direct rays of the sun. So well were the nests hidden, you could pass within a few feet and not see the birds. Under the nests of the pigeons the deer had made a yard or resting place. As deer will strike at any small animal, such as a raccoon, skunk or mink, that comes into their yard, I saw that the deer were friends of the wild pigeons. They took care of those that were on the ground. At the same time the limbs of the trees and the thick cover over the nests saved the birds from the hawks.

The male pigeons were in the nests and the females sat around on dry branches. They looked nearly twice as big as the other pigeons we had been watching. I climbed up and put my hand over to a nest, whereupon the old bird stood up and slapped me with his wings. In the nest I saw a single egg. I raised up other nesting pigeons to see what they had under them, and, as is true of all wild pigeons, they had in their nests only one egg apiece. I wanted to have a good look at the males when they got off their nests.

The birds would not change places till four o'clock, and we were getting hungry. We made spears out of poles, with a crotch in the top. Then we chased the trout till they hid. Then we jammed them down in the crotch, to the bottom; then put our hands down and threw them out on the banks. It was fun for the Indians. They were

like boys catching frogs. They laughed and splashed.

We did not get enough for a feed; but Ahmoor saw a porcupine on a small tree. He climbed up and knocked it down, and the Oneida killed it. So we had fish and porcupine for a feast. When we were done, Ahmoor looked at the skin, kicked it over, and said, "Honkepoti, he like porcupine; no gun; pigeon all time; gun pigeon." I almost laughed at him, but you must not laugh at an Indian when he is serious; so I had to keep my chuckle down.

About four o'clock the pigeons began to change nests. The males were beautiful birds, broad across the breast and shoulders. The breast was a bright red, extending down the belly to the legs. The back had a metallic hue, like that of the wild turkey, changing colors when the sun shone on it. I counted fourteen males. Presently three flew off together; then two went in another direction. Soon they were all gone, four being the most that went in one bunch.

"Nearby, up to his knees in the water, stood the Oneida, and under each arm was an otter pup."

These pigeons did not seem to care for company like the others. They sat around, always on dead limbs and high up, a fine mark for the gun and the falcon; and as they did not seem to fly, like the smaller ones, I think there were other hawks that would pick them up now and then. Their nest was built the same as the others, and so poorly that I wondered how they ever kept an egg in it—that it did not fall through the bottom.

Fishing Without a Hook

THAT night we went back to the lake. We had no supper. As there was a good-sized creek running into the lake, we made a brush dam, and we set it across the mouth, leaving two doors or openings for the fish to enter when they approached the shore at night for the purpose of going up the small streams after the minnows and crabs.

Before daylight we got up and shut the doors or openings; then we went up the streams and drove the fish down and into the brush in the dam by splashing the water. We got more fish than we could eat in two or three days; so we dug a hole on the lake shore near the water-line, and I filled the hole with water from the lake; so we had fresh fish. We drove stakes around it, and piled brush to keep the sun off and keep the bears away at night, as bears are fond of fish. Ahmoor chopped some new chips, and scattered them around the hole, so the bears would think we had made a trap for them. We saw tracks next morning, but the bears did not take the fish.

I tell this to show how the prospector and timber-cruiser lives when he has left civilization and gone far into the forest. He must live like the trapper or the Indians. He must be a lover of nature, or the life will not be pleasant for him.

The next day we went south and struck the outlet of the lake, following it down to the southward. The Indians found otter tracks, and as they wanted to get the otters they went after them. The ground looked mineralized, so I thought I would prospect a little. I spent five days, but found nothing.

When I got back to the lake I found Ahmoor and the Oneida making a cage. They had got the otter pups and were going to tame them the next day.

We left, and in three or four days we came back to the roost. The old birds were very uneasy for a while, which showed plainly that they had hatched their young and were ready to protect them in their way. I got up where I could see the nests, and Ahmoor made the old birds stand up; and when I looked there were no young ones to be seen in the nests, so snugly did the old ones have them cuddled up in their feathers.

"We go now," said Ahmoor; "come back tonight.

"You see him feed young ones, and you no see young ones." He started off on a trot. "What's your hurry?" I called out.

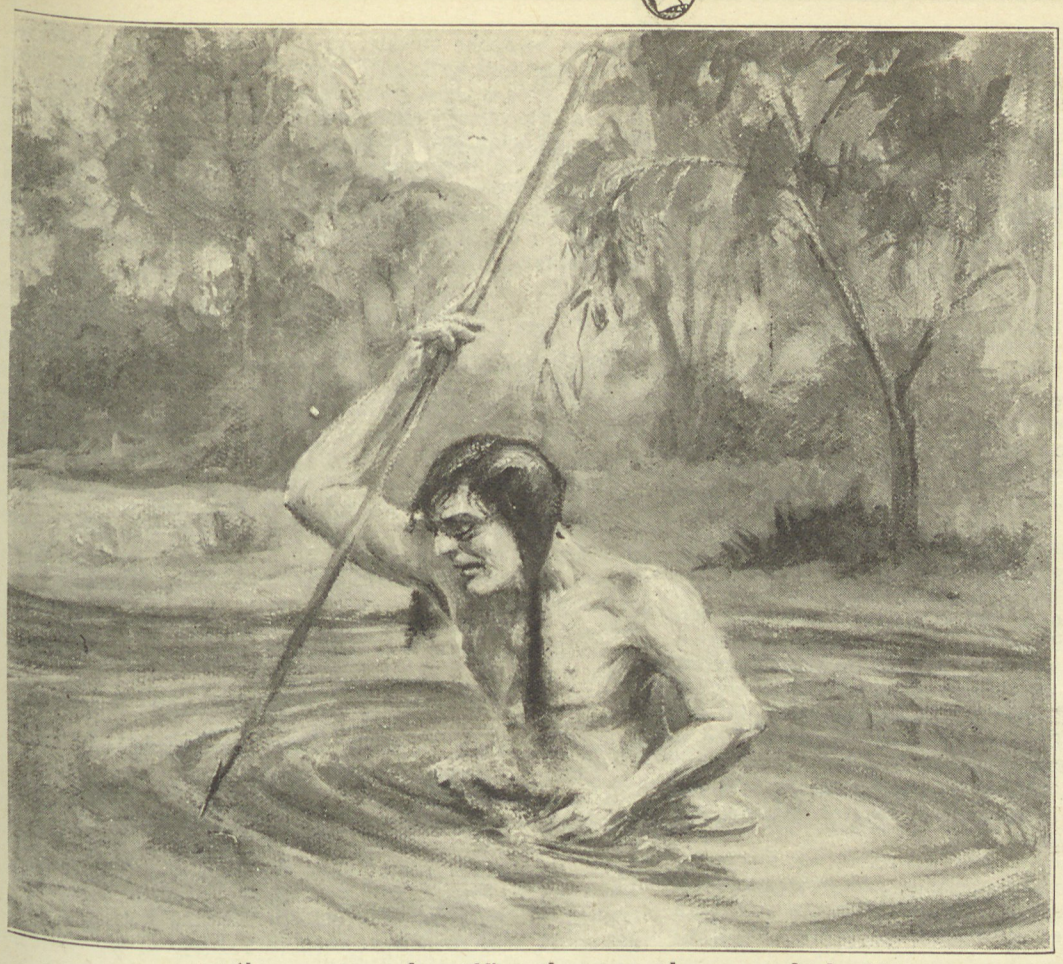
Fishing with an Otter

"OTTER dogs hungry; must catch fish," and he broke into a run, and was gone.

When I came to the lake, Ahmoor was up to his middle in the water, with a spear in his hand. I saw him raise and then whang the spear. He missed his mark, for he had nothing on his spear when he raised it up. Nearby, up to his knees in the water, stood the Oneida, and under each arm was an otter pup. Two were swimming around about his legs. He stooped down and turned over a stone and caught a crab. He picked it to pieces, then rubbed his hands under his arms, and then fed the otter pups off his hands.

He was careful to put the crab where the pup's nose did not touch it, but touched his hand instead. I asked him why he did that.

"That makes him tame," he said, "just like dog." So the Oneida was feeding and taming his otter pups at the same time; and that put me in mind of when I was at Hudson Bay with the Inuits and the Crees.



"Ahmoor was up to his middle in the water, with a spear in his hand."

When they wanted a seal dog, they took the pups out on the ice and did not feed them for three days, so that they were good and hungry. Then they drew a dead seal on the ice windward back a mile or so from the pups. The ones that smelt the seal and wanted to go to it were trained for seal dogs to find the blowholes on the ice; the others, less fortunate, were used for sleigh dogs. So the Oneida was training his otter to go by smell, like the dogs.

That evening we went over to the roost; but we were late, as the birds had changed for the night; so we learned nothing from that trip. The next morning we got up before daylight, and went over and hid ourselves. We had not long to wait after the sun appeared. The males began to fly around, and the females which were on the nests began to feed the young ones.

The male did the outside work, that is, carried the sticks to his mate, and she took them from him and built the nest; that is, she piled the things all around her and forgot to put a bottom in it. That was the poorest part of the nest—just enough to hold the egg or young up till they changed on the nest. The female played the part of the male while they were building the nest, for if he "soldiered" on the job and did not bring sticks fast enough for her to throw around, she screamed at him and called, and when he came she flapped her wings in his face; and he stood it all as long as she was going to build a nest and lay an egg in it for him. For a few days she ruled supreme; but when the nest was built and the egg was laid, things changed. Then he was boss; but he was good to her, often feeding her on the nest while she was hatching.

We started back the next day; and as the Indians wanted to teach the otter pups to follow them, and as that was too slow for me, I started ahead. When about a mile out I saw an Indian standing on the trail, looking at me. Just then a deer started up beside me, and I turned my head to look at it. When I looked for the Indian, he was gone. I did not like that, so I went into the woods and waited till the others came up. Then the strange Indian came out of the woods. Ahmoor knew him, as he was one of Ahmoor's tribe. Having lost his companions, he joined us.

We struck our camp about dark. Honk told me he had a pigeon roost about fifteen miles to the southwest, and they must have young ones by this time. So we started for the roost next morning.

Another Roost of Pigeons

WHEN we were out about ten miles, two Indian dogs joined us, keeping us company for two or three miles. Suddenly, they stuck their noses in the air and left us. Then we began to see small flocks of pigeons. Some were on the ground, others in the trees. They all seemed to be looking for food, and Honk said, "They look for food; they must have young ones." Ahmoor said, "They look for June bugs."

We came to the swamp, and Honk said the roost was on the hardwood ridge or island in the swamp. He had nothing to eat; so I gave him the gun and told him to get a deer, as they were plenty.

Ahmoor and I had no trouble in finding the roost, as the birds were flying in and out by the hundreds. They all had young ones. Some were quite large, beginning to have feathers on them, while others were only two or three days old; so I asked Ahmoor how that was, and he said they must have been disturbed at some other place where they nested, and have come over and joined this other flock here.

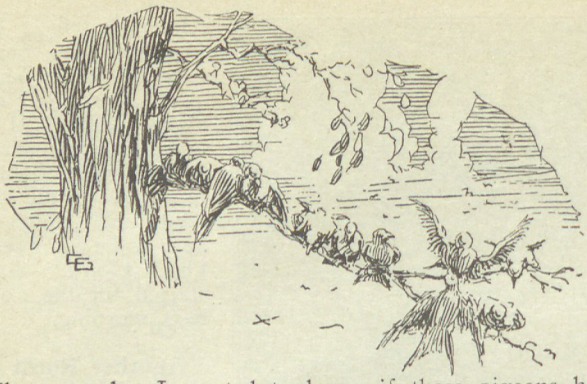
Ahmoor said this roost had been made up of flocks that had been disturbed and came in here to nest with the first ones that had come. This was a lonely spot in the heart of the big timber, and they were not disturbed, at least until they had gotten their young hatched out. I wondered why there were so many on the ground, and then I remembered I had heard the old people say that so many young ones fell out of the nests onto the ground and died that you could not go near the nests for the smell. I asked Ahmoor if those on the ground were dead, and he laughed and said, "No, mebbe; I don't know; you watch." And while we stood there, the old birds began to come in and feed the young ones, and then I saw what I had also seen in the wilds of Canada when we were up on the Pigeon River.

"Look, see," said Ahmoor; "he want young to fly." Finally the young bird started and flew down, the old male following it down to the ground. The males kept coming in, feeding the young ones.

"Some time when hawk too plenty, take too many young ones, old one pull out bottom of nest, young one fall down, old one come down, always feed him; hawk not get so many on the ground." So said Ahmoor.

So the pigeons did not die on the ground as the people said, nor did they eat the buds or leaves off the trees, as wise ones declared.

This time of the year there were no berries ripe, and no grain; so the wild pigeons had to feed their young on insects. The ones that we ate had June bugs and small black beetles in their crops. The June bugs were picked to pieces, the small beetles were swallowed whole.



The next day I wanted to know if these pigeons held up their eggs and young the same as the big red-breasted ones we had seen at the lake. So we went to where the young were small and watched the old birds feed the young ones. They held them up and fed them just the same as the big red-breast.

It looked to me as though the hawks would exterminate the young ones, the way they came and carried them off. A hawk would often fly down in the nest when the old one was feeding the young one, and carry the young one off. The old bird would flap its wings and scream, but the hawk paid no attention to it. Sometimes two or three pigeons would fly after a hawk that had a squab, but they always took care to keep out of his way, though the hawk did not seem to mind them. That showed that the birds had a strong love for their young, and had no way to save them except to break the nest and let the young ones fall to the ground. So there was good reason for the pigeons not building a strong nest.

It was growing late, so we fixed ourselves for the night. Five Indians filed up from the swamp, and when they saw us they stopped and talked awhile among themselves; then they made a fire, gathered some squabs, and they too fixed themselves for the night.

CHAPTER IV

Experiences on the Trail

WHEN it got dark, Ahmoor shook me up and made a sign for me to follow him, which I did. He said in the Indian tongue, "Winnebago no friend to my people." Then I knew there was bad blood there.

We made no fire, but covered ourselves with leaves. I could not sleep well, as the owls kept hooting and the pigeons kept flying and screaming all night. Then the lone call of a wolf on the mainland rang out above the other noises and another wolf answered him from the other side, and I said to myself, "God help the pigeons; is there anything else to come for them?"

The old ones would pull their nests to pieces to save their young, but the fox, wolf, skunk, weasel, mink and others all came to finish up what the owls and hawks did not do. How did any of the birds survive from all their enemies? Then came the Indians and the white men, and again I said, "God help the pigeons!"

When daylight came, the picture that I had seen in the wilds of Canada near the Pigeon River was seen here. Hundreds of hawks dotted the sky, following daylight down to their prey. High above them all, around and around circled two black specks—vultures from the south. So even the vultures, it seemed, had followed the pigeons.

When the sun had reached the treetops, some of the hawks, bolder than others, darted down and each flew off with a squab. Then I heard a shot, and saw a hawk fall. He dropped the squab as he was falling. Then two more shots, and two more hawks came down. Then Ahmoor came to me and touched me on the shoulder and said, "Winnebago he not so bad; he keep Indian law; he be good, I dunno." And as he spoke quickly, in the Indian tongue, I did not understand him well; so I asked him again to tell me what he said. He replied, "Indian follow pigeon from his country into the other Indian country; he kill pigeon with gun, he break Indian law. He take pigeons from hawk, he break no law." So they were entitled to all the pigeons they could take from the hawks, according to their tradition and law, but the hawks must be left to the owners of the ground on which they were killed, for the squaws to make ornaments for themselves.

Indians as Pigeons' Friends

THAT night the Winnebagoes came over and were very friendly. Most of them spoke English. While we were talking, twenty more Winnebagoes filed in. Their spokesman asked me if he could have some fire to cook their supper, and as their companions had killed hawks and got pigeons, they buckled into them. If some of my friends who are dyspeptics could see these wild men of the woods crunch the soft bones of the young pigeons, never even picking the meat off!

The next morning I was awakened by the "Bang! bang!" of the guns. The Winnebagoes were shooting at the hawks. Ahmoor got up and looked around as though he wanted to wash his face, and I told him he did not have to fix his toilet.

"Ugh!" he grunted. "No Indian that name out here!"

I laughed at him.

"So you laugh; he no live here; funny name! he said.

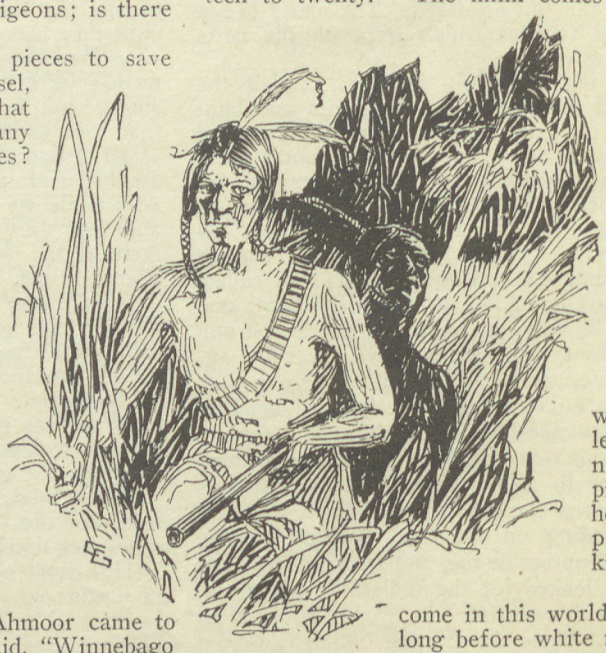
"Yes," I answered, "funny name."

The Indians had fixed themselves in fine shape to kill the hawks, and as they were all dark-skinned, they stood up against the trees, the bark of which was like their color, then stuck some limbs in front of them, so they could not be seen. I did not see any of them kill a hawk coming in empty-handed; but they waited until they were going off with a squab; then they banged into them. I never saw them miss a shot.

I asked Ahmoor why they did not shoot while the hawks were coming in.

"Hawk must get pigeon first, then Indian kill hawk and get pigeon; that law. Indian live here, no have to kill hawk; he get pigeon when he want."

Ahmoor told me that the tribe whose territory joined or was attached to their land could come in and kill hawks or animals such as the fox, the wolf, the marten, or any carnivorous animal or bird that destroyed the pigeons. For killing a wolf, ten to twenty squabs could be taken by the Indians, while they lasted; for a fox, six to eight per day, according to the size of the fox; for martens, four to six, according to size; for raccoons, four to six; for mink, fifteen to twenty. "The mink comes every three days and sucks blood. A weasel sucks the blood of forty or fifty squabs at a time. The squaw comes every day, and takes all she can carry.



"Weasel bad fellow," said Ahmoor; "he like Honkepoti; kill, kill."

"Yes," said I; "but Honk eats pigeons; Honk not so bad like weasel; weasel sucks blood and lets meat spoil; Honk not so bad; he eat pigeon." I asked him how he knew how many pigeons the weasel killed every night.

"Long, long before I come in this world," said Ahmoor, "long, long before white man come to our coun-

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POLLUTION

A problem of nation wide importance which the Izaak Walton League of America is pledged to solve

Edited by DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD

Head of Zoological Department, University of Illinois

Pollution Control Activities in Wisconsin

By
C. M. BAKER
State Sanitary Engineer, Wisconsin

Especially Prepared for "Outdoor America."

CIVILIZATION advances. Our frontier is a dream of the past. Virgin forests are almost annihilated. Streams unharnessed, undefiled or unaffected by the acts of man are few. Restitution of these streams to their pristine purity is an impossibility but *control measures properly applied may retain some* of the natural conditions still existing *and partially reclaim others* so as to supply certain recreational features of value.

A turbulent stream full of falls and cataracts once dammed and harnessed by power has forever lost its pristine conditions with which nature endowed it. The type of fish and aquatic life changes and gradually a new life predominates, even though no pollution enters the stream. But, with the establishment of power, centers of population and industry also develop and pollution increases. Although the aquatic life formerly present in a stream cannot be restored, control of the pollution will permit other aquatic life which is of material value. If streams of pristine purity are to be available, however, they must be set aside for this purpose only. They cannot be dammed and harnessed to furnish power, large centers of industry and population cannot be developed on their shores, the forests must be left on their watershed and they must not be defiled by the acts of man.

It is possible in Wisconsin to reclaim certain streams to almost their pristine conditions although it will take years to re-establish the forests. While other streams now developed industrially and polluted cannot be returned to their original conditions, adequate control measures will permit a luxuriant aquatic life that will be of material value both from an economic and recreational standpoint. *It is with the hope of establishing a practical, constructive and sustained program to retain these unpolluted streams and reclaim others, yet still permit a progressive industrial and community growth, that the policies and procedure in stream pollution have been developed.*

THE problem of the pollution of our streams is not alone a matter of interest to scientists or to municipalities and industries. It concerns YOU; every man, woman and child in America—every lover of our streams, every angler who, as Henry van Dyke expresses it, feels the "lure of tempting the unknown with a fishing line." If you have any ideas on how to bring the importance of this subject more poignantly to the general public, write this department. Your thoughtful advice and criticism will be appreciated. EDITOR

Legislation

THE 1917 Wisconsin Legislature passed an act under the Conservation Laws prohibiting the discharge into any waters of the state of "tanbark, ship ballast, stone, sand, slabs, decayed wood, sawdust, saw-mill refuse, planing mill shavings or any acids or chemicals or waste or refuse arising from the manufacture of any article of commerce, or any other substance deleterious to fish life other than authorized drainage from municipalities." This is a prohibitive act which, if rigidly enforced, would require the greatest industries of the state to cease operating. Its enforcement, therefore, is impossible and it has become practically a dead letter on the statutes, only one prosecution having been instituted under it.

In 1919, legislation was enacted giving the State Board of Health "definite control over the waters of the state, drainage, water supply, water systems, sewage and refuse disposal . . . . insofar as their physical condition affects health or comfort." This legislation does not give the State Board of Health control over pollution affecting fish life. The Board, however, has always co-operated with the Conservation Commission in making surveys and assisting in the control of stream pollution where specific complaints were made.

The 1925 Legislature appropriated ten thousand dollars annually from the Conservation fund to be expended in co-operation with the State Board of Health, to enforce the provisions of the prohibitive legislation referred to above. *This appropriation was the first constructive step taken in Wisconsin toward the control of general stream pollution* because, while there had previously been laws on the statutes, no specific appropriation had ever been available for their enforcement.

More definite centralization of authority and more specific jurisdiction, however, seemed desirable. The 1927 Legislature, therefore, passed an act providing for a stream pollution committee of five members, the State Chief Engineer, a member of the Railroad Commission, a representative of the Conservation Commission, a member of the State Board of Health and the State Sanitary Engineer or other engineer designated by the Board of Health. This committee has general jurisdiction over water pollution and may enact and enforce rules and regulations controlling pollution. Such a committee is the logical step towards accomplishment. Under designation of the State Board of Health the State Health Officer becomes the Secretary and Execu-

the immediate supervision and administration of the State Sanitary Engineer. *This legislation will permit the inauguration of a constructive and sustained program in the control of stream pollution. An appropriation of $15,000 annually is provided for the work.*

Policy

TO provide practical, constructive and sustained activities in the control of stream pollution, legislation should be enacted and funds and personnel available to carry on a program which should include:

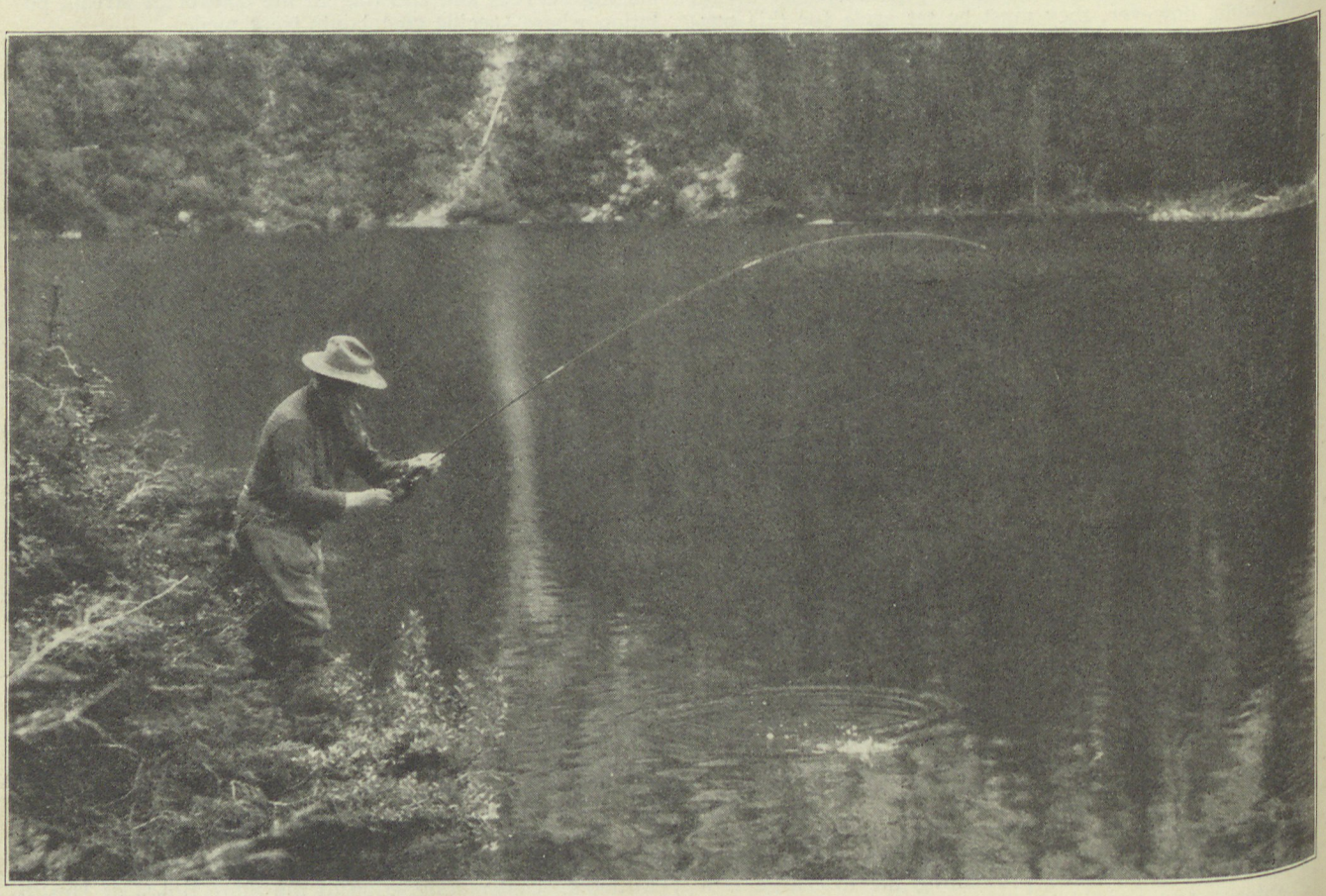
(1) Centralization of administrative authority in one head or board.
(2) Provision that this board may enact rules and regulations having the force and effect of law.
(3) Legislation requiring that permits be secured from the board by any industry, municipality or owner, to discharge wastes into any stream.
(4) Provision that the board may require such treatment of wastes as may be practicable and necessary to minimize the effect of their pollution.
(5) Definite control over the operation and maintenance of sewage or waste treatment plants.
(6) A careful study or survey of streams to determine first, the effect of pollution, and second, whether treatment processes installed are accomplishing the work expected of them.
(7) Chemical, bacteriological and biological surveys of the streams to determine the effect of wastes upon their flora and fauna.
(8) Experimental work in the various problems of waste disposal either individually or in cooperation with the various industries.
(9) Correlation of this work with the control of stream flow such as the construction of dams, impounding reservoirs, etc.
(10) Finally, close cooperation on the part of the board with industries, other states, the Federal Government and others interested in the problem.

The recent legislation in Wisconsin will permit carrying out of such a program *providing funds are made available as the work develops* to build up the necessary personnel and provide for progressive and energetic prosecution of the work. An appropriation of $25,000 annually was requested of the Legislature, but as pointed out only $15,000 was granted. The $15,000 will provide for continuation of the work commenced during the past two years, but will not permit its extension to the disposal and treatment of other types of industrial wastes, such as those from milk product plants. *A more extensive program will be necessary in the future if real results are to be secured.*

In any program for the control of stream pollution, either local or national, *cooperation between the state, industry, sportsmen and all other interests is absolutely necessary.* Our industries cannot be too heavily burdened with extravagant expenditures that do not produce commensurate benefits either to the industry itself or the people at large. Industries have been urged to locate in communities where waste disposal has been offered them, yet as the industries have developed, serious stream pollution has resulted. *It is not fair, practical nor, in fact, is it possible to close these industries.* Known methods of treating and handling their wastes so as to prevent objectionable stream pollution are not available in many instances. *New processes, therefore, must be developed. It is hardly fair to say to industry, "This is your problem, you must solve it," when the state cooperates with agricultural interests and others in a solution of their problems.* It is believed, therefore, that, in this problem of stream pollution, *any constructive program must provide that the state lead and cooperate with industry in a solution of their problems.* With this in view as a fundamental policy, Wisconsin has developed several cooperative programs.

Cooperative Programs

THE problem of stream pollution and waste disposal was taken up with certain industries and their cooperation requested on specific work. The Wisconsin Canners' Association was conferred with at its annual convention in October, 1925. It was pointed out that no satisfactory method of treating pea canning wastes had yet been developed and that, while this is a problem of the industry, the state would cooperate in a program to reduce the objectionable stream pollution. A definite appropriation of



Fishermen, the Problem of Pollution Concerns YOU.

$500.00 by the industry was suggested to assist in conducting specific experiments during the following summer in order to develop, if possible, practical and economical methods of treating these wastes. The appropriation was made and, as will be pointed out later, the investigation carried on with reasonable success.

In February, 1926, a conference was held in Milwaukee at which representation was requested from all the paper and pulp mills of the state. A majority of the mills were represented. While those present appeared skeptical at first, they were soon convinced that *the state wished to put on a practical and constructive program.* The industry, therefore, appointed a committee of seven members to advise with the state and work out such a definite cooperative plan. During the following summer fourteen paper mill laboratories cooperated with the state and the equivalent of seven full-time paper mill chemists, located at these various laboratories, worked under the direction of state officials in collecting and analyzing samples of water from certain streams. The results of these analyses were reported directly to the State Board of Health *notwithstanding the fact that in most instances they were unfavorable to the industry* with reference to pollution. Certain mills both voluntarily and at the suggestion of state officials, also initiated research to develop methods of treating or handling their wastes. This program is being continued at the present time in order to confirm previous results and obtaining more detail and complete information. Many representatives of the paper industry at first doubted whether their wastes were a material factor in stream pollution. This analytical work, done by their own representatives, however, has thoroughly convinced them of the importance of the problem and it is believed the fact that they themselves have been carrying on research work is of inestimable value in securing their continued cooperation.

Other industries have not yet been called definitely into conference because personnel and funds are not adequate to extend the program at this time. It is probable, however, that certain others will be conferred with during the coming fall and winter and that detailed programs for extending the work into these other fields will be worked out.

Stream Surveys

THROUGH this cooperation of industry rather extensive stream surveys were made of the Fox, Wisconsin and Flambeau Rivers in Wisconsin during the summer of 1926 and in cooperation with the State of Minnesota a survey was made of the Mississippi River below St. Paul under the direction of the United States Public Health Service.

These surveys included practically daily determinations of dissolved oxygen in samples of water collected from the stream at designated stations situated at critical or significant points. If the dissolved oxygen drops to below 2 parts per million for any appreciable length of time, fish cannot survive. Complete chemical analyses were frequently made. Samples of the aquatic life in the stream were also collected and identified. Sources of pollution were located, the volumes of the various classes of wastes measured or estimated and samples collected and analyzed.

A brief description of the condition existing follows:

(1) *Lower Fox River*—The portion of the Fox River investigated is what is known as the Lower Fox, a distance of about 38 miles between Lake Winnebago and Green Bay. Except for a brief stretch of rapids below Kaukauna the water power of this stream has been completely developed. It, therefore, consists essentially of a series of pools formed by dams, connecting Lake Winnebago with Lake Michigan through Green Bay. The sewage from six cities with a total population of 87,689 and the wastes from industries, principally pulp and paper mills, with an estimated population equivalent of 744,500, enters the stream. Its pristine condition of a rapidly flowing stream is forever destroyed.

Fairly tolerable conditions for sensitive organisms, including fishes and fish life, existed from Lake Winnebago to Appleton, a distance of about 5 miles, and for more sensitive organisms from Appleton to below Wrightstown, about 15 miles. Intolerable conditions for even resistant organisms were indicated during the critical summer period from below Wrightstown to Green Bay, a distance of about 18 miles.

(2) *Wisconsin River*—The Wisconsin River rises in the northern part of the state and flows in a southwesterly di-

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Oct 1927

Comments on Pollution

By HERBERT HOOVER

U. S. Secretary of Commerce and Honorary President Izaak Walton League

IF we want fish we have to reserve some place for them to live. They all occur in the water and we have water within a day's journey of all the country but we are having less fish because we will pollute our streams and our littoral waters.

And this question of pollution has a multitude of complications and lack of understanding. The dear old lady who wrote me a charming note commending some remarks of mine on pollution outside the three-mile limit, was undoubtedly under the impression that I was urging further energy with respect to the eighteenth amendment. There are as many opinions about pollution as there are minds considering it. It is not being dealt with in any calm or contemplative mood. It exists in different waters in different degrees—from ships, factories, coal mines, chemical works in cities and towns, only to mention a few of them, and they are making their contribution of waste and refuse in the water. Many of these things damage public health, destroy the outdoor appeal of the streams and many of them damage the fish.

But after all we are an industrial people. We have to work at least 8 hours a day and all but two or three weeks in the year and it is absurd to believe that we can abolish our industries and still have a chance to go fishing. So I have long since come to the conclusion that what we really need in every state is that there should be *a survey of all of the streams* and *a division of them* into three categories. *First the streams that have not yet been polluted* and *immediate protection* to these streams or parts of them, that *they never shall be polluted.* That no industry shall be allowed to settle upon them unless there is adequate guarantee that there will be no pollution. The *second* category is the *streams that are polluted to the finish.* There are many of these that could never be recovered as a matter of practical fact, without the displacement of hundreds of thousands of people from their homes through crushing their industries. The numbers who would benefit by clearing them would be infinitesimal compared to the suffering and loss implied in such an operation.

Then we should have a *third* category of streams—*those that are partially polluted* where we could get *correction by systematic and sound action and gradually restore them* to the first category.

There are also problems of pollution of our coastal waters. Two years ago the Department of Commerce was to a considerable degree instrumental in securing legislation tending to decrease this pollution from oil burning and oil carrying ships. The oil from these quarters not only forms a film on the water which stifles the fish but it finally coagulates into a sticky mass which floats around a while and finally washes up on the beaches or sinks to the bottom to poison the oysters. Those of you who take your children to some of our prominent beaches nowadays must also take with you a supply of benzine in order that you may wash your children after they have had a bath.

Sea pollution is a matter over which the federal government can exert some authority. *It can exert little authority over pollution of the streams.* To solve this problem *there must be developed within the states an adequate sense of public responsibility and public action.*

What's Happening in Conservation

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

Edited by SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director

Legislation Marks Progress

A SURVEY of the conservation enactments in the forty-four states which had legislative sessions this year shows that the efforts of the Izaak Walton League and allied organizations to mould public sentiment have made a pronounced impression upon the thinking people of America.

The serious, painstaking manner in which practically every legislative body has digested conservation legislation this year is indicative of better team work; a general improvement in conservation laws is very noticeable.

This is especially true of states where in the past the needs for such action have not received serious consideration, and shows conclusively that organizations such as the Izaak Walton League have been laying a firm foundation that is being translated into action.

More Adequate Financing

A MUCH more favorable attitude on the part of all legislative bodies toward the question of adequate finances for future conservation activity is noticeable. Outdoor enthusiasts, especially the organized hunters and fishermen, realize as never before that if they want to continue our American system of free public fishing and hunting they must contribute ample funds to do the many things they expect. The sum of $10,000,000 contributed annually by the hunters and fishermen of the United States for licenses seems like a huge amount to spend for better fishing and hunting, but is after all a small figure when spread over the whole of Uncle Sam's broad domain, and especially is this true when we stop to consider that more than $100,000,000 are spent every year in the pursuit of fish and game. *We spend ten cents to destroy; only one to restore!* Wrong ratio, to be sure.

Wild life refuges and public hunting and fishing grounds received an encouraging proportion of attention in the legislation of the year. More money is now being spent for public forests, public parks and playgrounds than ever before. And we need still more of them!

Leading Accomplishments

THE outstanding legislative accomplishments of the year, briefly summarized, are:

1. More large areas of public-owned forests and parks, and the regrowth of forests more generally encouraged.
2. Anti-pollution laws materially strengthened to guarantee pure waters.
3. Provision made for many more wild life refuges, fish hatcheries, and game farms.
4. Forest, park, fish game and fur laws revamped, simplified and strengthened.
5. Broader administrative authority and more ample funds.
6. Shorter uniform seasons and smaller bags and creels for game and fish.
7. Additional restrictions on the sale of wild game and game fish.
8. Better coordination of conservation activities, and more uniformity in laws between neighboring states.

New Law Bulletin

THE Government's annual summary of the game laws of all the states and provinces, published by the United States Biological Survey, is just off the press. The Government says the states making the most important changes or revisions are Arkansas, Florida, Indiana, Maryland, Missouri, Montana, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Washington and Wisconsin.

Refuges the Outstanding Need

IN commenting upon the tendency to supply more funds with which to protect wild life, the bulletin says:

"The fees for various kinds of licenses were increased in Idaho, Illinois, Maryland, New Jersey, New Mexico, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, Texas, Utah, Washington and Alberta. In some instances definite provision was made for the use of the increased fee, as in Pennsylvania, where it is specifically required to be used for the purchase and maintenance of refuges and public hunting grounds, but most of the states that finance their administration and enforcement of the game laws through license fees have discovered the necessity for increased funds."

Special attention is called to an important addition to the area of the Government's winter elk refuge in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, by a gift from the Izaak Walton League of its elk refuge lands.

In commenting upon the need for refuges, the bulletin says:

"The present outstanding need of our birds is a series of refuges in their accustomed habitat. The spread of civilization and consequent commercial developments have made serious inroads into the breeding and feeding grounds of all wild life, especially in the comparatively limited areas suitable for migratory wild fowl. Unwise drainage of many marshes and lakes throughout the country has destroyed large water areas chiefly suitable for the production of wild-bird, animal, and fish life, without compensating benefits."

Conservation Officials Met In Convention

THE International Association of Game, Fish, and Conservation Commissioners held their Twenty-first Annual meeting at Hartford, Connecticut, on August 11 and 12. The Connecticut Fish and Game Commission, of which Senator Frederic C. Walcott is Chairman, also the retiring chairman of the association, was the host to both

this association and the American Fisheries Society. More than half the states, some of the Canadian Provinces and both the Canadian and United States Governments were officially represented. Many important phases of the conservation question were discussed.

Mr. Carlos Avery, formerly in charge of conservation work in Minnesota and now Vice-President of the American Game Protective Association, ably reviewed America's progress in game conservation and the part his association has played in the work. He said that during the last 16 years there has been more advancement in wild life conservation than in all the country's former history; that there are now over 20,000,000 acres set aside as wild life refuges in America; and that the entire country is alive to the need for perpetuating and increasing wild life.

League Was Represented

THE Editor of this Department represented the Izaak Walton League and addressed the convention on its program. He called attention to the many worthy accomplishments already to the League's credit, and that it is just on the brink of a much more rapid growth and outstanding conservation activity than ever before. Special attention was called to the big nationwide programs which the League has under way, such as the anti-pollution campaign, flood control campaign, coordination of conservation and recreational activities, and the extension of public-owned forests and parks. The part the League has played in securing better game, fish and forest laws was reviewed, and the Commissioners were advised that the best weapon in their hands to secure better law observance and more universal support for constructive programs is an intensive campaign of education, in which the Izaak Walton League will cooperate at all times.

Native Game First Consideration

MR. WILLIAM C. ADAMS, Director of Fish and Game of Massachusetts, led an informal roundtable discussion on the various problems confronting the several states, and urged more attention be given to the native species of game rather than depend upon imported game. He stated that ringneck pheasants are the only imported game birds which have done well in the New England States.

Mr. J. B. Doze, State Game Warden of Kansas, defended the importation of bobwhite quail from Mexico, saying that Kansas has brought back her quail through such importations, and that native game birds can best be replenished by establishing and stocking refuges. He called attention to one instance where quail did not increase on a very large protected area during a period of five years. It was the consensus of opinion of those present that the area closed was too large and that a limited amount of hunting would have shown better results.

Mr. I. T. Quinn, Game and Fish Commissioner of Alabama, defended the importation of Mexican bobwhite quail. He urged the creation of refuges and stated that in Alabama the four essential requirements for quail and other native game birds are ample cover, proper food, protection from predatory species and water.

Mr. E. Lee LeCompte, State Game Warden of Maryland, agreed that much money has been wasted in importing game birds, but defended the importation of Mexican bobwhite quail. He urged the establishment of refuges as well as further efforts to rear native game birds on game farms. He said Maryland now has about 75,000 acres set aside as refuges on which grains and other crops are planted to furnish food and cover for wild life.

Only Freshly Trapped Birds Desirable

MR. WILL C. TUCKER, Game, Fish and Oyster Commissioner of Texas, cautioned northern states when ordering quail to deal only with reliable importers, and to make sure before purchase that the Mexican birds they buy are freshly trapped, otherwise the mortality rate will be excessive.

Mr. C. P. Peterson, Game and Fish Commissioner of North Dakota, said that his state is trying to restock with quail, but that so far they have been unable to decide whether the results obtained justify the expenditure. He stated that the Hungarian partridges stocked in that state have done very well, and that the prairie chickens and ruffed grouse are holding their own. He said North Dakota has forbidden the use of bird dogs in order to protect her game birds, and recommended that plan to other states. This suggestion did not meet with the approval of the convention.

Canada Doing Her Part

MR. HOYES LLOYD, in charge of wild life preservation for the Dominion of Canada, discussed the forest, game and water power conservation activities of the Dominion in a very able and interesting manner. He showed quite clearly that Canada, because they have national control over many of the natural resources, has made outstanding progress and that she has been doing her full share to protect migratory birds. He stressed the need of a more comprehensive educational program on the subject of wild life preservation, especially in the schools and outdoor camps, through lectures, motion pictures, etc. He stated Canada is making a special effort to save the breeding marshes for wild waterfowl, has already set aside many large refuges, and that there is hope of saving the whooping crane from extinction.

New Biological Chief Spoke

MR. PAUL G. REDINGTON, the new Chief of the Biological Survey, discussed frankly and freely the problems confronting the United States Government in the conservation of wild life, especially migratory birds. He said a real nationwide system of refuges is the crying need, and called attention to the wild water-fowl census now under way as the Survey needs more complete scientific information upon the various questions confronting the Government in connection with the administration of the migratory bird law.

Colonel H. P. Sheldon, Chief United States Game Warden, told the conference about the difficulties confronting his division in enforcing the Federal game laws. The delegates were very favorably impressed by the remarks of Uncle Sam's representatives.

Ray P. Holland, Editor of Field and Stream, discussed the question of publicity in a frank, interesting and helpful manner. He informed the Commissioners that if they want the people of their respective states to support their work, they must tell them all about their aims and accomplishments, and must always keep the public fully informed.

Mrs. Bessie Anderson, representing the Game and Fish Commissioner of Georgia, told the convention about the work in that state, and particularly stressed the splendid results obtained from educational activities in the public schools.

National Audubon Society Cooperating

DR. A. H. HADLEY, of the National Association of Audubon Societies, explained the activities of that organization and assured the Commissioners of their cooperation. He called attention to the fact that with more than 50 varieties of shore birds in America, we have today an open season on but two, and that while the United States is protecting these birds they are being slaughtered in large numbers in South America. Dr. Hadley urged additional international treaties to better protect the migratory birds.

Resolutions Passed

THE resolutions passed unanimously included resolutions urging Congress to enact laws insuring adequate refuges for migratory birds in order that we may keep our pledge to Canada; removal of the tariff from game birds imported for stocking purposes; an appropriation to enforce the Federal Hawes Black Bass Law; and a federal law to prohibit shipment of illegal devices into the several states; also urging the states to bring their laws into conformity with the federal laws on game and fish, and to give fur-bearing animals better protection.

Hon. I. T. Quinn of Alabama was elected president, and the next convention will be held in Seattle, Washington.

A brief report on the Fifty-seventh Annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society will appear in the next issue.

Izaak Walton League Expansion Begins

By
CHARLES W. FOLDS

Chairman, Executive Committee

DEFINITE steps for the greatest expansion of the Izaak Walton League that ever has occurred in its history are to be taken at once. In fact, the first step is now under way. On September 10, began the most comprehensive expansion program that this League or any public welfare body in America has ever undertaken, and this expansion is to continue indefinitely until the objective, which is the establishment of million-member Waltonism as an integral part of American life, has been reached.

As the first object in membership expansion the goal has been set at one hundred and fifty thousand new members by the first of the year.

Other steps, to be announced later, and now in the formulative state, contemplate a program of nation-wide conservation, extending into every nook and corner of America, and this program will initiate a new standard of efficiency and of definite accomplishment in conservation affairs.

It is felt that the first thing to do is to begin expansion within the League in order to adequately handle the projects which are now under advisement. The Walton League is big, but it is, literally, a baby when compared in size to the jobs that confront it.

Million-member Waltonism is no idle dream. It is coming. It is coming just as sure as you're alive, and it is entirely up to the members of the League as to just when this shall be realized. That it has got to come is beyond all question. Our outdoors needs it, the people of America demand it, the outdoor lovers and sportsmen want it, and *nothing can stop it.*

Fred H. Doellner
New Executive Manager of the Izaak Walton League.

The accomplishment of the first step in this program rests, not on chapter, state or national officers half so much as on each member. Every officer is going to roll up his sleeves and get to work, but, after all, the actual burden is on the individual member. Puny strength accomplishes no great jobs, and this League is preparing to undertake and accomplish many great jobs.

Every Waltonian must make a definite resolve within his own heart to *add two new members by December 31.* That is asking little in each individual case, yet that little is vital. Every member can do it, and it simply must be done —that's all.

This new campaign for increased size and power of the League is something more than a drive for new members. It is an enlargement of the League; it is the first step in the realization of not only size, but of increased activity, of greater accomplishment for the outdoors, in the nation, in every state, in every community.

As President Dickinson pointed out last month, the time has come, the League machinery is ready, for the greatest activity of League and of conservation history.

Several months ago the National Executive Committee, feeling that the internal reconstruction of the League was well under way and that the time had come for a tremendous advance movement and an increase of activities in keeping with the destiny of the League as the conservation spokesman of America, appointed three of its members as a special committee to delve into the organization of the League with the following objects in view:

First, to find out if the League was ready for its new phase of growth and power.

Second, if it was not, what should be done to make it ready? Third, along what lines should the new activity progress?

The sub-committee went at the task tooth and nail, and made its report late in July. This report was thoroughly discussed, the advice and counsel of many men was sought and obtained. It was decided to go ahead. In August tentative plans were distributed among all chapter officers, and suggestions were asked for. Responses have been numerous and invaluable in formulating present plans.

And now, with everything ready, and sure that we are right, the new phase of Waltonism is entered into, following the proclamation of President Dickinson in the September number of Outdoor America.

Fred H. Doellner, formerly secretary of the Minnesota division, and chairman of the special sub-committee, has been made executive manager of the League.

The office of executive secretary, formerly held by E. H. Philippi, who has resigned, has been merged with this more comprehensive and broader method of centralized executive management.

The services of Mr. Doellner were obtained late in August. The plans of the sub-committee were so comprehensive, pointed to such big things, that their successful culmination depended largely on the securing of a man of unlimited energy and driving power plus thorough knowledge of the Walton League and its problems, to direct them. Having served as secretary of the Minnesota division for the past three years, when the division was raised from a status of 15 chapters to more than 250, having acted as chairman of the special committee and having delved into all Walton problems, Mr. Doellner was specially fitted for this work and when his services were secured the success of the new plans was assured.

Mr. Doellner's experience as an executive, as a publicist, as a leader in community and public welfare circles, is such that the League is assured of receiving not only Waltonian experience and enthusiasm of a marked degree of value, but business and executive abilities far above the average. For fifteen years Mr. Doellner has had executive training with the largest firm of its kind in the world, and has had 800 salesmen under his constant direction and stimulation.

The sub-committee had found the League ready for the greatest forward movement along conservation lines in its history, and for an expansion program more comprehensive in scope than anything that has been attempted heretofore.

Among the recommendations were that the national body must be built into an inspiring, helpful, cooperative organization to give all possible aid to existing State Divisions, to help incompletely organized Divisions to a status of full, active units, and to aggressively enter those states where no Divisions now exist.

That a conservation program not only national in scope but extending into every state, every county, be undertaken at once.

That publicity, as a vital stimulation attracting the attention of the people and keeping the League, its campaigns and its objects, always before the public, become a major activity of National headquarters and that a publicity system extending from the national body through the state divisions and to the chapters, be adopted.

That immediate steps should be taken to greatly increase the membership of the League so that the projects in conservation and education can most effectively be carried out.

These problems were outlined to the chapter officers throughout the League, and suggestions as to the best ways for developing them and carrying them out were asked for.

Many suggestions were given. These were of immense value. From them, ideas were crystallized; some things were eliminated, others added, until a feasible program was outlined. Mr. Doellman at this time took charge at headquarters, and he issued a preliminary schedule as follows:

1. Creation and organization of an expert WALTONIAN CONSERVATION DEPARTMENT under Seth Gordon, nationally recognized for his leadership in the successful consummation of the world-famous Pennsylvania system.
2. National Headquarters organization to be a cooperative, inspirational service body to help and work with, every Waltonian and Waltonian body.
3. Our magazine, OUTDOOR AMERICA, to be developed into the recognized single power for conservation and service—the voice of the outdoors and outdoor lovers—to surpass anything heretofore existing in this field.
4. Full time, especially trained, executive Secretaries in every state.
5. A comprehensive, uniform organization plan to divide the load, place responsibility, guarantee results for conservation in every state.
6. A National Headquarters program of the greatest aggressiveness and energy will be aimed to sell Waltonism to every American.
7. A highly developed, expert publicity department under Donald Hough is being installed at National Headquarters.
8. A giant expansion program—the second crusade of Waltonism—to be launched at once.
9. Waltonism to be thoroughly introduced into every nook and corner of every state.
10. Selfishness, dissension, pettiness, must be exterminated and must be supplanted with unity, tolerance, and constructive activity.

In the meantime the Dilg Memorial committee, appointed by the last National Convention, had swung into action. H. V. Teegarden, chairman of the committee, had broadcast an appeal to all chapter officers to give suggestions, and to acquaint the chapter members with the project. Suggestions as to the location, form, and general idea of the memorial were asked for.

The response was splendid. From all quarters came definite ideas. From Florida, that state divisions and chapters, set aside refuges or parks, to be marked with bronze tablets. From Wisconsin, from Iowa, from Minnesota, from Michigan, from Illinois, that parks or refuges be set aside in every state. Many chapters held special meetings and forwarded their recommendations to Headquarters. Predominant among these was that refuges or parks be set aside, and that some part of the Upper Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge be dedicated to Will H. Dilg.

Definite plans for the memorial will be announced by the committee. But in the meantime, what finer memorial than to create a League so strong that it is able to accomplish the jobs which its Founder had in mind?

An Appeal to True Waltonians

IN this article are given plans for the first step in realizing the new objectives of the Izaak Walton League.

In order to accomplish these, extra effort is necessary, but the results will more than pay for the work.

Details of the first step in the expansion plan are given here. It has been decided that a special bronze watch fob will be struck as a mark of honor in connection with this first phase of League expansion, and these will be awarded for special effort. They are not expensive, they have little real intrinsic value, yet their significance, as awarded only for extraordinary effort for the League, for the outdoors, for our own sport and for all of America, is very great.

Until further notice a new member of the League is one who (1) Never has been a member. (2) One who has been a member, but who is ninety days or more delinquent in his dues.

Every member of the League must go out and get two new members by the first of the year.

Now is the time for every Leaguer to get into the harness, spread the gospel, and do his bit—BRING IN NOT LESS THAN TWO NEW MEMBERS. No bribes, goads nor payments will be required to spur on Waltonian effort. However, some fitting recognition should be awarded for unusual accomplishment, and to those Waltonians who get more than two members the following awards will be made:

To any member turning in five new members, will be given a specially designed bronze watch fob. This watch fob has been specially produced for this purpose. It will be recognized as the mark of unselfish effort. It is simply bronze and therefore its wearer can never be accused of being bribed by its money value.

To any member turning in ten members a silver watch fob struck with the same die as above will be presented with a suitable personal acknowledgment from your internationally famous president, Honorable J. M. Dickinson.

These watch fobs are not prizes. They are honorary marks of merit of which the wearer may well be proud not only for their beauty but because of the distinction they confer. They are the "DISTINGUISHED SERVICE" badge of Waltonism, and that means much.

A quota of new members to be obtained before January 1st will be set to each chapter. To the Presidents and Secretaries of the fifty chapters in the United States which bring in new members most in excess of their quotas will be awarded a gold filled watch fob struck from the same die, suitably engraved.

A quota will be set for each state division, and to the secretary and president of each of the five divisions most exceeding their quota of new members set for that division, will be awarded the following:

1. A solid gold watch fob, struck from the same die as above, and specially designed chain.
2. A solid gold watch fob as above.
3. The choice of a high grade reel or rod.
4. The same as No. 3.
5. The same as No. 3.

None of these awards should be regarded as a prize or payment for the splendid service it will require to win them. Each represents a tribute in recognition of that effort.

All Waltonian effort is, after all, a work of love and decency, which brings its own reward in self-satisfaction and knowledge of a worthy deed well and unselfishly done.

Hail *the* New Englanders!

The Granite State wins the distinction of organizing the first New England Walton League Division

By SETH E. GORDON

NOW where's that skeptic who is always proclaiming that New England provincialism interferes with New Englanders wholeheartedly joining hands with the rest of the country in worthy movements?

And show me that cynic who raves about all the oldtime chivalry and hospitality being dead, except probably below the Mason-Dixon line!

Then, too, please trot out that unsophisticated individual who says that the people of New England don't fully appreciate their recreational and conservation possibilities.

To tell the truth about it, those from other parts of the universe who attempt to speak for New Englanders rarely have had an opportunity to understand either the people of New England or the conditions there existing. And as usual in such cases, most of their ideas are all wrong.

Certainly the New England people are justly proud of their ancestry, their traditions, their wonderful educational institutions, their industrial development, and the outstanding part they have all played in the development of this fair land of ours. And pray tell, why shouldn't they be?

Recent Happenings a Test

WELL, putting all else aside, a mighty good test of these erroneous impressions harbored by a lot of other folk culminated on September 2 and 3 at the famous Sargent Camp for Girls, conducted under the very able leadership of Mrs. Carl Schrader in conjunction with the Sargent School for Physical Education. This was a wonderful setting for a Walton League Convention, as the camps are located close to the foot of stolid, granite-capped old Mt. Monadnock near Peterborough, New Hampshire, which the 2,500 residents all claim is "the biggest little town in all New England." A truly wonderful setting for a gathering of outdoor enthusiasts, with fine facilities made available through the courtesy of the camp management.

How It All Happened

LAST spring Doctor John W. Ruskin, one of the Izaak Walton League's trained field representatives, was invited to come to New England to help organize chapters of the League and get State Divisions perfected as rapidly as possible. He received urgent requests and assurance of much assistance if he would come into New Hampshire first, which he did. Since that time 23 good strong chapters have been organized in the little State of New Hampshire alone, and a number of others in neighboring states. Doctor Ruskin received excellent support everywhere, but the Peterborough Waltonians seemed to give him more active help than was true elsewhere. This was due to the sterling leadership of Major A. Erland Goyette and Algie A. Holt, the President and Secretary of the Peterborough Chapter respectively, both of them indefatigable workers.

When it came time to call a State Convention of chapters to organize a division, Major Goyette and Algie Holt literally "took the bull by the horns," secured the use of the Sargent Camps, added such equipment as necessary, and furnished the assistance and financial aid needed to guarantee that the gathering would be a success in every way.

Almost a Thousand There

THE Walton movement in New Hampshire has taken hold so firmly that every one of the twenty-three chapters was ably represented—a one hundred percent chapter representation at the state division organization meeting, a percentage probably never before equalled by any of the twenty-three state divisions so far organized.

Almost a thousand earnest Waltonians, leaders in other outdoor organizations, State and Government officials, and friends gathered for the two-day conclave. A wonderful program had been arranged to both enlighten and entertain those in attendance. And out of it all has come better team-work in recreational and conservation activities in New Hampshire as well as in the other New England States.

A brief review of the conservation work in New Hampshire is here desirable. I believe the conservation officials of the Granite State have been doing the best work possible with the funds and organized public support at their command. Out of a total area of 6,000,000 acres in the state, approximately 80 percent of which is now in forest and brush land, the United States Government owns 430,000 acres, mostly all lying in the famous White Mountain district, and the state owns about 25,000 acres in scattered tracts. An effort is being made to have the Federal and State Governments acquire much larger holdings of forest lands, among other tracts one with an excellent stand of virgin timber on it.

Many Farms Reverting to Forest

IN 1850 New Hampshire had 2,500,000 acres in farms; today it is said not over one-fifth of this area is being tilled. The balance is being reclaimed by the forest from which it was wrested by the hardy New England people. State Forester Foster, Uncle Sam's foresters, and the New England Association for the Protection of Forests, all working together have made excellent progress in eliminating the "red terror" of the forest, the forest fire. Fires are now rare, and when they do occur they are quickly extinguished.

The value of forests to supply timber for future use, to protect the watersheds, and to furnish greater recreational opportunities, is becoming more and more recognized, and certain individuals, among them Mr. R. D. Morgan of Richmond, New Hampshire, have rendered praiseworthy assistance to the foresters by spending their own funds to encourage forest protection and by furnishing large numbers of trees for planting purposes. Richmond is one of the towns in America which owns a municipal forest, which will be extended to about 2,000 acres as quickly as possible, and the income will later relieve the residents of all municipal taxes. This is already true in the case of a number of European municipalities which have town forests, and many more towns and cities in America should follow their example.

Important Playground of the East

THE people of New Hampshire, where fruit-growing, market gardening and dairying are the principal agricultural pursuits, fully appreciate the appeal of their glorious mountains and their many granite-studded lakes for recreational purposes. They hope to make the Granite State the principal playground of the East, and they are spending some real money to tell the people of the East about it. If handled properly they can do it, as Nature has bestowed her blessings upon New Hampshire with a lavish hand. It is a truly great and beautiful state.

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An Inspiring Example of Actual Accomplishment

By H. A. SAVAGE

President, Michigan Division, Izaak Walton League of America

What the Michigan Division of the Izaak Walton League has done, all other divisions and chapters can *also do*, making our streams a heaven for the fisherman.

THE United States Bureau of Fisheries claim that probably not more than 3% of the small fish fry planted by the State or Federal Government in the open waters of our lakes and streams, ever reach what we might call fingerling size, 97% being destroyed by their own natural enemies or from other causes.

This spring the Michigan Division of the Izaak Walton League built an experimental pond or nursery on the Au Sable River, which has always been one of the famous trout streams of our country. Six weeks ago they planted about 25,000 rainbow trout fry in this pond. When planted the fry was about one inch long. The writer has been watching the progress of this fry very carefully. On Friday of last week I sat on a log in the pond, where there were some several hundred of the minnows swimming around me. As near as I could determine none of them were under an inch and a half in length, and apparently 50% or more were two inches. I took some photographs of the pond, and in the one reproduced on this page, you will note that we have taken a part of the river which forms a small bayou, about three quarters of an acre of water surface. You will note that the inside edges of the pond are lined with alders and other overhanging bushes, and that in the pond there are many logs and deadheads, and near the edges are some weed beds. All of which produce food for the young fry.

The fry were brought from the hatchery in the usual way, in cans. And then gradually the temperature of the water was changed by dipping out some of the water in the can and dipping in a like amount from the pond. The process was continued until the temperature of the water in the pond and in the can was identical. Then after the fry were kept in this water for twenty or thirty minutes, they were removed from the can to the pond. The pond is merely a part of the river around which are driven posts, to which are fastened a wire screen, mesh one-eighth to the inch. While the water of the river passes through this pond, the main current is on the outside, thereby creating a nursery with natural river water running through it, but with a subdued current. When the pond was all enclosed except the upper part, the water was whipped up, driving all of the larger size fish up stream and outside of the pond. The screen prevents large fish from getting into the pond to devour the small fry, and at the same time prevents the small fry from getting out. The screen is fastened to the pond side of the posts and in order to keep the water from cutting under the bottom of the screen, it was first fastened to the posts, leaving about eight inches of the bottom of the screen loose. Then the posts were driven down. The eight inches of screen at the bottom of the posts was then spread out forming an apron on the bottom, which was covered with fine gravel—then with larger stones to hold it down. By doing this the flow of water was absolutely stopped from cutting under the bottom of the screen.

Naturally, a screen of such fine mesh will clod up in about twenty-four hours, through floating matter that is in the water, which if left alone would quickly form a complete dam. But to overcome this difficulty a man with a brush goes in and cleans the screen every day, thereby keeping the water moving through the pond all the time. During the latter part of November three sixteen foot gates will be opened in the pond to permit the fingerlings, which if they continue to grow for the next two months as they have for the past six weeks, will be three and a half inches long, to make their way out into the open water of the river. It is quite obvious that young fish of this size will be better able to protect themselves from their natural enemies than fry one inch long would have been.

Arrangements are now being made to have several of these ponds built on the Au Sable River next spring. There will be a man in charge who will do nothing else during the summer months but look after the welfare of the young fry. In the pond already built nature appears to be furnishing the necessary food for the 25,000 planted. Next year at least 50,000 will be planted in this pond, and nature will be given a helping hand in furnishing the food. We are arranging to have the usual food used at hatcheries, such as beef liver and hearts ground at the Grayling hatchery to supply the fry that will be planted in the pond. The caretaker will be furnished with a small truck in order that he may make the trip to Grayling every morning to bring back the day's supply of food.

He will also be furnished with a boat with a small motor, so that he can move from one pond to the other

(Continued on page 49)

Novel trout pond on the Au Sable river simply a wired off portion of the river itself.

Hail the New Englanders

(Continued from page 34)

The whole state is one grand panorama of beauty. The White Mountains are favorably known everywhere, especially such outstanding portions as the Franconia Notch, a great natural curiosity where "the old man of the mountains" reigns supreme; the Dixville Notch; the Crawford Notch, and many other equally outstanding scenic attractions.

In this recreational development the fish and game will play a very important part, and both Governor Spaulding and Mott Bartlett, the Commissioner of Fish and Game, are keenly alive to this fact.

More Support Needed

THE big difficulty in the past has been insufficient financial as well as organized public support. There are about 65,000 fishing and hunting licenses issued annually which, with a population of less than a half-million people, is a goodly number. The total revenue for fish and game work is about $175,000 per year.

The state has but twenty fish and game wardens, and the chapters of the League have offered to supply two or three volunteer wardens from each chapter.

Refuge Program Progressing

COMMISSIONER BARTLETT has created three game refuges, following the Pennsylvania plan, on National Forests and hopes to increase this number to twelve or fifteen as rapidly as funds permit. He will probably add some smaller refuges on private and public lands also.

State's Most Important Game

THE principal game consists of deer, ruffed grouse, woodcock, and varying hares, also ringneck pheasants which seem to be doing very well. The grouse are accused of destroying large quantities of apple buds in certain orchards, for which a considerable sum is taken out of the game fund annually to reimburse the growers.

Probably the most shortsighted policy of all in game matters is the payment of a bounty of $5.00 for every black bear killed in the state. *Think of it!* Black bears are not wanted. *They deserve better consideration* than this. When a man becomes a killer we dispose of the individual; we do not put a price upon the heads of all men. Why put a price on the heads of all black bears on account of an occasional outlaw bear?

Bobcats have a price of $10.00 upon their scalps, and the lowly porcupine is hunted to the tune of twenty cents.

Game conditions on the whole are said to be better than five years ago, but the ruffed grouse, locally called partridge, has not held its own throughout the state.

The principal fur-bearing animals are protected. They are, in the order of their importance, the red fox, the muskrat, the raccoon, and the skunk, with some mink, a few sable and occasionally an otter taken.

Fishing Possibilities Unique

NEW HAMPSHIRE has six hatcheries devoted entirely to brook trout, eastern salmon, lake trout and Chinook salmon. The state also is stocking some rainbow trout. Commissioner Bartlett contemplates building some small mouth black bass rearing ponds this fall. He says the state can handle the hatching of twenty to twenty-five million eggs, but that they can hold and rear only about eight to ten million fish to the proper size with the present facilities. He is anxious to help League Chapters and other organizations to build rearing ponds which will make it possible to more than double the present output.

Major A. Erland Goyette, President New Hampshire Division, Izaak Walton League.

The fishing possibilities in New Hampshire are unique. The most sought after fish are the brook trout, rainbow trout, lake trout, salmon and small mouth black bass. Good fishing lakes and streams abound everywhere *except where pollution has done its deadly work. The present pollution laws are very ineffective and should be strengthened at the first opportunity.*

I said the fishing possibilities are unique. That hardly describes it. For instance, there are about half a dozen varieties of fresh water fish found in New Hampshire which are found nowhere else; at least they are not widely distributed.

Golden Trout of the East

ONE of these is the saibling (aureolus salmo), a square tailed trout, and is locally known as white trout, silver trout, golden trout, sunapee trout, and several other names. This fish is found only in deep, cold water lakes, and is fished for and taken in about the same manner as pursued in catching lake trout. This fish has been studied by Doctor W. C. Kendall and other scientists, and it is thought to be an offshoot of the eastern brook trout. At various periods of the year it changes in color, hence the many names, but during the spawning season it attains that most lustrous golden hue from which it gets its name. At that time it is surpassed in beauty only by the golden trout of the high Sierras.

In Dublin Lake is found a white trout, said to be the only place in America where it exists. It is claimed that it is similar to the white trout found in Lake Lucerne, Switzerland, but it is probable that it is another offshoot of the same trout previously described, the supposed sub-species of which have frequently been named according to the waters in which found, such as Sunapee Lake, Dan Hole Lake, Christine Lake, in New Hampshire; and Floods Pond in Maine; and Averill Lakes in Vermont.

The white trout should be further studied and properly classified so as to avoid confusion.

League Convention Rousing Success

THE New Hampshire Division Convention was attended by the Governor, State Senator, about one-third of the State Assembly, and many other prominent business and professional men from all parts of that and neighboring states. It was a rousing success, and the Division got off to a flying start.

In addition to the convention program and the addresses, a flycasting tournament was conducted under the direction of Bill Vogt, the well-known professional instructor of Boston; a bait casting tournament conducted by George D. Stark, New York City and Mr. Guild of Springfield, Massachusetts; a trap shoot directed by J. H. Otterson of Manchester, New Hampshire; and a dog show judged by Mr. T. A. Hayes of Groton, Massachusetts.

The convention program moved off splendidly under the guiding hands of Major Goyette, the general chairman, Mr. George Cumings, the convention chairman, and Algie Holt, the secretary, all of Peterborough. The Waltonians were warmly welcomed by Mayor James Brennan. He said the League's value lies in developing and crystallizing sentiment, then coordinating and directing it as necessary to obtain results.

United States Official Spoke

TALBOTT DENMEAD, Deputy Chief U. S. Game Warden, addressed the convention in an able manner on the work of the Biological Survey, especially in connection with the protection of migratory birds. He said the pressing need is refuges for waterfowl. Mr. Denmead also reviewed the ruffed grouse disease, and showed several fine reels of motion pictures.

Algie Holt addressed the convention briefly concerning the creation of a 700 acre wild life refuge at Peterborough, which he said has been respected by the hunters and is producing fine results.

Hon. Mott Bartlett, Commissioner of Fish and Game of New Hampshire, made a stirring address concerning the work of his department and welcomed the opportunity to cooperate with the Izaak Walton League. He stressed certain needs and said the prospects for more game refuges and the production of more fish by the state's hatcheries are very encouraging. His address was enthusiastically received.

Governor and Senator Addressed Banquet

THE banquet under a big tent, held at the end of the first day, was the climax of the entire convention. Four hundred and twenty-four Waltonians, their wives and guests were comfortably seated and served a delicious full course dinner. Over two

(Continued on page 47)

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SOON you will hear them!—the call of the ducks, the startling whir-r-r-r of wings in the brush. Fall is coming fast. The time is at hand to take to the fields or marshes with your good old Winchester over your shoulder, your sure-shooting Winchester shells about your waist.

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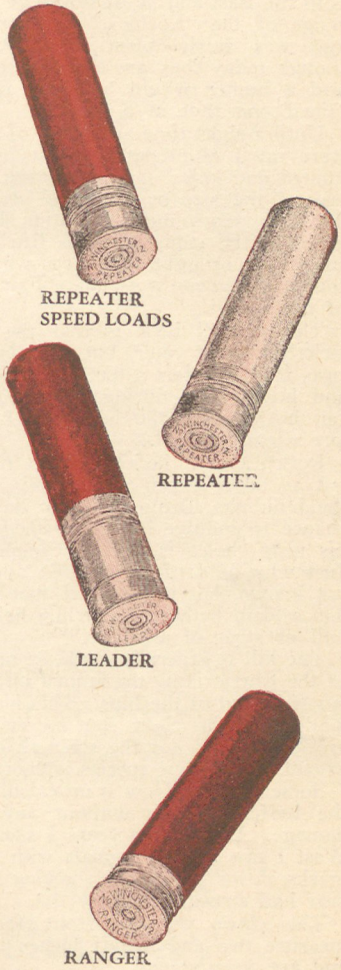

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Gun Rack *and* Game Fields

Edited by ALEC MERMOD

The Silver Tip

THIS bear, very similar to the Grizzly of the Sierra Nevada mountain ranges though never attaining the weight of the true Grizzly, is found on both the East and West slopes of the main range of the "Rockies," and forty years ago was fairly plentiful in Colorado, though today they are exceedingly scarce, and a hunter would be lucky if he obtained one shot in a season.

Until a short time ago bears of all kinds were rated as predatory beasts and were hunted and killed for that reason, regardless of the size or kind, but during the last few years more attention has been given to the study of wild life and this study has brought out facts which have routed the guess work and "Fairy Tales" of early days.

The general idea is that the bear is strictly a meat eater, but such is not the case, for he prefers a diet of berries, grubs and honey, and during the season these can be obtained the bear will not make any attempt to kill.

Pork seems to be his favorite meat diet, but as the pig pen is generally close to the buildings, Bruin does not have much chance to indulge his taste for bacon, so his next choice is a two-year-old heifer. Just why he prefers this sex and age is not known, but it is a fact that a Silver Tip seldom bothers a yearling heifer or a bull or steer of any age.

The kill is generally made by one sweep of the paw striking the animal on the back just forward of the hips. This blow when landed on the right spot never fails to break the back, for the strength of a full grown bear of this species is enormous.

Sometimes the blow is miscalculated and the heifer escapes without any serious damage. During the years I spent in the West I saw several animals with the claw marks down the flank, showing that the bear had struck short.

The claws on the front feet often measure two and a half inches in length and are very strong.

The tracks made by a bear's hind feet very closely resemble those made by a barefoot man, and I have seen several tracks that measured 15 inches in length.

All bears are very handy with their front feet, and when feeding on the wild raspberries such as grow very plentifully in the Colorado mountains, the bear stands on his hind legs and scoops the berries into his mouth with both front paws, working them alternately, very much like a small boy eating in a hurry.

Most every one knows that in a cold country bears "hole up" or hibernate during the winter months, sustaining themselves on the fat accumulated in the summer. When the bear comes out in the spring he is hungry and as there is no vegetable food to be had he looks for the next best thing and it is then that cattle suffer, and it is during this time that he is hunted and trapped.

The Silver Tip, like the Grizzly, is exceedingly hard to kill and can stand more misplaced bullets than any other animal outside the elephant and rhinoceros. A shot breaking one shoulder does not seem to bother him a whole lot, and if one makes a heart shot he better climb a tree, for this bear can do quite a bit of damage after he is shot through the heart even when a large caliber ball is used.

The most deadly shot is through the brain, but this is a difficult one to obtain, for the brain of a bear is very small and sets well up in the sloping head, so that it is almost impossible to make the shot from in front or to one side unless the hunter is quite a bit below the bear and a little behind him so that an upward shot can be made through the butt of the ear. When hunting with dogs this shot can be made, for as a rule a bear will stand upright to fight the dogs with his forefeet.

As an example of the tenacity of life shown by a Silver Tip, I will relate an incident that happened at "Stirrup Ranch" some forty years ago.

A man named Ratcliffe and a companion, whose name I have forgotten, came up to the ranch after deer; leaving their wagon at the barn they rode up the West pasture where a number of mule deer had been seen. As they rode away one of the men laughingly said, "We may bring back Big Ben," which was a name given to a large Silver Tip that had been in that part of the country for several years, but was smart enough to have evaded all hunters and traps.

To make a long story short, Ratcliffe's companion returned to the house about two hours after they had started, saying, "Jim has been killed by a big bear." We loaded a spring wagon with a mattress and drove to the spot where Ratcliffe had been left and found him very badly mauled and just barely alive. He lived long enough to tell how it happened, which was as follows:

After riding up to the rim-rock the men left their horses and separated, each man taking a different draw. After walking about a half mile Ratcliffe heard a noise in the brush behind him and thinking it was his partner, paid no attention to it, but as the noise continued Ratcliffe called out; receiving no response he turned and saw the big bear about 25 yards away.

Ratcliffe was shooting an old Sharp's rifle, 40 caliber, and was using reloaded cartridges. He evidently was a bit excited and did not try for a head shot. He said that the bear was knocked off his feet, and as he tried to reload he failed to seat the cartridge well into the chamber, consequently the cartridge was jammed when the breech block was brought up and Ratcliffe could not get in a second shot before the bear was on him. Nearly every bone in the man's body was broken and he was horribly mangled. The bear did all this damage after being shot through the heart, as he was found lying just a few feet from the man.

My advice to any one going after big bear is to arm himself with a rifle taking the 30-06 cartridge, and to be able to place his first shot accurately and to reload in

Small black bear. Wanted—photographs of Grizzlies and Silver Tips.

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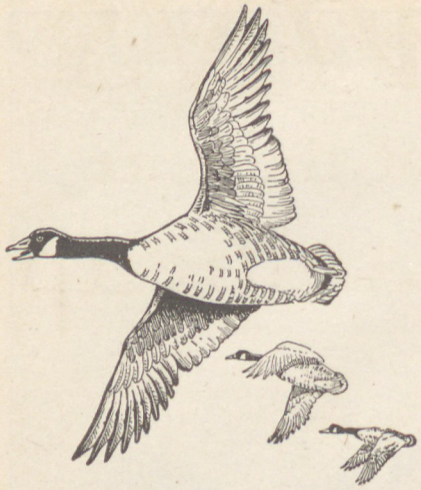

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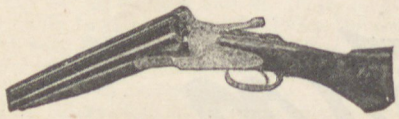

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the quickest time possible so as to get in the second shot if necessary (and it is generally needed).

In the early fall of 1886 an old chap drove into the ranch with an ancient two wheeled dump cart and said he would like to kill a few bears, if we had no objection and would let him camp near the house. He was made to feel at home, for at that time we had the idea that all bears preyed on the stock and should be killed. This man had eleven hounds with him, four old ones and five that were about a year old, and he was armed with an old army musket, muzzle loading. When I asked to see the ball that he was using, he reached in his coat pocket and brought out a handful of mixed shot running from No. 8 to BB. When I asked why he mixed the sizes he said, "I don't mix it. The fool boy in the store mixed it, and I buy it cheap." The old chap seemed a bit shy, mentally, and when he told me that he hunted bear armed with an old muzzle loading musket using bird shot instead of bullets, I thought he was certainly crazy instead of being just half witted. He noticed that I was not only curious but skeptical so he invited me to accompany him the next day and he would show me how it was done.

We had not been in the big timber an hour when the dogs brought a good sized Cinnamon bear to bay, and I then saw how it was done. As the bear raised up on his hind legs to fight the dogs this half crazy man walked up to within 10 feet of the animal and fired the charge of shot into his throat, and you may be sure that no other shot was necessary, for that charge tore a big hole in skin and flesh, severing the jugular vein and spinal cord as well.

This bear hunter stayed at the ranch for a week and killed three more bears, two small Cinnamons and a Silver Tip.

I have killed bears with rifle and revolver and caught them in traps but I have never tried the shotgun stunt.

Like all the rest of our wild animals the bear is afraid of man and will lose no time in getting away. There is one exception to this rule, and that is when the female Silver Tip has cubs. At that time she will not give ground but is ready to fight, though if let alone and not approached too close she will not start the fight.

The largest bear ever killed in Colorado was "OLD MOSE" whose range was in and around the pastures of Stirrup Ranch where he remained unmolested for a number of years until a man named Anthony from Denver, brought him down.

My first bear was a Silver Tip, and the largest one I ever killed, weighing close to 600 pounds after he was drawn, though this same bear in the fall, when in good flesh would have weighed around 800 pounds.

The last bear caught at the ranch before I left that country was a medium sized Cinnamon that sprung the trap sometime Saturday night, but was not found until nearly dark on Sunday nearly two miles from the baited pen, and when found by one of the boys was quite dead. This is the only case of this nature I have known, for it is unusual for any animal caught in a trap to die in so short a time, and our only conclusion was that fright and the effort in trying to free himself from the trap caused him to get overheated.

Knowing how this animal must have suffered through fright and pain has taken from me any desire to set another steel trap for any animal, and when I think of all the fur bearing animals that are being taken each year in this manner, knowing what the poor things suffer, it rather sickens me. I guess I am getting a bit "chicken hearted" in my old age. Anyway, it's not "good sporting" to cause any bird or animal to suffer needlessly, though until it is learned that there are instantly killing traps to be obtained instead of the steel trap and people are educated to demand that they be used, it seems that our fur bearing animals must continue to suffer.

The Mountain Lion

THIS animal is a creature of many names, depending on the locality; east of the Mississippi he is known as Panther, Cougar and Catamount, but west of the big river he is generally spoken of as Lion or Mountain Lion, though I am of the opinion that Panther is the proper name, for he certainly belongs to that branch of the cat tribe, and not to the lion family, as he is a tree climber while the African lion is not.

I think that most of our readers are familiar with the color and general appearance of this animal so that a detailed description is not necessary.

For the benefit of those who have not hunted or seen the American lion I will say that he very much resembles the female African lion, and there is no distinguishing feature between the male and female as there is in the case of the African lion.

Like all the rest of the cat family the Mountain Lion is cowardly and the smallest sort of a dog can chase him up a tree. This fear of dogs seems to be characteristic of the whole tribe of big cats.

When I arrived in Colorado my knowledge of the various animals amounted to very little as it was obtained from the story books of my boyhood days, and this knowledge was very misleading, in fact most of it was pure "bunk."

The Panther or Lion was described as being very savage, attacking man at sight, and even lying in wait along the trail ready to drop down on any one passing by. He was also accused of uttering a cry resembling the voice of a woman or child in distress. The story book idea was that this sound would attract some one's attention, and that person would go to the rescue and fall an easy prey to the waiting lion. As a matter of fact, during the mating season the panther *does* make a sound resembling the human voice, just as our common house cat "yowls" at times, only the scream of the lion is about ten times louder, and when heard for the first time by a "tenderfoot" sleeping out in the open is not conducive to peaceful rest.

There is no single animal in this country that is as harmful to deer and the rancher's stock, for a lion supporting a family will average one kill every five days. When deer are scarce the rancher's stock suffers, and young colts are preferred to cattle.

There is only one way to successfully hunt the Mountain Lion, and that is with dogs. The lion trees very quickly and presents an easy mark, and is no harder to kill than an ordinary house cat, either a head or heart shot will do the work, and there is no excuse for any hunter dropping a wounded lion among the dogs, for this big cat, when wounded can put up an awful scrap and will kill or maim several dogs before he is finished.

Any of the modern high power rifles are suitable for lion, though I prefer one of the older types of large caliber, using the lead bullet and black powder, for the soft point bullet of the present tears too big a hole in the hide, which usually spoils it for a trophy, and that is what one wants with the pelt of a lion.

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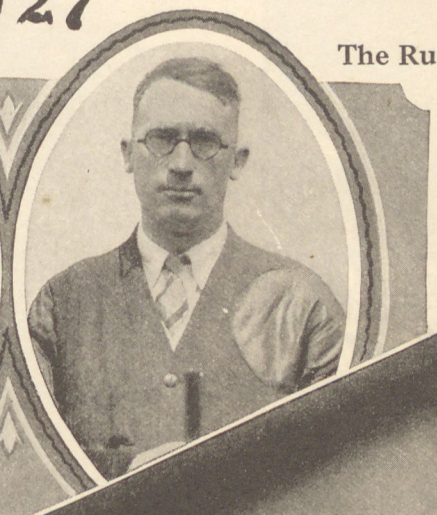
Grand American Handicap

1927

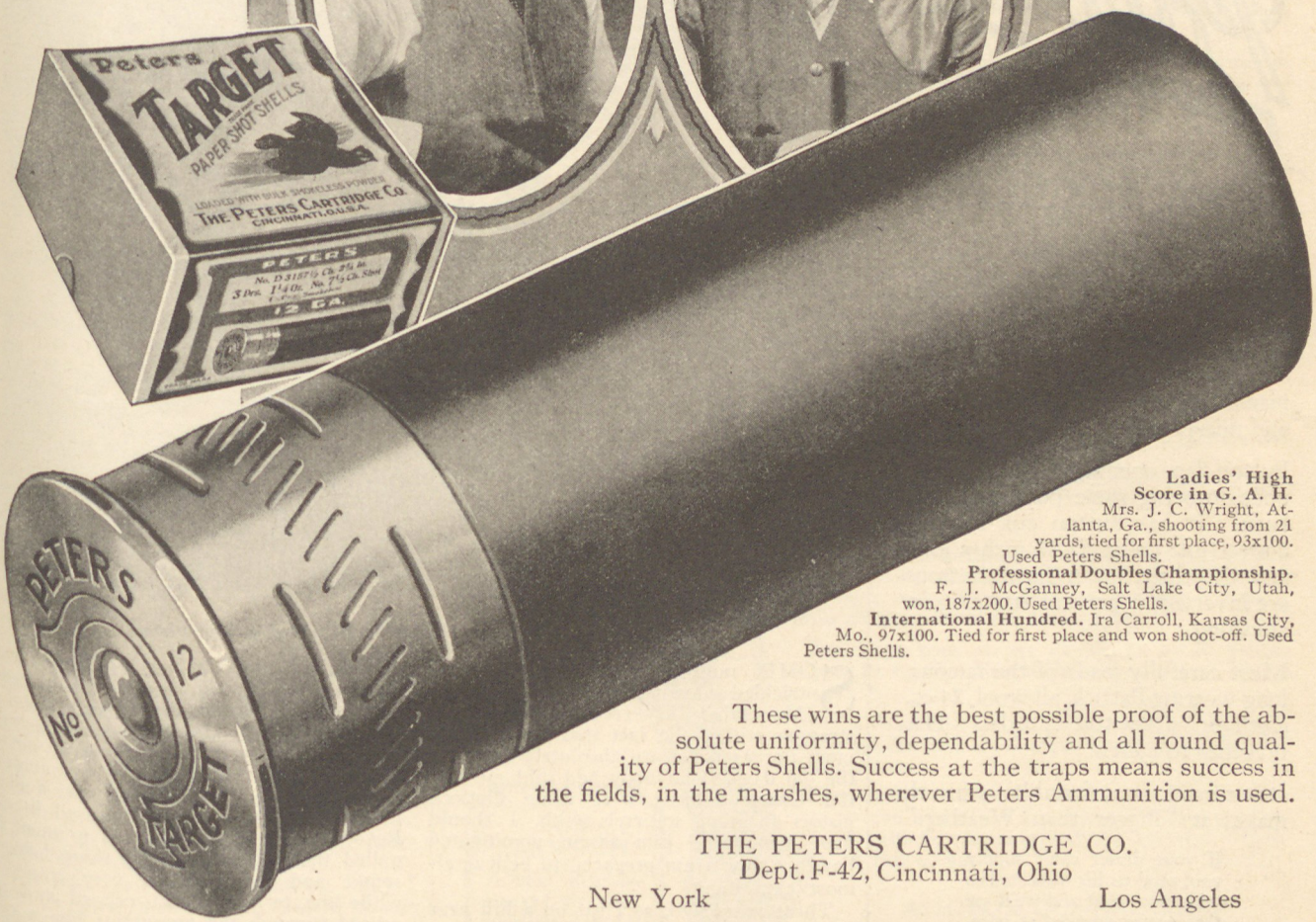
The Winner

Otto Newlin, Georgetown, Ill., 20 yards, 98x100. Shoot-Off 22x25. Used Peters Target Shells.



The Runner-Up

C. H. Reynolds, Royal Oak, Mich., 16 yards, 98x100. Shoot-Off 21x25. Used Peters Target Shells.



Ladies' High Score in G. A. H. Mrs. J. C. Wright, Atlanta, Ga., shooting from 21 yards, tied for first place, 93x100. Used Peters Shells.

Professional Doubles Championship. F. J. McGanney, Salt Lake City, Utah, won, 187x200. Used Peters Shells.

International Hundred. Ira Carroll, Kansas City, Mo., 97x100. Tied for first place and won shoot-off. Used Peters Shells.

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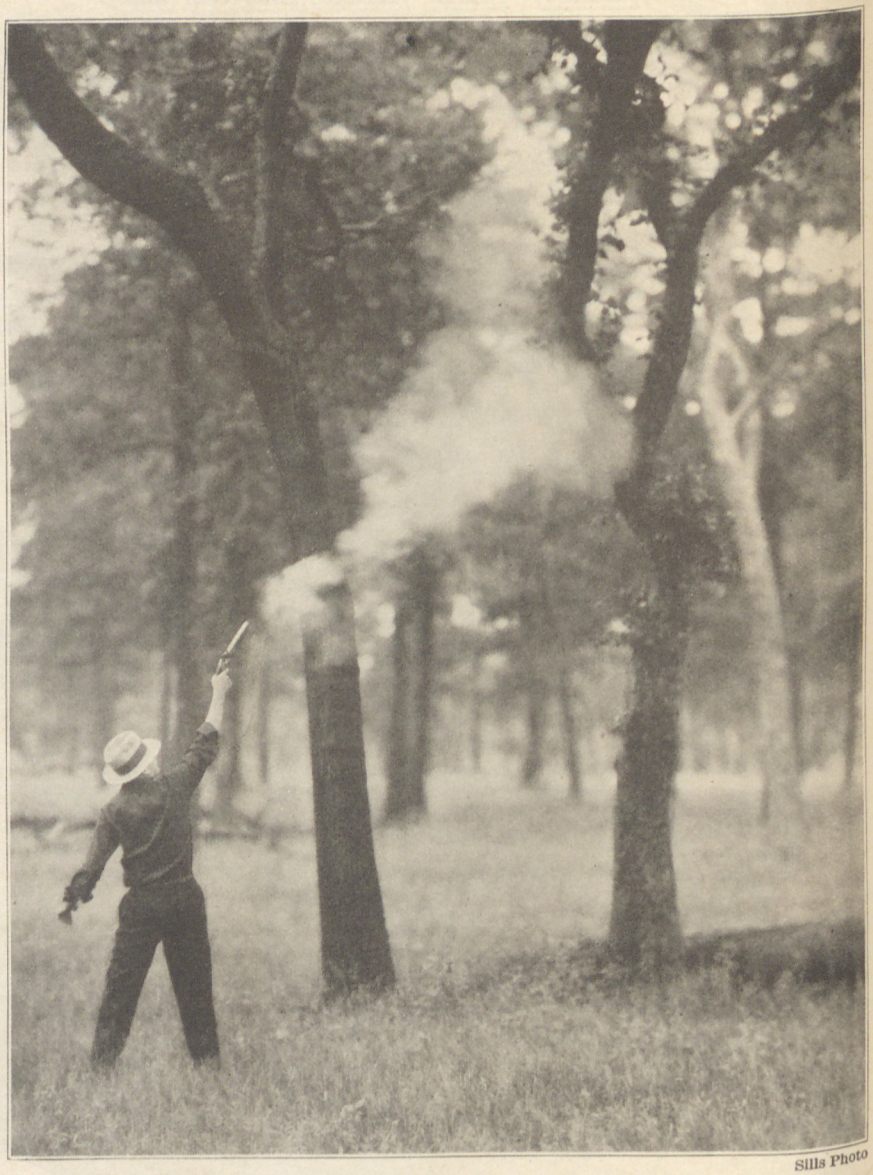
Squirrel Shooting in the Ozarks

By NEWELL R. TRIPP



Sills Photo

"Try and do it"—with an old fashioned flintlock horse-pistol!

SOME mighty strange stories have trickled down out of the Ozark Mountains in recent years, and stranger still is the fact that some of the most unreasonable are absolutely true. In the old days, if anybody had told me that the Ozark tourists were using flintlock pistols to hunt squirrels with, I should have denounced him as an unmitigated liar, but now I am prepared to believe almost anything.

Three years ago, as I sat on a hill near Lanagan, Missouri, I heard a sudden rustling in the dead leaves behind me, and whirled to see a dirty little yellow dog come bounding through the woods, looking belligerently about him and sniffing anxiously at every tree. Directly in front of me he evidently found something to interest him, for he began leaping and barking wildly at the foot of an old shagbark hickory not twenty paces from where I stood.

A moment later a tall spectacled man strode out of the underbrush and silently surveyed the situation. After one piercing scrutiny he apparently dismissed me from his mind, and walked over to where the dog waited expectantly. Suddenly, from some of the hidden recesses of his garments, he produced the biggest pistol I ever saw in my life, and cocked it with three resounding thrashing-machine clicks. He stood very near me, and I was amazed to see that his great weapon was a flintlock horse-pistol, like those used in the Revolutionary War! At this moment he pulled the trigger, and the thing belched smoke and flame to the very tree-tops, while the terrific report echoed and re-echoed through the mountains like a veritable cannonade. A plump fox-squirrel came crashing down, followed by a bushel or so of dead sticks and grape-vines, and by the time the smoke had cleared the fellow had reloaded his ancient weapon and was priming it from a leather powder-flask. A moment later, without so much as a glance at me, he picked up his fox-squirrel and stalked away into the forest.

When the last echoes of his footsteps had died away I pinched myself to see if I were really awake. Surely, I thought, backward as they undoubtedly are, these mountaineers must certainly have passed beyond the flintlock stage in firearms!

For a moment I was almost convinced that I must have dreamed the whole thing, but no, the smell of villainous black powder still tingled in my nostrils, and there were a few drops of blood on the leaves where the squirrel had fallen, together with a little tuft of yellow-reddish hair. Still thinking of this singular episode, I walked slowly back to the car, and the thing was still uppermost in my mind when I arrived at my home in Joplin. When I told the tale that night, however, my best friends laughed uproariously in my face, and cracked idiotic jokes about sunstroke and moonshine; even the wife of my bosom, who is usually rather credulous in these matters, permitted herself the luxury of an enigmatic smile.

The story was absolutely true, however, and I have since become acquainted with this man, and have seen him shoot more squirrels in the presence of other credible witnesses; I have fired his weapon myself on several occasions, and convinced the whole skeptical neighborhood. The complete and triumphant vindication of my veracity so delighted my soul that I feel an overwhelming desire to publish the glad tidings to the world at large—which explains why I have taken the trouble to write this article.

On my next trip to the Ozarks I told a native about the lone hunter with the flintlock, and he said: "Yas, I reckon hit must a been Doc Randolph—he's allus a-putterin' 'round 'ith them ol' relics. A leetle tetched, I reckon, like most o' these hyar furriners"—and abruptly he changed the subject. Further investigation showed that the "furriner" in question was Dr. Vance Randolph, a college professor from Lawrence, Kansas, who was willing enough to talk of his adventures when approached in the proper spirit. One of Randolph's singular hobbies, it appears, is the collection of obsolete firearms, and he has purchased quite a number of these in the more isolated sections of the Ozark country. The particular pride of his heart, however, is the old flint-lock horse-pistol; he carries this weapon about with him on his vacation rambles through the hills, and has actually killed a considerable amount of game with it.

"This pistol," said he in answer to my questions, "is a flintlock smooth-bore of about seventy caliber—just a little smaller than a twelve-gauge shotgun. It is of the type used in the Revolutionary War, and might conceivably have been carried by one of my own ancestors who rode with Light Horse Harry. But now it is really nothing more than a short-barreled shotgun, for I seldom use bullets in it. Most of my squirrel shooting is done with an ounce of number four shot, backed by a scant three drams of black shotgun powder. The natives here tell me that the best wadding is made of hornets'-nests, but my researches indicate," he added with a grin, "that ordinary toilet-paper does very well in a pinch."

"It may well be," he went on, "that I am the only man in the United States who still uses flintlock guns in actual hunting. A few flintlock muskets were used in the Mexican War—General Winfield Scott thought them more reliable than the new-fangled percussion rifles—but since that time they have gone entirely out of use, and are now rarely seen outside of museums. I have purchased a few old flintlocks here in the Ozarks."

Some of the native Ozarkers told me wild stories of Dr. Randolph's wonderful shooting, but he himself is rather modest about his hunting exploits. "There is a peculiar fascination about the use of this old pistol, and I have killed quite a variety of small game with it—ducks,

(Continued on page 49)

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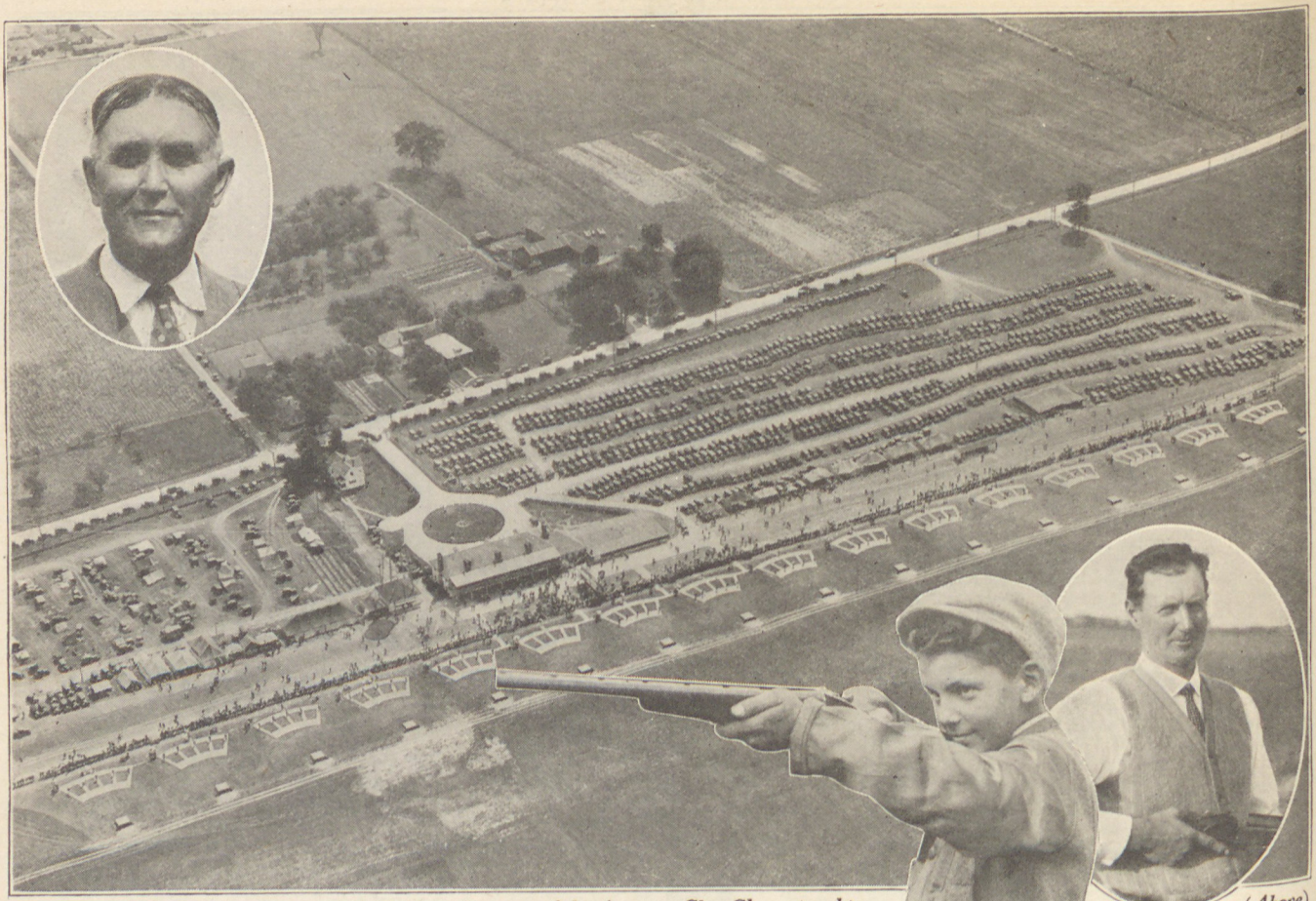


(Above insert) Guy V. Dering, Pres. A. T. A. and winner of the Amateur Clay Championship. The beautiful home of the Amateur Trapshooters Association at Vandalia, Ohio—(Aerial photo by W. P. Mayfield and J. C. Gregory (pilot), of Mayfield Aerial Surveys, Dayton, O.)

(Above) OTTO NEWLIN *Grand American champion.*

(Left) NED LILLY, *of Staunton, Mich., 10 years old, who scored 88x100 with a 20-gauge gun.*

The Grand American Handicap

By PAUL D. BURRESS

Field Editor

OH, boy! What a shoot!

The Grand American Handicap week opened on Monday, August 22nd, at the home of the Amateur Trapshooters Association, Vandalia, Ohio, with a record-breaking attendance and record-breaking scores. Talk about following the blue bird, trapshooters from all parts of the United States put modern ornithologists to shame in their intensive investigation of the elusive black bird. The Classification day, or opening day, showed twenty more entries than last year and proved to be the largest opening day in the history of the Grand American Tournament.

Seventeen titles changed hands and two of the crowns won last year were retained by their owners in the Twenty-eighth Grand American Handicap. For the fourth consecutive year, the weather was as fine as could have been expected and with the exception of a heavy storm late Tuesday afternoon, nothing marred the smoothness in which the nineteen events were run off.

The high mark of the meet was Guy V. Dering's achievement of tying the Grand American run record established in 1925 by Steve Crothers. Dering, who was president of the A. T. A., hailing from Columbus, Wis., went wild Monday in the class events for a 200 straight score. The run continued all day Tuesday in the North American clay target championship fight, and early Wednesday morning the head of the organization broke 36 straight birds to tie the score.

Dering's accomplishment was the surprise of the week, inasmuch as he had come to the beautiful A. T. A. shooting grounds graded as a Class B shot, the third group in A. T. A. handicap averages.

The decision to bring the meet here again next year was the result of the official meeting of the organization on Tuesday night. The original agreement by which the grounds were given to the organization provided that the championship matches should be held at Vandalia on alternate years. The group has, however, exceeded this, since 1928 will be the fifth successive year for the event at Vandalia. Anyone who has visited Jimmy Robinson, secretary of the A. T. A., and inspected the wonderful layout which that organization has provided for trapshooting, knows there is little wonder that the officials again decided to hold the Twenty-ninth Grand American Handicap at Vandalia, Ohio, in 1928.

Nine hundred thousand clay targets were thrown from the twenty regular and six practice traps available at the grounds. The scores shot Monday were probably the best of the tournament. Four of the entrants turned in scores of 200, with 199's and 198's as common on that day as they were rare on the later days of the meet. Such scores were phenomenal and when these four men, Guy V. Dering, Paul R. Earle, Allen Heil and H. J. Pendergast came through for totals of 200, another record was broken. In past years two men have broken, in one day, the 200 target program but never four.

In Class AA Paul Earle, Starr, S. C., and Allen Heil, Allentown, Penna., broke all of the birds and it required a shoot-off the next morning for the former to win the title, when Heil dropped one out of twenty-five birds. Third, fourth and fifth place moneys were split up between George F. Peters, Phoenix, Ariz.; C. B. Stickley, Van Chase, Va., and Bart Lewis, Springfield, Ill.

A shoot-off was necessary in Class A, but not to decide the winner, since H. J. Pendergast, Phoenix, N. Y., was the only member of this group to ruin all of the black birds. C. R. Swartz, Kenton, Ohio; P. J. Cabbut, Massillon, Ohio, and H. B. Greenmayer, Piqua, Ohio, took the third, fourth and fifth places in the order named, after each had tried his luck at 75 of the clays in the three shoot-offs required. Swartz lost but one in 75.

Dering, whose 200 run on Monday started his streak, finished at the head of the Class B shooters. H. Harrison, Rochester, N. Y.; T. M. Stevens, Minneapolis, Minn.; F. W. Boyd, Dubuque, Ia., and A. E. Conley, Cohocton, N. Y., split second, third, fourth and fifth moneys among them.

The C Class title went back to Washington, D. C., with W. D. Monroe, whose score of 196 was high for his class.

Tied at 195 with Frank Vignoe, Detroit, Mich., C. B. Smith, LaSalle, Ill., won the D crown in the resulting shoot-off. O. G. Osborn, Jackson, 195; E. C. Boyer, Johnstown, Penna., 194, and O. Newlin, Georgetown, Ill., 193, placed third, fourth, and fifth respectively.

One hundred and ninety-five out of 200 was enough to win in Class E for Nelson Haggard, Winchester, Ky.

Tuesday should have been called "Dering Day" for that was about the gist of it. Where the A. T. A. president shot—

there one found the crowd—always pulling for that next bird. As R. M. Cohen of the Dayton News phrased it, Dering "aimed to please." The president added 200 more dead birds to his already big run of 200 of Monday. Along with this he took the title to the North American Amateur clay target championship.

The ladies' clay target crown shifted heads when Mrs. Harry Harrison shot 192 to take it back to Rochester, N. Y.

William P. Jenkin, Orlean, Ind., showed that his performance of 98 was enough to win the junior title. In the sub-junior event, Howard Keifer, Orrville, O., repeated the showing he made last year and retained his title with a 95. Next year will be his last to try for the championship in this division.

Another of the outstanding accomplishments was the skill with which young Ned Lilly, Stanton, Mich., powdered the elusive clay birds. Ned is ten years old and shooting a 20 gauge gun at 16 yards broke 88 out of 100 birds.

Rain late Tuesday afternoon prevented all of the matches from being shot, so it was not until the gunners went to the traps Wednesday morning that the final standings of all shooters were known.

The weather Wednesday changed ever so little, but just enough that the slight breeze made the targets just a trifle erratic.

There were no stragglers on this morning. Every one was waiting for Guy Dering's squad to take its turn. On his showing depended his chance to tie, beat or lose the Grand American long run. Fate would not have it otherwise and the 37th bird—just the one which would beat the record—was a little lower than any others of the morning—and Dering missed.

That he had not set a new mark did not detract from his accomplishment. He had proved his right to be the leader of American trapshooters.

Days of handicapping, computing, and figuring, culminated Thursday when squads and distances for the preliminary handicap were assigned the shooters.

The change of yardage handicap showed its effect upon the shooters. Men who had been breaking 98's, 99's and 100's with monotonous regularity in the early events failed to place among the leaders in Thursday's scores.

The three men who succeeded in making 98 out of the 100 birds, took three extra sets of 25 targets to decide which of them would claim the honors for the first day. Charles D. Leek, Republic, N. J., won out over B. S. Cooper, Thornville, Pa., and F. Irwine, Cedarville, O. The winner was shooting from 19 yards, while the two other high guns were at 18 yard pegs.

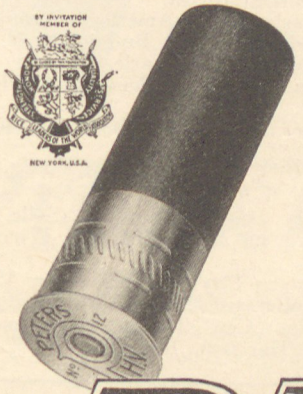
Three of the women who had been prominently placing in the scores for the week figured in the shoot-off for the women's handicap. Mrs. J. W. Phillips, Bartlesville, Okla., broke 25 straight in the shoot-off, and, added to her 93, this proved enough to take the women's laurels. Miss Martha McNamara, New Albany, Ind., and Mrs. E. B. Pike, Pittsburgh, took second and third high respectively as a result of their work in the extra twenty-five.

Thursday the A. T. A. Grounds proved to act as the traditional lodestone. Trapshooting enthusiasts from miles around and many from the farthest states and Canadian provinces were actively participating in the matches. Shooters of all types, from those who had done work with rifles, to the kiddies to whom BB guns were the most desired, were included in the interested crowd.

The states had their day Wednesday, when the race for state champions, and also that for the championship state team,

-six, seven, eight of them-

man, what a sight! . . . .



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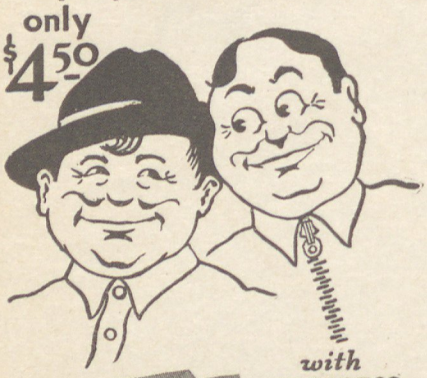

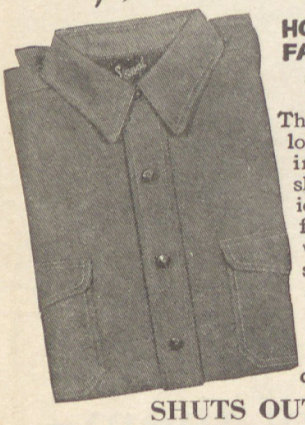

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City..... *State*.....

went to the traps. The professional clay target championship was also determined that day.

Fred Tomlin, Glassboro, N. J., Winchester Arms Co., was the second champ to retain his title—that of pro kind. Although he broke 200 last year it only required 198 to hold the crown.

Oscar Hansen, Fremont, Neb., won the title of champion of champions after shooting it off with Gus E. Payne, Tulsa, Okla., when both tied with 197.

Illinois took the state team trophy with its performance of 960 for its five members. They were Bart Lewis, Springfield, Ill., 193; Dr. H. E. L. Timm, Chicago, 184; Charles Armes, Waukegan, 197; A. B. Shomerus, Hillsdale, 192, and Sam Herzog, Summit, 194.

Texas was second with E. F. Woodward, Houston, 196; C. L. Dupuy, Lufkin, 188; R. A. King, Wichita Falls, 195; F. J. Barnes, Waco, 192, and J. F. Clay, Houston, 185. The team total was 956.

It did not take a perfect score such as was chalked up last year to cinch the Grand American. The wind, that slight disturbing kind, would not permit it.

Ninety-eight was as near to perfect as the boys could get out of the birds. Otto Newlin, Georgetown, Ill., tied at this mark with C. H. Reynolds, Detroit. The shoot-off gave the former the title and the trophy. Reynolds at 16 yards dropped three birds. Newlin at 20 yards dropped two—in the extra 25.

It was in the extra targets for third, and fourth places that the real battle took place. Three of the 25 extra birds had to be thrown up before the third high gun went to Dr. P. O. Gintzel, Toledo, who defeated A. A. Foster, Chagrin Falls. Both had 97 out of the original hundred.

H. J. Pendergast, Phoenix, N. Y., and J. Q. Paddock, Chicago, placed fifth and sixth.

Miss Mabel Wilson, Buffalo, at 25 yards, took the ladies' handicap crown away from Mrs. J. C. Wright, Atlanta. They had tied with 93 in a double shoot-off for the honor. Miss Martha McNamara, New Albany, Ind., was third with 90.

The coveted crowns of championship, which had been so hotly contested for, finally found their resting places on the heads of the following winners who will wear them until we all meet again next year at Vandalia.

Grand American Champion—Otto Newlin, Georgetown, Ill.

Ladies' Grand American Champion—Miss Mabel Wilson, Buffalo, N. Y.

Class AA—Paul Earle, Starr, S. C.

Class A—H. J. Pendergast, Phoenix, N. Y.

Class B—Guy V. Dering, Columbus, Wis.

Class C—W. D. Monroe, Washington, D. C.

Class D—C. B. Smith, LaSalle, Ill.

Class E—Nelson Haggard, Winchester, Ky.

Amateur Clay Champion—Guy V. Dering, Columbus, Wis.

Ladies' Clay Target Champion—Mrs. Harry Harrison, Rochester, N. Y.

Junior Champion—William P. Jenkin, Orlean, Ind.

Sub-Junior Champion—Orrville, O.

Champion of Champions—Oscar Hansen, Fremont, Neb.

Professional Champion—Fred Tomlin, Glassboro, N. J.

State Team Champions—Illinois.

Preliminary Handicap—Charles D. Leek, Republic, N. J.

Ladies' Preliminary Handicap—Mrs. J. W. Phillips.

Two of a kind was the order of the day on Saturday. In the professional doubles, F. J. McGanny, Salt Lake City, won with 189.

Two classes were used to divide the amateurs in their double event. Frank Troeh, Portland, Ore., with 188, clinched the first division trophy, with 16-year-old Julius Petty, England, Ark., winning the second class title.

Mrs. J. W. Phillips with 182 won the ladies' doubles crown.

The consolation handicap was won by David Leahy, New York City, with 96 at 22 yards.

The International Hundred went to Karl Mantz, Lincoln Park, Mich., in a shoot-off with J. M. Carroll, Kansas City, Mo., after both had made 97.

William Kurtz, Monroeville, N. J., won the all-around title by breaking 957 out of 1,000 birds during the week. Frank Troeh was next with 954.

They were all good sports—winners and losers wore the same kind of a smile. Some of the headliners upon close questioning told how they did it and they, together with the losers, sought the many sporting equipment booths to alibi, praise and discuss with the creators of their respective guns and trap loads, the how and why of the final results.

Tent City, along the mid-way, back of the long row of traps, sheltered exhibits of sporting goods, temporary homes of visiting shooters and provided havens of rest for the hundreds of guests and contestants.

Conservation and propagation were of the important topics discussed during the tournament. Such leaders as Otto Newlin, Nash Buckingham, Sherman Lloyd, John Boa and Charlie Heimer were outspoken in their declaration that there should be closer co-operation between all conservation agencies, that all should be instantly welded into a common force bending every effort to bring back our streams and forests; multiply fish and game. Each unqualifiedly agreed that we must act now, later may be forever too late; to give less attention to trivial differences and personalities. To sum this up in the words of Fred Doellner, recently made Executive Manager of the Izaak Walton League, "We'll button up our mouths and roll up our sleeves." Not to support organized conservation can mean only one result—unless immediate action is taken to restore game and fish conditions, a few more years will find our only happy hunting and fishing grounds within the stone walls of natural history museums.

Read November Outdoor America

Kenneth Lockwood

Guy von Schriltz

William L. Finley

and many other remarkable features

Hail the New Englanders

(Continued from page 36)

hundred more applicants for tickets could not be accommodated but came over to the big tent in time for the speaking.

Judge Chester D. Jordan, of Keene, New Hampshire, a most delightful toastmaster, was presented by Major Goyette, after which his Excellency, Hon. Huntley N. Spaulding, Governor of New Hampshire, was introduced.

Governor Spaulding made a very impressive address and warmly welcomed the League to New Hampshire. At the conclusion of the Governor's address he was elected Honorary President of the Division amid rousing cheers, which honor he promptly acknowledged and accepted.

United States Senator George H. Moses carried his audience away with his most pleasing and effective flow of oratory. He assured the Waltonians that they may depend upon his support in their very commendable efforts.

The writer addressed the assemblage concerning the general scope of the League's activities and how it can best help New Hampshire.

Major Robert Y. Stuart of Washington, D. C., formerly Commissioner of Forestry in Pennsylvania, represented the United States Forest Service. He said that the forester today has much in common with those seeking recreation of various kinds. He said *that large Federal and State Forest areas should be acquired in every eastern state.*

Doctor George W. Field of Boston gave a most instructive and helpful address on the subject of stream pollution, and called attention to the place of the biologist in correcting pollution.

At the conclusion of the banquet meeting, Doctor E. H. Thompson of Nashua, New Hampshire, showed some fine reels of motion pictures of his British Columbia hunting trip.

Last Day of Convention

ON the second day of convention, Philip W. Ayres, Forester of the New England Association for the Protection of Forests, and Secretary Arthur Ringland of the National Outdoor Conference, Washington, D. C., both brought the Waltonians most encouraging and helpful messages.

Resolutions passed included one urging education of the people to appreciate and protect the state's natural resources; another urging residents to care for their cats in order to conserve wild life; one deploring the wanton destruction of wild flowers; another deploring the wholesale drainage of streams for industrial use wherein it interferes with the health of the people; and one protesting against drainage of swamps. Resolutions thanking the Peterborough Chapter and the Sargent Camps for their excellent entertainment of the convention were also passed.

Officials elected for the coming year were: President, Major A. Erland Goyette, Peterborough; Secretary-Treasurer, Frank N. Sawyer, Franconia; First Vice President, R. L. Morgan, Fitzwilliam Depoyt; Second Vice President, D. M. Tefft, Franconia; Third Vice President, H. Styles Bridges, Concord.

Again I say, hail the New England Waltonians! They are off to a running start, and under the guidance of Major Goyette, the New Hampshire Division will not only make rapid progress but will influence the neighboring states to do likewise.

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A Protest

By Dr. J. C. Crist

MR. ROBERT RANSOM in an article entitled "Florida in the Spoiling," appearing in the September issue of Outdoor America is either very badly misinformed or has failed to grasp the true situation in regard to the draining of the Everglades—or is wilfully misleading the minds of readers in regard to a most vital subject. Mr. Ransom's conclusions are erroneous in the extreme.

I have been a resident of West Palm Beach for the past nine years, and a frequent visitor to Lake Okeechobee. I have shot ducks and fished in its waters each season during this time. I have traveled over the highways and byways of that whole region where accessible, times without number.

If Mr. Ransom is an engineer he may then have the right to dispute the wisdom of expending money which has been used in the past method of Everglades Drainage and under the supervision and guidance of some of the best known drainage engineers of America. My personal opinion is that he is not an engineer, but a destructive critic without a better method to offer. There has been no attempt to drain Lake Okeechobee, but to control the flood waters by diking the east and south parts of the lake, digging canals to tide-water with capacity sufficient to control the depth of the lake. These canals supplied with locks to open and close as necessity requires.

Money has been spent and more is to be spent in digging canals outside of the dikes to take care of the rainfall. This is both a matter of conservation and drainage.

Governor Martin has ably dealt with the question of the wisdom of further Everglades drainage, and I wish to refer the readers of this magazine to the conference on Florida Everglades reclamation held in Baltimore, Maryland, July 18, 1927. For copies of which they may write to S. Davies Warfield, Baltimore, who will gladly furnish them.

I wish to refute Mr. Ransom's entire paragraph relative to the inferiority of the water supply on the East Coast of Florida.

I have been a practicing physician for thirty years, most of the time in Chicago and can say unhesitatingly that the Florida East Coast and practically the entire state has as pure, or better water than any territory of like size in any part of the United States and I wish to resent the statement made in regard to it by Mr. Ransom. That gentleman can procure an analysis of the water by visiting the Florida State Laboratory or the East Coast Water Companies.

OUTDOOR AMERICA will publish authoritative letters by its readers on both sides of this subject.

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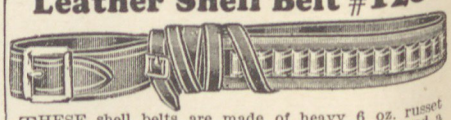

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(Continued from page 35)

rapidly. And through this method it is hoped to demonstrate that 50% or better instead of 3% of the fry planted can be grown to fingerling size—from three and a half to four inches long. If in this connection our dreams can come true, there will surely have been made long strides toward the increasing of the fish supply. And if this program proves successful on the Au Sable River, it can then be extended to every trout stream in the state.

* * *

MR. H. A. SAVAGE, President of the Michigan Division of the League, was at headquarters August 26th and 27th, but his visit was not altogether free from worries. This was due to the fact that Mr. Savage on the following Monday was expecting the arrival of 25,000 trout fingerlings to be put into the trout pond of the Michigan Division on the Au Sable River.

It was discovered that considerable increase of the natural food was necessary for the small newcomers, and Mr. Savage could not have been more concerned about their welfare, if he had been awaiting the arrival of a large orphanage. Anxiety pervaded all headquarters as to the best food to be obtained for the small travellers. The head of the Aquarium in Lincoln Park was consulted, also special food experts at the plants of Armour and Swift, as well as a long distance talk with a man in Nebraska who has had much experience and good luck in providing suitable and delectable nourishment for such kind of youngsters as three and four inch browns and rainbows.

The Michigan Division plans to build many more trout ponds, and they have the earnest best wishes of all trout lovers.

Squirrel Shooting

(Continued from page 43)

quail, prairie chicken, squirrels and rabbits—but it is certainly not to be recommended as an ideal hunting arm. Most of my game is killed sitting, at very short range, and my successes are due to a knowledge of woodcraft rather than to expert marksmanship. The legal limit doesn't worry me very much"—and he changed the subject. When pressed, however, he admits that he does hit running rabbits and flying birds occasionally, and I have myself seen him kill seven cottontail rabbits with seven consecutive shots.

As far as I am concerned, however, the accuracy of his shooting is a matter of minor interest. The idea that anybody, in this year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, should hunt with a firearm used in the Revolution is somehow pleasing to me, and casts a singular aura of romantic interest about this lank schoolmaster and his outlandish weapon. And Dr. Randolph is, after all, only one of the picturesque figures which haunt the Ozark foothills—only one of many strange characters who add life and color to the most fascinating wilderness playground in the United States.

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POSTER No. 46 (Bi)

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

ISSUED JULY 26, 1927

OPEN SEASONS FOR GAME, 1927-28

Compiled by FRANK L. EARNSHAW, *Assistant, Interstate Commerce in Game, Division of Migratory-Bird Treaty and Lacey Acts Enforcement, Bureau of Biological Survey*

THE OPEN SEASONS HERE SHOWN INCLUDE BOTH DATES. When the season is closed for a fixed period the date terminating the close season is given.
CONSULT FEDERAL AND STATE LAWS in regard to sunset and sunrise provisions, as the Federal law prohibits hunting migratory game birds from sunset to half an hour before sunrise, and some States further restrict shooting hours.
The term "rabbit" includes hare; "quail," the bird known as "partridge" in the South; "grouse" includes Canada grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse (known as "partridge" in the North and "pheasant" in the South), and all other members of the family except prairie chickens, ptarmigan, and sage hens; "introduced pheasant" is restricted to Old World pheasants.
PERSONS ARE ADVISED to obtain from State game commissioners the full text of game laws in States where hunting is contemplated, as provisions of minor importance are omitted from this poster.
Open seasons for NEWFOUNDLAND and MEXICO are not included in the tables, but are summarized in the last two paragraphs below.
The Farmers' Bulletin on "Game Laws for the Season 1927-28," and a directory of game protection officials may be had free, when issued, on application to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C

	No.	State	Big Game		Upland Game						
			Deer	Moose	Rabbit	Squirrel	Quail	Grouse	Prairie Chicken	Introduced Pheasant	Wild Turkey
United States	1	Alabama*	Nov. 1–Dec. 31 ♂			Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 20–Feb. 20	Nov. 15, 1931		Nov 15, 1931	Dec. 1–Mar. 31 ♂
	2	Alaska*	Sept. 1–Nov. 30 ♂	Sept. 1–Dec. 31 ♂				Sept. 1–Feb. 28			
	3	Arizona	Oct. 1–Nov. 1 ♂				Oct. 15–Dec. 31*	No open season		No open season	Oct. 1–Nov. 1
	4	Arkansas	Nov. 14–Nov 19 ♂ª			May 15–June 15ª	Dec. 1–Jan. 31‡	Dec. 15, 1931	Dec. 15, 1931	Dec. 15, 1931	Nov. 14–Nov. 19 ♂*
	5	California	Aug. 1–Sept. 14 ♂*		Dec. 1–Dec. 31†	No open season	Dec. 1–Dec. 31*	Sept. 15–Oct. 14		No open season	No open season
	6	Colorado	Oct. 12–Oct. 15 ♂			No open season ‡	Oct. 1, 1930	Oct. 1–Oct. 15	Sept. 15–Oct. 1	Sept. 1, 1930	No open season
	7	Connecticut*	(*)		Nov. 1–Dec. 15	Oct. 8–Nov. 23	Oct. 8, 1929	Oct. 8–Nov. 23		Oct. 8–Nov. 23 ♂	
	8	Delaware			Nov. 15–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Oct. 15	Nov. 15–Dec. 31	Nov. 15–Dec. 31		No open season	
	9	District of Columbia*			Nov. 1–Feb. 1	Nov. 1–Feb. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season		No open season
	10	Florida	Nov. 20–Dec. 31 ♂ª			Nov. 20–Jan. 31 ‡	Nov. 20–Feb. 15	No open season		No open season	Nov. 20–Jan. 31
	11	Georgia*	Nov. 1–Dec. 31			Nov. 20–Mar. 1 ‡*	Nov. 20–Mar. 1	No open season		No open season	Nov. 20–Mar. 1
	12	Hawaii	Apr. 1–Oct. 31				Nov. 1–Jan. 31†			Nov. 1–Jan. 31† ♂	
	13	Idaho †*	No open season*	No open season			No open season †	Local seasons	No open season	No open season †	
	14	Illinois	Nov. 10, 1929		Nov. 10–Jan. 31	Sept. 1–Dec. 1*	Nov. 10–Dec. 10	No open season	Nov. 10–Nov. 21	Nov. 10–Nov. 15 ♂	Sept. 16, 1929
	15	Indiana	No open season		Oct. 1–Jan. 10	Aug. 1–Oct. 31 ‡	Nov. 10–Dec. 20	Nov. 10–Dec. 20	Oct. 15–Oct. 31	No open season	No open season
	16	Iowa	No open season			Sept. 1–Jan. 1	No open season	Nov. 1, 1932	No open season	No open season	Nov. 1, 1932
	17	Kansas	No open season			Aug. 1–Jan. 1 ‡*	Nov. 20–Nov. 30	No open season	Oct. 20–Oct. 30	No open season	
	18	Kentucky	Nov. 15, 1928		Nov. 15–Dec. 31	July 1–Dec. 15	Nov. 15–Jan. 1	Nov. 15–Jan. 1		Nov. 15, 1928	Nov. 15, 1928
	19	Louisiana	Dec. 1–Jan. 15ª		Oct. 1–Feb. 29	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Dec. 1–Feb. 15		No open season	No open season	Mar. 5–Apr. 5
	20	Maine*	Oct. 16–Nov. 30*	Nov 21–Nov 26 ♂ª	Oct. 1–Mar. 31*	Oct. 1–Oct. 31 ‡	No open season	Oct. 1–Nov. 30		No open season †	
	21	Maryland	Nov. 10, 1928*		Nov. 10–Dec. 31	Nov. 10–Dec. 31ª	Nov 10–Dec. 31	Nov. 10–Dec. 31		Nov 10–Dec 31	Nov 10–Dec. 31ª
	22	Massachusetts	Dec. 5–Dec. 10*	No open season	Oct. 20–Feb. 15*	Oct. 20–Nov. 20	Oct. 20–Nov. 20*	Oct. 20–Nov. 20ª	No open season	Oct. 20–Nov. 20 ♂*	
	23	Michigan*	Nov 15–Nov. 30 ♂	No open season	Oct. 25–Jan. 31*	Oct. 25, 1932	No open season	Oct. 25, 1928	Oct. 25–Oct. 31	Oct. 25–Oct. 31 ♂	No open season
	24	Minnesota	Nov 10, 1928	No open season		Oct. 15–Jan. 1 ‡	Oct. 15–Nov. 20	Oct. 15, 1928ª	Sept. 16–Sept. 30	Oct. 15, 1928	
	25	Mississippi*	Nov. 15–Feb. 15 ♂			Oct. 1–Dec. 15ª	Nov. 20–Jan. 15‡	No open season		No open season	Jan. 1–Mar. 31 ♂
	26	Missouri	Dec. 1, 1930			July 1–Nov. 30	Nov. 10–Dec. 31	No open season	No open season	No open season	Dec. 1–Dec. 31
	27	Montana	Oct. 15–Nov. 15 ♂*	No open season			No open season	Sept. 16–Sept. 25*	Sept. 16–Sept. 25	No open season	
	28	Nebraska	No open season			Sept. 16–Dec. 31	No open season	Oct. 1–Nov. 1	Oct. 1–Nov. 1	No open season	No open season
	29	Nevada*	Oct. 16–Oct. 31 ♂*		Nov. 1–Dec. 31		Sept. 24–Sept. 30‡*	Sept. 24–Sept. 30	Aug. 1–Aug 16	No open season*	
	30	New Hampshire	Oct. 15–Nov. 30*	No open season	Oct. 1–Feb. 29	Oct. 1, 1929	No open season	Oct. 1–Nov. 30		No open season*	
	31	New Jersey	Dec. 17–Dec. 21 ♂		Nov. 10–Dec. 15	Nov. 10–Dec. 15‡	Nov. 10–Dec. 15*	Nov. 10–Dec. 15ª	Nov. 10–Dec. 15	Nov. 10–Dec. 15 ♂	No open season
	32	New Mexico	Nov. 10–Nov. 20 ♂			Nov. 10–Nov. 20‡	Nov 1–Dec. 31 ‡	Nov. 10–Nov. 20	Sept. 1–Sept. 5	No open season	Nov. 10–Nov. 20
	33	New York*	Oct. 15–Nov. 15 ♂*	No open season	Oct. 15–Jan. 31*	Oct. 15–Nov. 15†ª	No open season*	Oct. 1–Nov. 15*		Oct. 20, 27, Nov. 5, 12 ♂	
	34	Long Island	No open season		Nov. 1–Dec. 31*	Nov. 1–Dec. 31ª	Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Nov. 1–Dec. 31		Nov. 1–Dec. 31 ♂	
	35	North Carolina	Oct. 1–Jan. 15 ♂		Nov 1–Mar. 1	Sept. 15–Jan. 15	Dec. 1–Mar 1	Dec 1–Mar 1		Dec. 1–Mar. 1	Dec. 1–Mar. 1
	36	North Dakota	No open season	No open season			No open season	Sept. 16–Oct. 16*	Sept. 16–Oct. 16	No open season	
	37	Ohio	No open season		Nov. 15–Jan. 1	Oct. 1, 1928	No open season	No open season		Nov. 15–Nov. 25 ♂	
	38	Oklahoma	Nov. 15, 1931			July 1–Jan. 31	Nov 20–Jan. 2ª		No open season	No open season	Nov. 15, 1931
	39	Oregon, East	Sept. 10–Oct. 20 ♂	No open season		Sept. 15–Oct. 15 ‡	Oct. 15–Oct 31ª	Sept. 10–Oct. 20	No open season	Oct. 1–Oct. 31ª	No open season
		Oregon, West	Sept. 10–Oct. 20 ♂	No open season		Sept. 15–Oct. 15 †‡	Oct. 15–Oct. 31*	Oct. 15–Oct. 31*	No open season	Oct. 15–Oct. 31*	No open season
	40	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1–Dec. 15 ♂		Nov 1–Nov 30	Nov. 1–Nov. 30 ‡	Nov. 1–Nov 15	Nov. 1–Nov 15		Nov. 1–Nov. 15 ♂	No open season
	41	Rhode Island	No open season		Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Nov. 1–Dec. 31†ª	Oct. 15–Dec. 14*	Oct. 15–Dec. 14*		Oct. 15–Dec. 14 ♂*	
	42	South Carolina	Aug. 15–Jan 1 ♂		Nov. 24–Mar. 1*	Nov. 24–Mar. 1*	Nov. 24–Mar. 1	No open season			Nov. 24–Mar. 1
	43	South Dakota	Nov. 1–Nov. 30 ♂*				No open season	No open seasonª	No open seasonª	No open seasonª	
	44	Tennessee	Dec. 20–Dec. 31 ♂ª		(*)	June 1–Jan. 1†	Nov. 25–Feb. 1*	No open season		No open season	Nov. 15, 1928ª
	45	Texas	Nov. 16–Dec. 31 ♂			Oct. 1–Dec. 31ª	Dec. 1–Jan 16	No open season	Sept. 1–Sept. 10ª	No open season	Nov. 16–Dec. 31 ♂*
	46	Utah*	Oct. 20–Oct. 30 ♂				No open seasonª	No open season*	No open seasonª	No open season	
	47	Vermont	Nov 10–Nov 20 ♂ª	No open season	Oct. 1–Feb. 29	Oct. 1–Oct. 31 ‡	Sept. 15–Nov. 30	Oct. 1–Oct. 31		Sept. 15, 1932	
	48	Virginia	Nov. 15–Dec. 31 ♂*		Nov. 15–Jan. 31	Sept. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 15–Jan. 31ª	Nov. 15–Jan. 31			Nov. 15–Jan. 31
	49	Washington	(*)	No open season		(*)	(*)	(*)	(*)	(*)	(*)
	50	West Virginia	Nov 1–Nov 10 ♂		Oct. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 28–Nov. 30*	Nov. 1–Nov. 30*	Oct. 15–Nov. 30		No open season	Oct. 15–Nov 30
	51	Wisconsin	Dec. 1, 1928ª	No open season	Oct. 1–Feb. 1†	Nov. 1–Feb. 1*	No open season	Oct. 1–Oct. 4*	Sept. 17–Sept. 20*	No open season	
	52	Wyoming	Oct. 1–Oct. 15 ♂*	Oct. 1–Oct. 31 ♂ª			1929	Oct. 1–Nov. 15ª	No open season	1929	
Canada	53	Alberta	Nov 1–Dec. 14 ♂*	Nov 1–Dec. 14 ♂ª				Oct. 1, 1928	Oct. 1, 1928	No open season	
	54	British Columbia*	Sept. 1–Dec. 15 ♂ª	Sept. 1–Dec. 15 ♂ª			(*)	(*)		(*)	
	55	Manitoba	Nov 21–Nov. 30 ♂	Nov. 21–Nov. 30 ♂			Sept. 15, 1928	Oct. 15–Oct. 22	Oct. 15–Oct. 22	Sept. 15, 1928	
	56	New Brunswick	Sept. 15–Nov. 30*	Oct. 1–Nov. 30 ♂				Oct. 1–Oct. 31			
	57	Northwest Territories*	Sept. 1–Mar. 31 ♂*	Sept. 1–Mar. 31 ♂*				Sept. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Dec. 31		
	58	Nova Scotia	Oct. 1–Oct. 31 ♂*	Oct. 1–Oct. 31 ♂ª	Nov. 1–Feb. 29			No open season		No open season	
	59	Ontario	Sept. 15–Nov. 30ª	Sept. 15–Nov. 30 ♂*		No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season
	60	Prince Edward Island			Nov. 1–Feb. 1			Oct. 15–Nov. 15		No open season	
	61	Quebec	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 10–Dec. 31*	Oct. 15–Jan. 31			Sept. 1–Dec. 14			
	62	Saskatchewan	Nov. 15–Dec. 14 ♂ª	Nov. 15–Dec. 14 ♂ª				Oct. 1–Oct. 31	Oct. 1–Oct. 31		
	63	Yukon	Aug. 1–Mar. 1 ♂	Aug. 1–Mar. 1 ♂				Sept. 1–Mar. 15	Sept. 1–Mar. 15		

MIGRATORY GAME BIRDS**

(The seasons here shown are those when migratory game birds may be hunted without violating either Federal regulations or State laws)

		State	Duck, Goose, Brant, Coot, Gallinule	Wilson Snipe or Jacksnipe	Woodcock	Rail	Dove	
UNITED STATES	1	Alabama	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	1
	2	Alaska	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Sept. 1-Dec. 15				2
	3	Arizona	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Oct. 16-Jan. 31		Oct. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15 *	3
	4	Arkansas	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	4
	5	California	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15		No open season	Sept. 1-Sept. 30 *	5
	6	Colorado	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31		Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1, 1930	6
	7	Connecticut	Oct. 1-Jan. 15 *	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Oct. 8-Nov. 23	Sept. 12-Nov. 30	No open season	7
	8	Delaware	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15 *	8
	9	District of Columbia *	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	9
	10	Florida	Nov. 20-Jan. 31*	Nov. 20-Jan. 31	No open season	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Nov. 20-Jan. 31	10
	11	Georgia	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	11
	12	Idaho	Oct. 1-Jan. 15*	Oct. 1-Jan. 15*		Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	12
	13	Illinois	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 10, 1929	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Sept. 30	13
	14	Indiana	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	14
	15	Iowa	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	15
	16	Kansas	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	No open season	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Oct. 15	16
	17	Kentucky	Nov. 1-Jan. 31 *	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	17
	18	Louisiana	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	18
	19	Maine	Sept. 16-Dec. 31†	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	19
	20	Maryland	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 10-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 10-Dec. 15*	20
	21	Massachusetts	Sept. 16-Dec. 31 *	Sept. 16-Dec. 31 *	Oct. 20-Nov. 20	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	21
	22	Michigan *	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 25-Oct. 31	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	22
	23	Minnesota	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	No open season	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	23
	24	Mississippi *	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	24
	25	Missouri	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Nov. 10-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	25
	26	Montana	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31		Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	26
	27	Nebraska	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	No open season	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	27
	28	Nevada	Sept. 16-Dec. 31 *	Sept. 16-Dec. 31		Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	28
	29	New Hampshire	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	29
	30	New Jersey	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	30
	31	New Mexico	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Oct. 16-Jan. 31		Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	31
	32	New York	Sept. 24-Jan. 7	Sept. 24-Jan. 7	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 24-Nov. 30	No open season	32
	33	Long Island	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 24-Nov. 30	No open season	33
	34	North Carolina	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 16-Dec. 15	34
	35	North Dakota	Sept. 16-Dec. 1 *	Sept. 16-Oct. 16	Oct. 1-Oct. 16	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	35
	36	Ohio	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	36
	37	Oklahoma	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	37
	38	Oregon	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 1-Jan. 15		Oct. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	38
	39	Pennsylvania	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Nov. 1-Nov. 15	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	39
	40	Rhode Island	Oct. 1-Jan. 15	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Oct. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	40
	41	South Carolina	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Oct. 16-Jan. 31	41
	42	South Dakota	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	No open season	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	42
	43	Tennessee	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	No open season	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15 *	43
	44	Texas	Oct. 16-Jan. 31 *	Oct. 16-Jan. 31 *	No open season	Sept. 1-Oct. 31	Sept. 1-Oct. 31 *	44
	45	Utah *	Oct. 1-Dec. 31 *	Oct. 1-Dec. 31 *		No open season	No open season *	45
	46	Vermont	Sept. 16-Dec. 31	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	Oct. 1-Oct. 31	No open season	No open season	46
	47	Virginia	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Jan. 31	Nov. 1-Dec. 31	Sept. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	47
	48	Washington	Oct. 1-Jan. 1	Oct. 1-Jan. 1		Oct. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	48
	49	West Virginia	Nov. 15-Dec. 31	Nov. 15-Dec. 31	Nov. 15-Nov. 30	Nov. 15-Nov. 30	No open season	49
	50	Wisconsin	Sept. 16-Dec. 20 *	Sept. 16-Dec. 20	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 16-Nov. 30	No open season	50
	51	Wyoming	Sept. 16-Dec. 16	Sept. 16-Dec. 16		Sept. 1-Nov. 30	No open season	51
CANADA*	52	Alberta	Sept. 15-Dec. 14	Sept. 15-Dec. 14		No open season	No open season	52
	53	British Columbia *	Sept. 15-Dec. 31	Sept. 15-Dec. 31		No open season		53
	54	Manitoba	Sept. 15-Nov. 30 *	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	No open season	No open season	Sept. 15, 1928	54
	55	New Brunswick	Sept. 15-Dec. 31 *	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Dec. 31 *		55
	56	Northwest Territories	Sept. 1-Dec. 14	Sept. 1-Dec. 14		Sept. 1-Dec. 14		56
	57	Nova Scotia	Sept. 15-Dec. 31 *	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Oct. 1-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Dec. 31 *		57
	58	Ontario	Sept. 1-Dec. 15 *	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	No open season	58
	59	Prince Edward Island	Sept. 1-Dec. 14	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 15-Nov. 30	Sept. 1-Dec. 14		59
	60	Quebec	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Sept. 1-Dec. 15	Sept. 1 Dec 15		60
	61	Saskatchewan	Sept. 15-Dec. 31	Sept. 15-Dec. 31		No open season		61
	62	Yukon	Sept. 1-Dec. 14	Sept. 1-Dec. 14		Sept. 1-Dec 14		62

OTHER GAME

(Season closed in States and Provinces not mentioned)

Antelope

Wyoming	Oct. 1-Oct. 31. ♂*

Bear

(Generally defined as a fur animal; unprotected in States not listed)

Alabama	Nov. 1-Feb. 28.
Alaska	Sept. 1-June 20.*
Arkansas	No open season.*
California	Nov. 15-Mar 1.*
Louisiana	Oct. 15-Jan. 5.
Michigan	Nov. 15-Nov. 30.
Mississippi	Nov. 1-Feb. 28.
Nevada	Nov. 15-Mar. 15.
New Mexico	Oct. 10-Oct. 31.
New York	Oct. 15-Nov. 15.
North Carolina	Oct. 1-Jan. 15.
Oklahoma	No open season.*
Oregon	Unprotected.*
Pennsylvania	Nov. 16-Dec. 15.
Texas	Nov. 16-Dec. 31.
Utah	Sept. 1-May 1.
Washington	(*)
Br. Columbia	Sept. 1-June 30.*
Quebec	Aug. 20-June 30.

Caribou

Alaska	Sept. 1-Dec. 31.*
Alberta	Nov. 1-Dec. 14.*
Br. Columbia	Sept. 1-Dec. 15. ♂*
Manitoba	Nov. 21-Nov. 30. ♂
Northwest Ter.	Dec. 1-Mar. 31.*
Ontario	Sept. 15-Nov. 30.*
Quebec	Sept. 20-Dec. 31.
Saskatchewan	Nov. 15-Dec. 14.*
Yukon	Aug. 1-Mar. 1. ♂

Elk

Idaho	No open season.*
Montana	Oct. 15-Nov. 15.*
Pennsylvania	Dec. 1-Dec. 15. ♂
Virginia	Dec. 15-Dec. 31.*
Washington	No open season.*
Wyoming	Sept. 15-Nov. 30.*
Br. Columbia	No open season.*
Saskatchewan	Nov. 15-Nov. 30. ♂

Mountain Goat

Alaska	Sept. 1-Dec. 31.*
Idaho	No open season.*
Alberta	Sept. 1-Oct. 31.*
Br. Columbia	Sept. 1-Dec. 15.*
Northwest Ter.	Sept. 1-Mar. 31.
Yukon	Aug. 1-Mar. 1. ♂

Mountain Sheep

Alaska	Aug. 20-Dec. 31. ♂*
Idaho	No open season.*
Wyoming	No open season.*
Alberta	Sept 1-Oct. 31. ♂*
Br. Columbia	Sept 1-Nov. 15. ♂*
Northwest Ter	Dec. 1-Mar 31.*
Yukon	Aug 1-Mar 1. ♂

Ptarmigan

Alaska	Sept. 1-Feb. 28.
Washington	(*)
Manitoba	Oct. 1-Oct. 20.
Northwest Ter.	Sept. 1-Dec. 31.
Quebec	Nov. 1-Jan. 31.
Saskatchewan	Oct. 1-Oct. 31.
Yukon	Sept. 1-Mar. 15.

Sage Hen

California	Aug. 1-Aug. 15.
Colorado	Aug. 1-Aug. 15.
Idaho	Local seasons.
Montana	Sept. 16-Sept. 25.*
Nevada	Aug. 1-Aug. 16.
South Dakota	No open season.*
Washington	(*)
Wyoming	Aug. 1-Aug. 31*

DAYS EXCEPTED

All hunting is prohibited on—

Sundays.—In all States and Provinces east of the 105th meridian, except Illinois, Louisiana, Michigan, Rhode Island, Texas, Wisconsin, and Quebec.

Mondays.—For waterfowl in Nevada and locally in Maryland and North Carolina.

Tuesdays.—For waterfowl in Nevada and on the Susquehanna Flats and Chester River in Maryland.

Other days.—For waterfowl in Nevada and locally in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina.

Days when snow is on the ground.—In New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, and locally on all game except waterfowl in Maryland.

*See "Additional Provisions and Exceptions" below. * Laws of 1927 not received. † Local exceptions (see "Game Laws for the Season 1927-28"). ‡ Certain species. ♂ Males only.

** Under the regulations for the protection of migratory birds the season is closed on the band-tailed pigeon, swan, wood duck, eider duck, bobolink (reedbird, ricebird), auk, auklet, bittern, crane, fulmar, gannet, grebe, guillemot, gull, heron, jaeger, loon, murre, petrel, puffin, shearwater, tern, and all shorebirds (except woodcock and Wilson snipe or jacksnipe) in the United States and Canada, except that eider ducks may be taken during the respective open seasons on waterfowl in the Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Yukon Territory, Northwest Territories, and north of Quebec-Cochrane-Winnipeg National Railway in Ontario.

ADDITIONAL PROVISIONS AND EXCEPTIONS

Alaska.—All hunting prohibited in Mount McKinley National Park, Katmai and Glacier Bay National Monuments, Aleutian Islands (including Unimak Island), and other bird and game reservations, and on Kruzof and Partofshikof Islands. *Caribou* north of 68th parallel and in drainage of Buckland, Kobuk, Noatak, and Selawik Rivers, Sept. 1-Mar. 31; south to summit of Alaska Range, Aug. 1-Dec. 31; south of Alaska Range, Sept. 1-Dec. 31. *Deer* (male with horns 3 inches long) east of long. 141° only (southeastern Alaska), Sept. 1-Nov. 30. *Sheep* and *goats* on Kenai Peninsula east of long. 150°, and *goats* on Baranof and Chicagof Islands, no open season. Killing of females and young of *moose, mountain sheep,* and *deer,* and *mountain goat kids* and *caribou fawns* prohibited. *Large brown* and *grizzly bears,* Sept. 1-June 20; *black bear* (fur-bearing animal—including its brown and blue, or glacier bear, color variations) in Fur District 1, Oct. 1-May 31; in Fur District 2, Sept. 1-June 20; *polar bear* in Fur Districts 2 and 3, and *black bear* in Fur District 3, no close season. (For definition of Districts, see Game Circular No. 3, issued by Alaska Game Commission, Juneau, Alaska.

Arizona.—*Bobwhite,* no open season. *Mourning dove,* Sept. 1-Dec. 15; *whitewings,* July 15-Dec. 31.

Arkansas.—*Deer* (male), *turkey gobbler,* Nov. 14-Nov. 19 and Dec. 20-Jan. 1; *gobblers,* additional open season in State, Apr. 1-Apr 30. *Squirrel,* May 15-June 15 and Oct. 1-Jan. 1.

California.—*Deer* (male, except spike buck), in Districts 2, 2½, and 3, Aug. 1-Sept. 14; in Districts 1, 4, 4½, 4¾, 23, 24, 25, and 26, Sept. 16-Oct. 15; in District 1¾ (mule deer must have more than 2 branches to each antler), Sept. 16-Oct. 15; in District 1½, Sept. 1-Oct. 15. *Bear,* in Districts 1, 1½, 2, and 2½, no close season. *Mountain* and *valley quail,* in District 1½, Nov. 1-Dec. 31. *Bobwhite,* in State, no open season. *Dove,* in Districts 4, 4½, and 4¾, Sept. 1-Oct. 31. (For counties in each game district see "Game Laws, 1927-28.")

Connecticut.—*Deer,* owner of agricultural lands, member of family, or employee, may kill with shotgun on own lands deer destroying fruit trees or growing crops, but must report killing to commissioners within 12 hours. *Coot* (mud hen), *gallinule,* Oct. 1-Dec. 31.

Delaware.—*Dove,* New Castle County, no open season.

District of Columbia.—Hunting permitted only on marshes of Eastern Branch, north of Anacostia Bridge, and on Virginia shore of Potomac.

Florida.—*Deer* (male) may also be hunted on Friday and Saturday of each week during August. *Ducks* may be taken on Iamonia, Jackson, and Miccosukee Lakes in Leon and Jefferson Counties only on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of each week during open season.

Georgia.—*Fox squirrel,* no open season.

Idaho.—*Deer, mountain goat,* in Adams, Blaine, Boise, Butte, Custer, Elmore, Lemhi, and Valley Counties, Oct. 1-Oct. 31; in Clearwater and Idaho Counties, Oct. 1-Nov. 15; *deer,* in Bingham, Bonneville, Clark, Fremont, Jefferson Madison, Teton, and Washington Counties, Oct. 1-Oct. 31; in Benewah, Bonner, Boundary, Kootenai, Latah, Lewis, Nez Perce, and Shoshone Counties, Nov. 1-Nov. 30. *Mountain sheep* (ram only—under special license, fee, nonresident, $50, resident, $25), in Valley and Lemhi Counties only, Oct. 15-Oct. 25. *Elk,* in Clearwater and Idaho Counties, Oct. 1-Nov. 15; in Bingham, Bonneville, Clark, Fremont, Jefferson, Madison, and Teton Counties, Dec. 1-Dec. 15. *Deer, elk, mountain goat, mountain sheep,* no open season, except as above. *Waterfowl, coot, gallinule, Wilson snipe,* in Boundary, Bonner, Kootenai, Benewah, and Shoshone Counties, Sept. 16-Dec. 31. (See "Game Laws, 1927-28," for local seasons on upland game birds.)

Illinois.—*Squirrel,* in northern zone, Sept. 1-Dec. 1; in central zone, Aug. 1-Dec. 1; in southern zone, July 1-Dec. 1. (For counties in each zone, see "Game Laws, 1927-28.")

Kansas.—*Fox squirrel,* Aug. 1-Jan. 1; *other squirrels,* no open season.

Kentucky.—*Coot, gallinule,* Nov. 1-Dec. 31.

Louisiana.—*Deer,* in Concordia, Avoyelles, Rapides, Vernon, and all parishes north thereof, Dec. 1-Jan. 15; in parishes south, Nov. 1-Jan. 5.

Maine.—*Deer,* in Androscoggin, Cumberland, Kennebec, Knox, Lincoln, Sagadahoc, Waldo, and York Counties, Nov. 1-Nov. 30; in Hancock and Washington Counties, Nov 1-Dec. 15; in rest of State, Oct. 16-Nov. 30. *Bull moose,* in Aroostook, Hancock, Lincoln, Penobscot, Piscataquis, Somerset, Waldo, and Washington Counties, Nov. 21-Nov. 26; in rest of State, no open season. *Hare, rabbit,* in Androscoggin, Sagadahoc, and York Counties, Oct. 1-Feb. 29. (See also "Game Laws, 1927-28.")

Maryland.—*Deer* (male—having 4 or more points to one antler), in Allegany County and within game preserves inclosed with 7-foot fence in Washington County, Dec. 1-Dec. 15. *Squirrel, dove,* additional open season, Sept. 1-Sept. 30, except in Allegany, Baltimore, Garrett, Howard, and Washington Counties. *Wild turkey,* Garrett County, Nov. 10, 1930.

Massachusetts.—*Deer, hare,* in Essex County, no open season. *Hare, rabbit,* in Nantucket County, Oct. 20-Feb. 29; in Dukes County, Nov. 15-Feb. 15. *European hare,* in Berkshire County, no close season. *Quail,* in Essex, Hampden, Hampshire, Middlesex, Nantucket, Norfolk, and Worcester Counties, July 1, 1928. *Ruffed grouse,* in Dukes County, no open season. *Pheasant,* in Dukes and Nantucket Counties, no open season. In Dukes and Nantucket Counties, *waterfowl,* Oct. 1-Jan. 15, and *Wilson snipe, coot,* and *gallinule,* Oct. 1-Dec. 31

Michigan.—Director of conservation may shorten or close season or otherwise restrict the taking of any species of game. Lower Peninsula, *rabbit, hare,* Oct. 25-Jan. 31, and *snowshoe* or *jack rabbit,* Oct. 25-Feb. 15. Upper Peninsula, *rabbits,* Oct. 1-Feb. 1

Minnesota.—*Ruffed grouse,* Oct. 15, 1928; *white-breasted* or *sharp-tailed grouse,* Sept. 16-Sept. 30, *Canada spruce grouse,* no open season

Mississippi.—*Squirrel,* May 1-June 1 and Oct. 1-Dec. 15. Boards of supervisors may shorten or close seasons. For local regulations apply to sheriff or county clerk, at county seat.

Montana.—*Deer,* either sex, in Beaverhead, Flathead, Glacier, Lake, Lincoln, Madison, Mineral, and Sanders Counties, and in part of Ravalli County, Oct. 15-Nov. 15; *deer,* either sex, in part of Ravalli County, Sept. 20-Oct. 20; *deer,* in Carbon, Carter, Custer, Dawson, Garfield, Musselshell, McCone, Phillips, Powder River, Prairie, Richland, Roosevelt, Rosebud, Stillwater, Teton, Treasure, Valley, Yellowstone, and parts of Fergus, Gallatin, Glacier, and Pondera Counties, no open season. *Elk,* in Flathead, Glacier, Madison, Pondera, Teton, and parts of Gallatin, Lewis and Clark, Missoula, and Powell Counties, Oct. 15-Nov. 15; in part of Lewis and Clark County, Nov. 1-Nov. 15; in Granite County and in part of Powell County, Nov. 10-Nov. 12; in Jefferson County (bulls only), Nov. 12-Nov. 14; in part of Ravalli County, Sept. 20-Oct. 20, and in Park County, Oct. 15-Dec. 20, unless shortened by commission; in rest of State, no open season

Nevada.—Boards of county commissioners may designate 16-day open season on *buck deer* between Oct. 1-Oct. 31 instead of Oct. 16-31; may fix open seasons on *pheasants* and *valley quail;* and may shorten open seasons on other game or close season entirely. *Migratory waterfowl* may be hunted only on Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday of each week during the open season, and in addition on Oct. 12 and 31, Nov. 11, Thanksgiving and Christmas Days, and Dec. 31

New Hampshire.—*Deer,* in Coos County, Oct. 15-Nov. 30; in Carroll County, Nov. 15-Dec. 15; in Cheshire County, Dec. 1-Dec. 15; in Grafton County, Nov. 1-Dec. 15; in rest of State, Dec. 1-Dec. 31. *Male pheasant,* in Hillsboro, Merrimack, Rockingham, and Strafford Counties only, Nov 1-Nov. 6.

New Jersey.—*Quail* in Bergen, Essex, Hudson, Hunterdon, Morris, Passaic, Somerset, Sussex, Union, and Warren Counties, March 2, 1928. *Ruffed grouse,* in Essex, Hunterdon, Mercer, Middlesex, Monmouth, Somerset, and Union Counties, Mar. 9, 1932

New York.—Commission may shorten open season on game (see "Game Laws, 1927-28"). *Deer* (male), in Adirondacks, Oct. 15-Nov. 15, except in towns of Jackson, Salem, and White Creek, Washington County, Nov. 7-Nov. 19; in Columbia, Delaware, Orange, Rensselaer, Sullivan, and Ulster Counties, Nov. 1-Nov. 15; in Greene County, Nov. 1-Nov. 8; on own land in Dutchess County, Nov. 1-Nov. 15. Shotgun only may be used in Dutchess and Rensselaer Counties. *Varying hare,* Oct. 15-Mar. 1. *Cottontail rabbit,* Oct. 15-Jan. 31. *Fox squirrel,* no open season. *Quail,* in Dutchess, Greene, Orange, Putnam, Rensselaer, Sullivan, and Westchester Counties, Nov. 15-Nov. 30. *Grouse,* in Columbia, Delaware, Dutchess, Greene, Orange, Putnam, Rensselaer, Rockland, Sullivan, Ulster, and Westchester Counties, Oct. 15-Nov. 30.

Long Island.—*Varying hare,* Oct. 15-Mar. 1; *cottontail rabbit,* Nov. 1-Dec. 31. *Fox squirrel,* no open season.

North Dakota.—*White-breasted* and *sharp-tailed grouse,* Sept. 16-Oct. 16; *ruffed grouse,* in Bottineau, Cavalier, Pembina, and Roulette Counties only, Oct. 7-Oct. 16. *Coot, gallinule,* Sept. 16-Dec. 31.

Oklahoma.—*Bear* in Blaine, Caddo, Comanche, Kiowa, and Major Counties, no open season; in rest of State, unprotected. *Quail* may not be hunted except on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of each week during open season and on Thanksgiving Day and Christmas and New Year's Days or the preceding Saturdays if they fall on Sundays.

Oregon.—*East of Cascades Bear,* in Klamath County, Nov. 1-Nov. 30; in rest of District, no close season. *Mountain* or *plumed* and *California* or *valley quail,* in Deschutes, Gilliam, Klamath, Lake, Morrow, Umatilla, and Wasco Counties only, Oct. 15-Oct. 31. *Chinese pheasant,* in Baker, Gilliam, Grant, Hood River, Klamath, Morrow, Umatilla, Union, Wallowa, and Wasco Counties, only on Wednesdays and Sundays, Oct. 1-Oct. 31; in Malheur County, Oct. 1-Oct. 31.

West of Cascades: Bear, in Jackson and Josephine Counties, Nov. 1-Nov. 30; in rest of District, no close season. *Chinese pheasant, blue* or *sooty grouse, ruffed grouse,* or *native pheasant,* in Clatsop, Curry, Lincoln, and Tillamook Counties, no open season; *mountain* or *plumed,* and *California* or *valley quail* in Coos, Curry, Jackson, and Josephine Counties, Oct. 15-Oct. 31

Rhode Island.—*Quail,* on Island of Rhode Island, Nov. 1, 1928. *Upland game birds* and *gray squirrels,* on Island of Conanicut, Nov. 1, 1928

South Carolina.—Between September 1 and Thanksgiving Day *rabbits* may be hunted without firearms and *squirrels* without dogs.

South Dakota.—*Deer,* in Campbell, Corson, Dewey, Harding, Perkins, Potter, Walworth, and Ziebach Counties, no open season. *Chinese, ring-necked,* or *English pheasants, ruffed grouse, prairie chicken, pinnated, white-breasted,* or *sharp-tailed grouse,* and *sage grouse* may be taken under regulations of State Department of Agriculture, Pierre

Tennessee.—*Deer,* in Cheatham County, no open season. *Rabbit,* in Coke, Davidson, Hamilton, Hardin, Hawkins, Jefferson, Johnson, Lawrence, Madison, and Sullivan Counties, Nov. 15-Feb. 15; in Haywood and McNairy Counties, Dec. 10-Feb. 14; in Hardeman County, Oct. 25-Mar. 1; in rest of State, no close season. *Quail,* in Decatur County, Dec. 10-Feb. 20; in Fayette County, Dec. 10-Feb. 15; in Lauderdale and Hardin Counties, Dec. 10-Mar. 1; in Haywood County, Dec. 10-Feb. 14; in Madison County, Nov. 24-Feb. 1; in McNairy County, Dec. 20-Feb. 15; in Robertson County, Nov. 15-Jan. 31; in Sullivan County, Nov. 25-Jan. 1; in Washington County, Nov. 25-Jan. 15; in Claiborne and Monroe Counties, no open season. *Wild turkey,* in Lauderdale County only, Nov 1-Jan. 25. *Dove,* in Claiborne County, no open season

Texas.—*Squirrel,* additional season, May 1-July 31, except in Austin, Bandera, Brown, Burnet, Caldwell, Kerr, Kimble, Llano, Lavaca, McCulloch, Mason, Medina, Menard, Mills, Real, San Saba, Schleicher, Uvalde, Victoria, and Wharton Counties, no close season. *Wild turkey,* in Brooks, Cameron, Hidalgo, Kenedy, Kleberg, Nueces, Starr, and Willacy Counties, Nov. 16, 1930. *Prairie chicken,* in Collingsworth, Donley, Gray, and Wheeler Counties, Sept. 1, 1929. *Mourning dove,* in North Zone, Sept. 1-Oct. 31; in South Zone, Nov. 1-Dec. 31; no open season in area west of line from Austin following Southern Pacific, Brazos River, and Beaumont Branch of Santa Fe to Cleveland, and the Houston, East & West Texas Railroad to Nacogdoches and Louisiana line at Logansport and east and south of the International & Great Northern Railroad from Austin to Longview and the Texas & Pacific from Longview to Marshall and Texarkana. *White-winged dove,* in State, Sept. 1-Sept. 30. *Waterfowl, coot, gallinule, Wilson snipe,* in North Zone, Oct. 16-Jan. 31; in South Zone, Nov. 1-Jan. 31 North and South Zones under State law and Federal regulations on migratory game birds are divided by line from Rio Grande River through Del Rio and the International & Great Northern Railroad from San Antonio to Austin and Longview and the Texas & Pacific Railroad from Longview to Marshall and Texarkana

Utah.—*Waterfowl, coot, gallinules, Wilson snipe,* in Beaver, Emery, Grand, Iron, Kane, Millard, Morgan, Rich, San Juan, Sevier, Summit, Uintah, Wasatch, and Washington Counties, Oct. 1-Jan. 15; *duck,* in Fish Lake Game Preserve, Oct. 1-Nov. 30 Commissioner may fix open seasons on *quail, grouse,* and *dove.*

Vermont.—*Deer,* in Franklin County, Jan. 1, 1932

Virginia.—*Deer,* in Chesterfield and Nansemond Counties, Oct. 1-Nov. 30; in Dinwiddie County, Nov. 1-Dec. 31; in King George, Lancaster, Northumberland, Richmond, Rockingham, Stafford, and Westmoreland Counties, no open season. *Elk,* protected in national forest areas; *bull elk* only in Bland, Craig, Giles, Montgomery, and Pulaski Counties, Dec 1-Dec. 3. *Quail,* in Dinwiddie County, Nov. 1-Jan. 15.

Washington.—Open seasons on *deer* (male), *bear, rabbit, squirrel,* and *upland game birds* fixed by county game commissions. *Elk,* in Benton, Kittitas, Klickitat, and Yakima Counties, and *bull elk,* in Asotin, Columbia, Garfield, and Walla Walla Counties, Oct. 20-Nov 1

West Virginia.—*Red squirrel,* unprotected. *Quail,* in Marshall County, Nov 1, 1929.

Wisconsin.—*Deer* (male) in Pierce, Barron, Eau Claire, Rush, Price, Lincoln, Langlade, Oconto, and all counties north thereof, Dec. 1, 1928; in rest of State, no open season. *Squirrel,* in Crawford, Richland, and Vernon Counties, Oct. 1-Jan. 1; in Dodge, Fond du Lac, Jefferson, Kenosha, Milwaukee, Ozaukee, Racine, Walworth, Washington, and Waukesha Counties, no open season; in rest of State, Nov. 1-Feb. 1. *Grouse,* in Calumet, Columbia, Crawford, Grant, Iowa, Lafayette, Manitowoc, Polk, Richland, Sauk, Vernon, and Winnebago Counties, no open season. *Prairie chicken* (*pinnated* or *sharp-tailed grouse*), in Barron, Calumet, Columbia, Crawford, Dane, Dunn, Fond du Lac, Grant, Green, Iowa, Jefferson, Kenosha, La Crosse, Lafayette, Lincoln, Manitowoc, Milwaukee, Oneida, Ozaukee, Polk, Racine, Richland, Rock, Sauk, St. Croix, Vernon, Walworth, Washington, Waukesha, Waupaca, and Winnebago Counties, no open season. *Duck, coot, gallinule,* Sept. 16-Dec. 20; *goose* and *brant,* Sept. 16-Dec. 31. (See "Game Laws, 1927-28.")

Wyoming.—*Deer* (male), in Park County, Sept. 15-Nov. 30; in Albany and Carbon Counties, Oct. 15-Nov. 15, in Big Horn, Crook, Niobrara, Washakie, and Weston Counties, Nov. 1-Nov. 30; in Campbell and Goshen Counties, Oct. 1, 1929; in rest of State, Oct. 1-Oct. 15. *Elk,* in Lincoln, Teton, Sublette, Park, and part of Fremont, Sept. 15-Nov. 30; in Sheridan County, Oct. 1-Oct. 15; in rest of State, no open season. *Male mountain sheep,* in Park County only, Sept. 15-Nov. 30. *Bull moose* and *buck antelope,* commission may issue 100 permits for moose and 1,000 for antelope. *Grouse* (except *sage grouse*), in Campbell and Crook Counties, Aug. 15-Sept. 1; in Albany, Big Horn, Converse, Goshen, Hot Springs, Johnson, Laramie, Natrona, Niobrara, Park, Platte, Uinta, and Washakie Counties, Oct. 1, 1929. *Sage grouse,* in Albany, Carbon, Hot Springs, Lincoln, Natrona, Park, Sheridan, Sweetwater, Teton, Uinta, and Weston Counties, Aug. 15-Aug. 31

CANADA.—Communicate with Commissioner, Canadian National Parks, Ottawa, Ont., for 1927 amendments to the Canadian Regulations on Migratory Birds.

Alberta.—All big game must have horns at least 4 inches long. *Deer, moose,* and *caribou,* in Forest Reserves of Rocky Mountains, under special license, Sept. 1-Oct. 31

British Columbia.—Open seasons on upland game birds fixed annually by Order-in-Council, which may be obtained from Provincial Game Warden, Victoria, B. C. *Bull moose,* in Atlin, Fort George, and Cariboo Electoral Districts and north of main line Canadian National Railway in Omineca Electoral District, Sept. 1-Dec. 15; in Columbia Electoral District (except west of Columbia River), Oct. 1-Oct. 31; in rest of Province, no open season. *Bull caribou,* in Eastern District, except in Mackenzie and Skeena Electoral Districts, Cariboo Electoral District west of Fraser River, and except south main line Canadian Pacific Railway, Sept. 1-Dec. 15; in rest of Province, no open season. *Bull elk* (wapiti), in Fernie and Cranbrook Electoral Districts and in Columbia Electoral District (except west of Columbia River), Oct. 1-Oct. 15; in rest of Province, no open season. *Male mountain sheep* in Eastern District north of Canadian National Railway and in Cariboo and Lillooet Electoral Districts south of 52d parallel and west of Fraser River, Sept. 1-Nov. 15; in Fernie, Cranbrook, and Columbia Electoral Districts, Oct. 1-Oct 31; in rest of Province, no open season. *Mountain goat,* in Eastern District (except between Columbia and Fraser Rivers and south of main line Canadian Pacific Railway from Revelstoke to Ashcroft), Sept. 1-Dec. 15; in Western District (except on Vancouver Island), Sept. 15-Dec. 15. *Male deer* (mule, white-tail, coast) in Eastern District (except white-tail in North and South Okanagan and Similkameen Electoral Districts and west of summit of Midway Mountains in Grand Forks-Greenwood Electoral District, no open season), Sept. 1-Dec. 15; in Western District, Sept 15-Dec. 15, except in North and South Saanich and Highland Districts on Vancouver Island, Sept. 15-Oct. 31, and except on Queen Charlotte Islands, no open season. *Bear* (except *white* or *Kermodei bear*), in Eastern District, Sept. 1-June 30; in Western District, Sept. 15-June 15. *Waterfowl, coot, Wilson snipe,* in Eastern District, Sept. 15-Dec. 31; in Western District, Oct. 15-Jan. 31, except *goose* and *brant* south of 52d parallel, Nov. 1-Feb. 15. *Western District,* west summit Cascades and south Atlin Electoral District, except, for migratory birds, east of Alta Lake Railway Station on Pacific Great Eastern Railway in Lillooet Electoral District. *Eastern District* includes rest of Province.

Manitoba.—*Duck,* north of 53d parallel, Sept. 1-Nov. 30.

New Brunswick.—*Deer,* on Grand Manan, Campobello, and Deer Islands, no open season, but a resident of Grand Manan or Campobello Island, under $1 license from Minister, may take one deer, Dec. 1-Dec. 10 *Waterfowl* and *rail,* on islands in Grand Manan Group, Oct. 15-Jan. 31

Northwest Territories.—Additional season on *caribou* and *sheep,* Aug. 1-Sept. 30. *Female caribou, mountain sheep,* or *mountain goat* with young at foot, and their young, no open season. Governor General in Council may, by regulation, alter seasons.

Nova Scotia.—*Deer* and *moose,* on Cape Breton Island, and *deer* in Inverness and Victoria Counties, no open season. *Goose, brant,* in Shelburne and Queens Counties, under license from Minister, Nov. 1-Feb. 14; *duck, rail* in Digby, Shelburne, Queens, and Yarmouth Counties, Oct 15-Jan. 31

Ontario.—*Deer, bull moose, caribou,* north of Canadian Government Railway, Sept. 15-Nov. 20; south of Canadian Government Railway to French and Mattawa Rivers, Oct. 10-Nov. 30; south of French and Mattawa Rivers, Nov. 1-Nov. 30, except on St. Joseph Island, Nov. 15-Nov 30. *Eider duck,* north of Quebec-Cochrane-Winnipeg line of Canadian National Railway only, Sept. 1-Dec. 15

Quebec.—*Moose,* south of St. Lawrence River, Sept. 20-Dec. 31

Saskatchewan.—*Deer, moose* (males only), *caribou,* north of Township 34, Nov 15-Dec. 14; south of Township 35 no open season

NEWFOUNDLAND.—*Hare, rabbit, ptarmigan, willow grouse* or *partridge plover, curlew, snipe,* or other wild or migratory birds (except *wild goose* and *crow,* unprotected), Sept. 20-Jan. 1

MEXICO.—*White-tailed deer* (male), Oct. 16-Feb. 15 (in mountains about table lands); July 1-Oct. 31 (Gulf and Pacific slopes). *Brocket* or *forest deer* (male), Mar 1-June 30 (in low country) *Rabbit,* Sept. 1-Feb. 29. *Quail,* no open season. *Duck, goose, swan,* Oct 1-Feb. 29. *Upland plover,* Sept 1-Sept 30; *white-winged* and *other doves,* Sept. 16-Nov 15; *Wilson snipe,* Nov. 1-Feb. 29; *other shorebirds,* Aug. 16-Sept. 15; *Pigeon, armadillo,* Oct 1-Dec. 31. *Wild turkey, curassow, cojolite,* and *peccary,* Sept. 1-Dec 31 *Alligator,* Feb 1-Sept. 30. *Anteater, kinkajou,* Nov 1-Dec 31 *Paca,* Oct. 1-Jan. 31 *Tapir,* Nov 1-Jan 31

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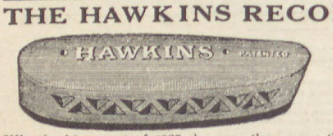

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The Days of the Wild Pigeon

(Continued from page 26)

try, they make law about wild pigeon. Some Indians say he belong to every tribe, so they make fire and sit around, smoke. Smoke means friendship, so one big chief, whose hunting ground join one with roost on it, stood up and said, 'Pigeons should belong to tribes of the land. They nest on your land and feed on our berry patches, our beechnuts, ridges and acorns. They come in storms, like the rain, and when our squaws and children go to pick berries they have none; as every tribe in the country feeds pigeons, they should belong to all.' Another chief spoke, 'Our hunting grounds join yours on the east. The hawks have nests in our woods, and when they bring the pigeons home to their nests our boys climb up and get the young ones. Why not let us go in and kill the hawks and foxes and take as many pigeons as they kill?'"

So said Ahmoor, and again I asked him how they knew how many each animal would kill.

"They made a pen, and put a fox in it, and live pigeons with the fox overnight, and counted them in the morning. The weasel was the worst; he killed the most."

"What about the bear?" I asked.

"What about the bear?" he repeated, and laughed. "We take all dogs, many dogs; fight him bad; he go up tree; then we make big fire around the tree; smoke and fire go up to him; he no like, stick his tongue out, jump and run like hell. Maybe he burn some place; he got no hair some place; he never come back to pigeon roost. We no kill him now; skin no good."

I had never heard him say "hell" before, so I asked him where he learned the word.

He said, "I learn it from preacher; he say it many times, and I ask him what 'hell' mean; he say, 'Fire, burn, jump, run quick like bear.'"

So Ahmoor gave me the definition.

The Winnebagoes came over to me and asked if I wanted some deer meat, as they were going after deer and would not kill any pigeons until all the young ones were gone.

Honk and the Oneida came in loaded down with snapping turtles. They said we must not kill the young pigeons, as the Indians wanted some to get away so they would come back next year to the roost.

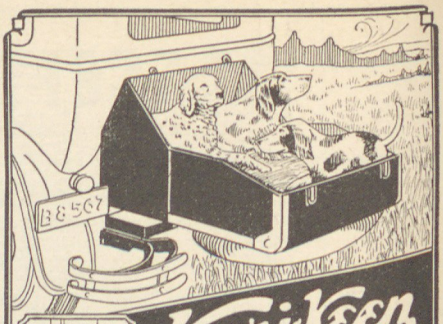
The Indians came back that night and had four bucks and one wild-cat skinned. I had heard the wild-cats calling in the night, but had not seen them.

That day I counted nine vultures sitting on a dead tree top, looking down into the bushes, and I showed them to Ahmoor, who said, "Something dead." We went over and found from thirty to forty dead young pigeons, scattered around through the bushes. Some had been killed that night, some were badly decomposed, others had been partly eaten by buzzards.

"He be like fox; he like him when he be no good. The fox he put pigeon in the ground and eat him when he be no good." So Ahmoor compared the vultures with the fox.

These birds, Ahmoor said, had been killed by weasels, the most destructive of all animals of their size. "Weasel; he kill all; when he find nest, he eat all eggs; when he find young, he eat all young."

(To be continued next issue)



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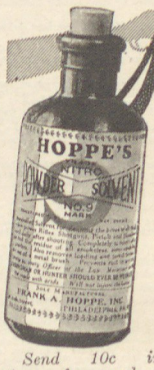

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Pollution Control Activities in Wisconsin

(Continued from page 29)

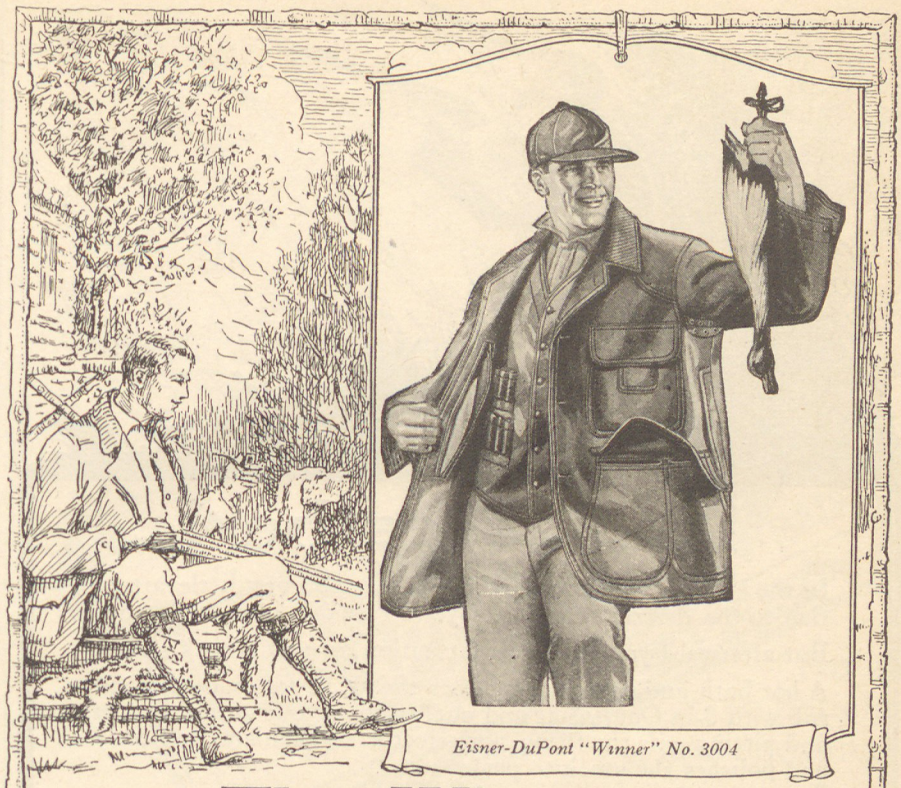
rection, entering the Mississippi River in the southwest corner of the state. At the head of the Wisconsin is one of the principal lake and resort sections of the state. Above Rhinelander the watershed is only sparsely settled and the stream is relatively free from pollution, but below to Wisconsin Rapids in the central part of the state, a distance of about 150 miles, are rather extensive industrial developments. Untreated domestic sewage from cities with a total population of 64,500 and industrial wastes, principally from paper and pulp mills, with an estimated total population equivalent of 913,400, enters this section of the stream.

Natural conditions favorable to various sensitive organisms were found above Rhinelander while unfavorable conditions to these species were found just below Rhinelander, also just below sources of pollution at Stevens Point. Unfavorable conditions for fairly sensitive organisms were found below Rhinelander to a point below Merrill, a distance of about 54 miles, also below Stevens Point to Wisconsin Rapids, 16 miles. Conditions favorable for only the most resistant organisms were found from Rothschild to below Knowlton, 19 miles, and from Wisconsin Rapids to below Nekoosa, 8 miles. Rather complete recovery from pollution was indicated at Tomahawk, also partial recovery from badly polluted conditions in a stretch of the river from Stevens Point to Wisconsin Rapids and from 12 miles below Nekoosa to Petenwell Rock, about 25 miles below. This greater recovery in the Wisconsin than in the Fox is possible principally because of the longer distances between sources of pollution.

(3) *Flambeau River*—The Flambeau River rises in the north central part of the state and flows in a southwesterly direction to its junction with the Chippewa, a distance of about 110 miles. Except at Park Falls, *the Flambeau is practically an unpolluted stream. It is possible, therefore, to restore it to practically its original state.* The sewage from the city of about 3,000 people and the waste from a pulp and paper mill, with an estimated population equivalent of about 52,400 enters the stream at Park Falls.

A normal clean water fauna was found above Park Falls but practically no animal life existed below Pixley Dam, 6 miles distant. Surveys are now being made to determine how far down stream this pollution affects the aquatic life.

(4) *Mississippi River*—The survey conducted in the Mississippi River under the direction of the United States Public Health Service indicated a stream *reasonably unpolluted and favorable to aquatic life above the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Gross pollution existed below due to the untreated sewage from an estimated population of 400,000.* The dissolved oxygen was almost entirely depleted during the summer months in the stretch of the river from St. Paul to Hastings. From Hastings to Red Wing, where little additional pollution enters, there was some recovery due to natural purification and oxygen furnished by the tributaries, notably the St. Croix River. Conditions, however, were still critical for fish and aquatic life during hot weather and low stream flow. There was a marked recovery in the stream at Winona below



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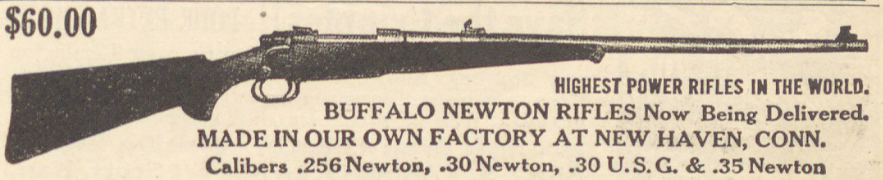

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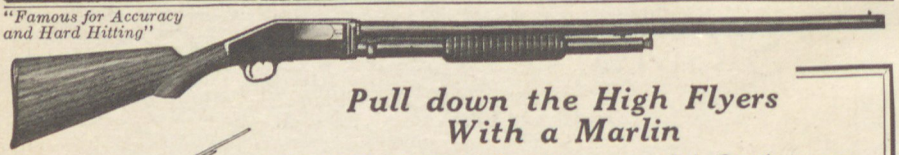

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Lake Pepin. The turbidity decreased, the oxygen increased and conditions at the lower end of the lake were fairly satisfactory for fish and other aquatic life.

Partial surveys were made in certain other of the smaller streams of the state. These indicated objectionable pollution in certain localities but no extensive pollution as was found in the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers or the Flambeau in the vicinity of Park Falls. This work is being followed up during the present summer by less frequent analyses of those streams surveyed last year. It is also being extended to other water courses. While stream surveys do not in themselves eliminate pollution, *they are necessary to determine definitely the present condition of the streams and also as a measure of the efficiency or effect of control methods adopted,* as will be determined by future surveys after such corrective measures have been applied.

Waste Treatment

IN accordance with the program arranged with the Wisconsin Canners' Association, equipment was installed at the Poynette Canning Plant and the wastes treated chemically during the canning season of 1926. Technical supervision was furnished by the state, one man being constantly on the job and another putting in a good share of his time. The Canners' Association paid for the chemicals, equipment and common labor. The investigation indicated that the application of 3¼ pounds of ferrous sulphate and 7¼ pounds of lime per 1,000 gallons of waste, followed by satisfactory sedimentation, will reduce the oxygen demand of pea cannery wastes approximately 75%. The initial cost of installing the necessary equipment for this treatment ranges from $2,000 to $2,800 for a two-line cannery and the cost of operation from $13.00 to $15.00 per day. Prior to commencement of the canning season of 1927, *nine additional chemical treatment plants were installed.* The Wisconsin Canners' Association *paid the salary and expenses* of one chemist to supervise the operation of these plants and the National Canners' Association detailed one of their chemists to the work. *A state man was also on the job* the majority of the time. The results of the work during the past summer indicate the necessity of certain modifications in our preliminary designs. The basic principles, however, are sound and, with minor modifications, it is believed the results indicated above will be substantially secured.

Work conducted last year with reference to disposal of sulphite waste liquor from paper mills, indicated that by aeration the oxygen demand can be reduced 50 to 75%. Further investigations are now being carried on but definite results are not yet available. Individual paper mills, however, are conducting several other experimental investigations *in order to develop processes which will permit complete recovery of these wastes and their entire elimination as a factor in stream pollution.*

Some other preliminary work has been done in regard to the treatment of industrial wastes. Those mentioned above, however, are the principal ones and no definite conclusions have been reached as to others.

Improvements Made

A CAREFUL survey of the situation to determine what definite improvements have been made indicates that the paper industry had spent up to January 1, 1927, *about $570,589 in equipment to prevent objectionable wastes* from discharging into the streams *and approxi-*

mately $22,900 in research work. The personnel furnished during the past summer in cooperation with the state involved an expenditure of about $5,000 and improvements now in progress will require about $69,000. Other industries have spent over $10,000, thus making a total expenditure in improving the conditions with reference to industrial waste disposal during the past two years somewhat over $600,000.

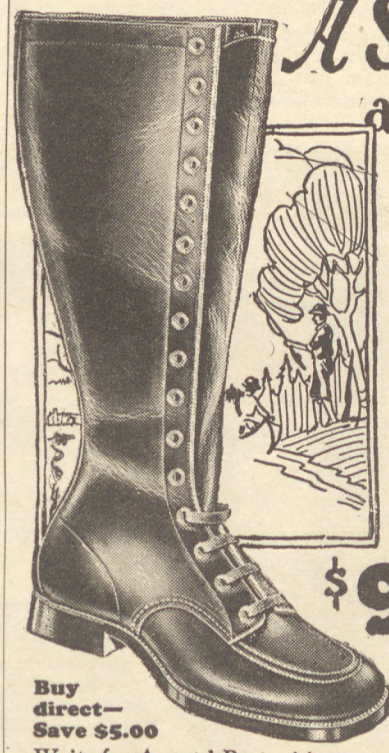
The Future

THE State Board of Health is continually urging municipalities to provide treatment of their sewage. While there is a growing sentiment favoring this movement, municipalities are slow in taking definite action because of the expenditure involved. *An active, aggressive and continuous campaign by every chapter of the Izaak Walton League in its own community would materially hasten the development of a public opinion that would demand the installation and continuous operation of an effective sewage treatment plant for every municipality. It seems hardly fair to industry to require them to install expensive methods for treating their wastes when the municipalities in which they are located are discharging untreated sewage into the streams.*

> "To clean our inland waters is, in my opinion, the greatest task ahead of us today."
>
> ***James Oliver Curwood***

If stream pollution is to be effectively controlled *a definite cooperative program with industry must be initiated.* Industry cannot be left out of the problem. *Municipalities must also do their part. The Izaak Walton League is doing wonderful work in developing public opinion. Its members should back this national program* with definite and constructive local activities in cooperation with local industries and officials also with state and federal officials having jurisdiction. *It must not be a radical, destructive program but a constructive one,* taking into consideration the practical and economical utilization of our streams *that industrial development be not unnecessarily curtailed but that recreational features be also retained for coming generations.* On the other hand *industry must realize the seriousness of the problem,* cooperate in its solution and both individually and collectively initiate aggressive and continuous programs to further reduce their wastes by utilization or so treat them that they do not cause objectionable stream pollution.

> *Ellis Parker Butler*
>
> Author of "Pigs is Pigs"
>
> writes us in regard to his story, JOSEPHUS AND THE JET HACKLE, which appeared in the September issue of Outdoor America—"John Held's pictures for my story were great. By the way, if I ever caught ***one*** trout like Josephus I would retire and spend the rest of my life bragging."



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Camping

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Wilderness Pests

MANUSCRIPT for a monthly magazine must be in the editor's hands so long before date of issue that seasonable articles should be written at least a year ahead.

One cannot write about current happenings in a camp and make them timely for the periodical that is to be read month after next. A record of one's daily life written as it is being lived is likely to be more spontaneous and interesting, as well as more truthful, than any retrospective account could possibly be. It is difficult to visualize accurately, while sweltering in August, all the sensations and impressions one has felt and received during a cold, stormy week in an October camp. For me it would be more than difficult; it would be impossible. That is my reason for offering the following remarks about mid-summer camping instead of confining myself to matters that pertain only to October.

Last month I told something of the vagabondish holiday I am enjoying up in Canada and about some of the makeshift conveniences that have added to my pleasure and comfort. This month I will continue along the same line but emphasize some experiences and experiments with that pestiferous torment, the bloodthirsty, sun-loving, stable fly.

Stable flies, at a distance, look something like house flies. They are about the same size and, though grayish in color, appear almost black. In habits, however, they differ radically and bear about the same relation to house flies that eagles do to buzzards. House flies are filthy, loathsome scavengers but stable flies seem to have little or no liking for carrion or garbage. Apparently they want but three things: fresh blood, a mate and a warm place in the sun.

In the north they are called "dog flies." Where horses and cows are scarce, dogs are their chief prey and, from the middle of July until ice forms on the ponds, they surely do make life miserable for every northern dog, especially those that are tied in the open air.

This year stable flies appeared at my camp the first week in July. Since then I have devoted some parts of every sunny day to swatting them.

My swatter is made from an oblong piece of inner-tube rubber, five by seven inches in size, inserted in a cleft split in the end of a tamarac stick, one inch in diameter and twelve inches long. Through this two shingle nails are driven and, to assure permanent alignment, I bound it, near the end, with a wire pipe-cleaner that passed around the stick and through two holes punched in the rubber. Evidently the fuzzy covering on the wires prevents them from cutting as this swatter has been in active service for more than a month and is still good as ever.

When a fly is resting on some fragile object or fabric that a blow from this swatter would demolish, I kill it with a sort of single-barrelled slingshot made by fastening a strip of rubber, six inches long and one-quarter inch wide, to the end of a stick that is also six inches long and less than half an inch thick. The suddenness with which this auxiliary weapon ends a fly's career is astonishing. Death by a blow from the "regular" swatter is nearly always instantaneous but, compared with the work of the "slingshot," it actually seems slow.

Murdo Gibson

camping Editor of OUTDOOR AMERICA *is one of the most ardent and thorough woodsmen we know. Murdo Gibson is glad to correspond with the readers of his department and to answer all manner of inquiries as to camping and every phase of life in the open.*

Stable flies are very quick starters so a swatter-blow aimed directly at a resting fly is almost sure to miss. My plan is to strike as if I intended to hit them with the end of the *stick* instead of the rubber. When they are especially active, even this method is a trifle too slow. Then I hold the swatter in both hands, as if it were a slingshot. By putting tension on it I get a spring-like release that is too quick for the fastest stable fly to escape from.

Although proficiency is soon acquired, there is just enough skill involved in these two methods of fly-swatting, to give it the zest of a game. Didn't some English king become so fascinated by this form of "sport" that he neglected the nation's business to indulge in it?

Give the restless youngster two swatters like those just described and he is likely to become so absorbed in hunting flies that an otherwise tedious day will seem too short to suit him. Older persons too, who wish to divert their minds from unpleasant thoughts for a while, can find in this occupation a certain relaxation and mental oblivion that may be of great benefit.

Aside from the fun that may or may not be derived from flyswatting I have often proved that it is usually possible to rid a campsite, near which there are no domestic animals, of *every* fly in the vicinity. To do this requires a little observation and planning, but that, also, is interesting. I have tried to learn the stable fly's preferences in the matters of color, food, fabrics, odors and ventilation, but find so many exceptions and qualifications to every conclusion arrived at that I do not feel competent at present to make many dogmatic assertions concerning them.

The best way I know of for the holiday camper to exterminate the local stable flies, is to prepare good swatting surfaces at all points around camp that the flies seem to like. These will change according to sunlight, wind, weather, temperature and time of year but it is easy to observe the best places at any given time. A woolen blanket, hung in the sunshine near the fire, is irresistible to them.

Early in the season, stable flies are seldom seen on the tent roof. Later, ninety per cent, or more, will attempt to spend the nights and cool, cloudy days there. At such times it is easy for the early rising camper to scrape the benumbed and dormant flies into a pan or bag and cremate them before they become active enough to escape. This, of course, must be done before the fire is lighted and it is possible only on frosty mornings, the earlier the better.

Another "Tent Dweller" who we trust is as contented in his wilderness home as is Murdo Gibson.

As stable flies are not troublesome after sundown, I attract them into the tent during the evening by leaving the front open and allowing the campfire heat to enter. This should be done before the first hint of evening chill is felt, because most stable flies retire before sunset and, if the tent is not then available, they will seek refuge elsewhere and become torpid until the air is warm again.

When fully dressed in sturdy clothes, one will not be bothered much by stable flies. They seldom attack the face, neck or hands of humans. Most of their work is from the knees down. For this reason I get the legs of my summer overalls at least two inches longer than those of my town trousers. The extra length gives good protection to one's ankles, when not wearing high boots.

Black flies, sand flies and mosquitoes detest and avoid fire but stable flies are attracted by it. They generally leave the campsite when the fire dies. They also love the company of human beings and other domestic animals and seldom linger around deserted buildings. I have often left a fly-infested camp after dinner and returned late in the afternoon to find that all the stable flies had disappeared.

Late in the fall one may see but few stable flies the first night in camp but, if not exterminated, their number will increase day by day in arithmetical progression until they become a veritable plague to anyone with such work as writing, reading or sewing to do. Far better to swat them as soon as they arrive and avoid the swarms.

When stable flies follow one's canoe, they torment the paddlers by biting them at the most inaccessible spots. It is a good plan to stop the canoe about a hundred yards from shore and swat, or drive away, every one, before proceeding.

A hundred yards is a little too far for flies to venture out from shore but is not too far for those who find the canoe unhealthy and wish to depart therefrom. If the distance seems too great, they will find security under gunwales, thwarts and decks until the disturbance has quieted down and the paddlers too busy to prevent a resumption of their bloody assaults.

If rubber, suitable for a swatter, is not available, an excellent substitute can be made by wrapping together, near the butts, a bunch of straight, tough, slender switches about two feet long. Balsam boughs also are good for this purpose but, of course, they don't last very long.

Campers generally like to hear stories of other persons' experiences in the woods so perhaps the reader will be interested in one that I had with stable flies.

Early in August, just nine years ago, when camped on a beautiful island in a large, northern lake, my camp was visited by the biggest swarm of stable flies I ever saw or heard of.

The day had been oppressively hot so, when I had returned from my work of timber-estimating, I immediately disrobed for a cooling plunge in the lake.

Just as the last garment had been removed I heard a loud, buzzing roar that seemed to come from all directions at once and, on looking up, I saw the cause. Millions of stable flies had decided to spend the night with us and the air was full of those that had come too late to find a warm, sunny spot to light on. This may seem strange to the reader but in less than a minute after the swarm arrived the sunny side of every tree, trunk, limbs and twig was solidly encrusted with flies. On the outside of our bright-red canoe there was not room for a single additional fly but I noticed that there were few on the varnished surface of the interior.

You've tracked him since daylight. You know he's a big one. Such tracks! Must be a lot of buck on top of those hoofs! Then you jump him in the thick green stuff. Crash! Crash! Boy—how he can break the brush—there he goes! Get on that flag and SHOOT!

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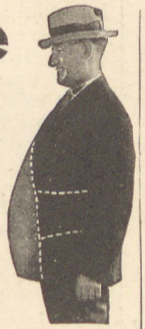

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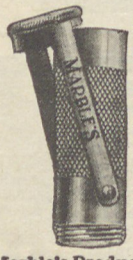

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This gave me the idea of using the canoe to rid the camp of our unwelcome visitors. I decided to export them to another island, kill or frighten away every one that sailed with me and then return for another cargo. For a few trips, the plan seemed to promise success, but, by the time my assistant had supper ready, we could detect no decrease in the visible supply. Unloading my deadhead passengers was hard and fast work but loading was easy. Twice as many flies as I had painted surface for, would rush out and light on the canoe before I could get within fifty feet of shore, so all I had to do then was turn around and paddle back to the place of execution.

Fortunately, our tents were pitched well back from the water's edge. Otherwise we would have been forced to the shelter of our bed-canopies before dark. As it was, the excitement compensated, in a measure, for the temporary annoyance.

Just at daybreak next morning I was awakened by the same kind of buzzing roar that had announced the arrival of the flies. It didn't last long and, as there was not yet light enough to see what was going on, I dozed back to await the cook's stentorian invitation to "roll out." On arising, I could see that a good big half of the flies had gone away so we concluded that the buzzing noise at dawn was caused by their departure. But there were millions of them left; far too many for us to kill by any means we could think of, so after breakfast we packed the outfit and moved to another campsite, miles away.

Since that day I have asked many old woodsmen if they had ever seen or heard of a like visitation. None of them had. So far as I know now, the experience is unique.

The two persons, besides myself, who have read any part of the diary I am keeping at my present camp, are both readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA and they expressed the wish that I continue to publish extracts from it. Although the incidents and thoughts recorded therein are neither exciting nor profound, yet they may be of some interest to those Waltonians who love the outdoor life but cannot live it.

July 8th—"Found a dead birch about five inches thick so I now have plenty of bark for kindling fires. There are numerous young birches growing in this vicinity but they are thrifty looking and I don't want to cut or peel them. It is quite possible that the shore frontage in this locality will, some day, be used by summer cottagers so I try to do no cutting, except that which will improve the appearance of the place and cause the remaining trees to grow faster and more symmetrically. I treat these surroundings as if I owned them and intended to spend the rest of my life here.

"In Port Arthur I bought one of those wire grates or grids, that are meant to be used for supporting utensils over a cooking fire. I have never used it for that purpose but, as a warming shelf, it has become almost indispensable. It stands about two feet from the front edge of the fire and foods placed on it remain at just the right temperature for eating, with no danger of either scorching or upsetting. It is so useful that I have almost decided to include one in my back-packing kit. More than that I couldn't say about any contrivance.

"I would like to bring this 'grate' idea—no pun—to the attention of all north country loggers whose crews have to 'dinner out' in winter. Have the blacksmith make one, of suitable size and strength, with folding legs that can be driven firmly into frozen earth. Set it up in front of the lunch fire and put the grub kettles on it. The second helping will then be as piping hot as the first, even on the coldest day. It may be the means of preventing some good men from 'jumping' to a camp that 'dinners in.' This may not be new stuff but I never happened to see a grate used by a logging outfit, for that purpose, and I know it is entirely practical."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Murdo Gibson writes us that he was interrupted while attempting to finish this month's article by a violent thunder, rain and wind storm. In the delightfully interesting and primitive camp which is sheltering him, of which he told us last month, it is easy to realize that it would be quite impossible to calmly continue writing in a severe storm. Mr. Gibson also writes, "I am thinking seriously of living a nomadic, camping existence for an indefinite length of time, all winter and through next spring at any rate. I love the life and it is good for me. I *belong* in the woods and feel my best only when in them." It would seem that Mr. Gibson has the courage which many of us lack with the same convictions. If he carries out his plan, his monthly account of his experiences will be intensely interesting.

SOME DO AND SOME DON'T Agree with All Murdo Gibson's Ideas. Whether You Do or Don't, Write and Tell Him.

REGULARLY, when my copy of OUTDOOR AMERICA comes, I turn first to Murdo Gibson's page and read that. Murdo and I are neighbors, and sometimes we swap lies on camping experiences. There are times when I agree with what he says, and then again there are not. For instance, take his article on What Shall We Need in the Woods, in the July issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

His discussion of the different types of canoes: canvas covered, wood, plywood and birch. In my opinion there is not much use talking about the birch; it is a thing of the past anyway, and no one would use it if he could get anything else. It was, to be sure, the best the Indian could make with materials at hand, and he is to be commended on the adeptness he showed. It served him very well, but I noticed as soon as he could raise the money for a canvas covered craft he discarded birch. It is heavy, clumsy, gets waterlogged, paddles hard, is a wind catcher, and has to be eased over a portage like a basket of eggs, or there is a job of sucking along the seams to find the holes, and then another job of pitching these cracks to be done. Someone once wrote that the two distinctive creations of the northern Indian—the birch and the snowshoe—were the highest form of implements for their work. That is pure bunk. They were the best he could evolve, limited by the materials at hand, but they are far from perfection, especially the canoe. To the Indian made snowshoe, however, I'll take off my hat.

Canvas covered canoes are good, particularly in that they can be repaired quickly. They will stand much, and they are used more extensively than any other type. Once, going into the Barren Lands, north from Cumberland House, we had a flotilla of canoes, all canvas covered, and I think 90 per cent of the Crees of that region use that type. But, incidentally, the birch trees there aren't gone. Once, at Fort Albany, on Hudson's Bay, I saw at least a hundred canoes upturned on the bank, and all of them were canvas covered, gaudily painted. And so it goes. The nicest canoe that I ever paddled was a smooth sided,

wood boat of cedar strips, built by an old Finn at Winton, Minnesota. He used to make a few once in a while. It was the best balanced for carrying, lightest for its strength, slipperiest in the water, fastest, and in every way the most thorough piece of workmanship I ever saw in canoes. Unfortunately, he's dead. If he could have built these canoes for the market he'd have had real woodscrafters making a path to his door. I think the wood canoe is smoother and has less friction than the canvas. It is better to ease over a shallow beaver dam, but a deep scratch on a jagged boulder makes a permanent injury. Not so with a canvas covered. The plywood looks well, is light and slips smoothly, when new. But a sharp cut will break the outer veneer and expose the inner to water, swelling them, softening the glue and ultimately spoiling the craft. Such breaks are hard to mend, I've used them and found that out. They make leeway, too, as I have discovered.

If one lays on the flat of the canoe, outside the canvas, parallel with the keel and about two inches apart, two or three longitudinal strips of cedar on each side, he will find the danger of cutting or wearing the canvas is much diminished and the weight of the boat is not noticeably increased. These strips should be, say, 3/8" thick and 1.5 to 1.75" wide, should be thoroughly oiled, laid in white lead and riveted with copper nails, or rivets.

Tents: I once had a little silkoline two-man A with a floor, 5x6 ft. and 6.5 ft. high. Very light and very nice; but I wanted more room. So I sewed up the door end, cut out the floor—floors are unnecessary in a country where there are no poisonous reptiles—lifted one side and put the floor material in as gores at the ends, and there I had a tent weighing five or six pounds that would sleep comfortably four men and that could be erected between a couple of handy trees and no poles, in three or four minutes. And the trees didn't have to be so very handy, either. It is the best thing of the kind I know of. To be sure, it is not so good if one is afraid of mosquitoes, though netting can easily be arranged for it. Chilly nights, with a fire in front, it has all the advantages of a reflector oven. I have a wall tent, but never have used it since this other was rebuilt. A cheesecloth bed canopy is very nice; if for use outside the tent it should be a box to be held up by four twigs and a spring pole to the center, and it should always have a tight floor. Mosquitoes lurk in the ground and low foliage.

Packs: I agree with Murdo Gibson in his estimate of a certain pack designed fifty years ago by a Frenchman in Minnesota. It is the very best to be had; it is almost universally so regarded by men who know it, even into the far north and on the Pacific slope. In my early days when packsacks were not so common and the lumberjacks used grain sack "turkeys," we used to go into the woods with a blanket sack, and it is good today. A tump line was provided, it was a leather strap, 16 to 18 feet long, tapering to the ends and widened at the middle for a foot or more to two inches or so; this was laid on the blanket properly folded, the impediments were piled in the center, the blanket rolled and the line tightened and tied securely, with two feet or so of the broad center out as a headpiece. It rode soft and high up, if made right. The whole secret is the manner of folding the blanket. In those days we didn't think of a shoulder strap for a pack, that was a later invention for the use of the tenderfoot. Shoulder straps are very nice to ease the load, and most packsacks have

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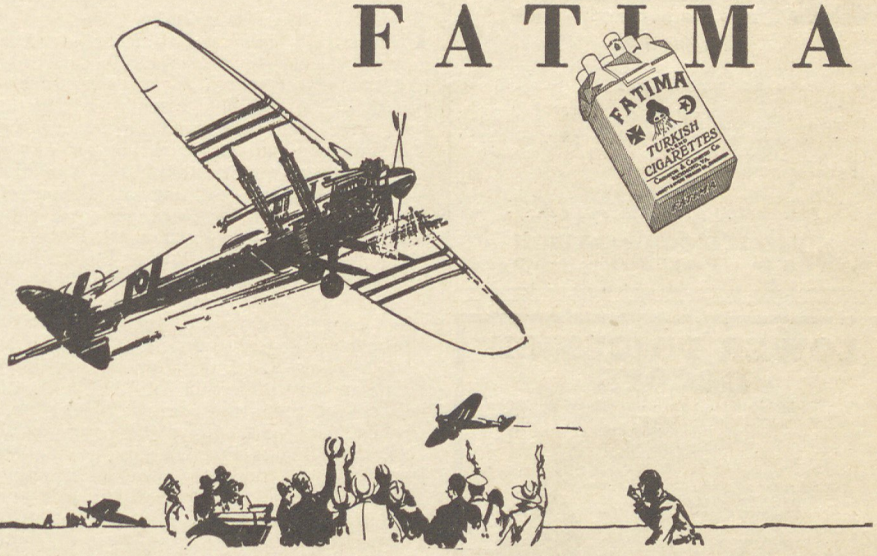

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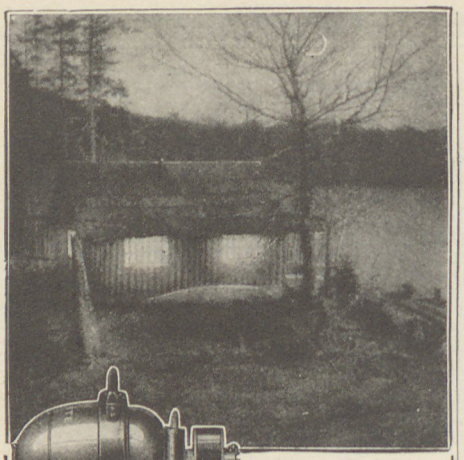

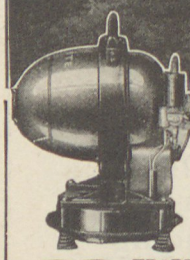

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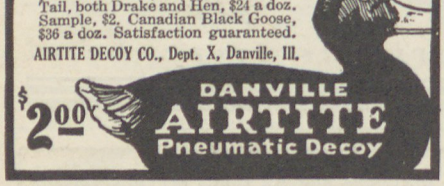

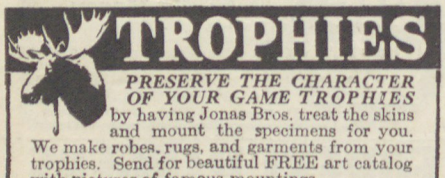

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them, and should. For myself, I seldom use them, even when provided. There is this advantage in using the headstrap, it strengthens the neck muscles so that if a man ever is to be hung he'll probably live through the experience, none the worse.

Bedding: I also agree with Murdo Gibson as to the great value of the real eiderdown robe, and by real I mean one made from the soft down of the eider duck and none other, as the best thing for all year, even summer, in the north. I don't think they are as common as they are said to be. They cost far too much for the casual camper along the fringe of civilization. If he cannot sleep comfortably in the water or on pebbles and boulders, he better have the air blanket, though it means carrying a pump for good results. A man wants to be as comfortable as he can in the woods, and it is no sign of a good woodsman to disregard these little conveniences, quite the contrary.

—Dwight E. Woodbridge.

Camping Time

By EDITH MAGNA

I HAVE been camping a good many years now but each time it is as a new experience—even packing to get ready has the joyous thrill of an adventure—you pick up an old sweater used only at such times and the mind reverts to the last time you had it on, perhaps it was a fishing trip and your thoughts vision the Moose River, or—hunting at Penobscot Pond and you remember the good shot you made to bring down a partridge.

So you pack and start. The feeling that you are bound for camp holds a sense of relaxation that you cannot have when boarding a train for a business trip. The arrival at camp is just as exciting as it was years ago, and there is an inner hurry to get into your old clothes—and better feel the atmosphere I say "old" clothes but many times they are quite new, nevertheless the changing is another step that puts one into the real camping frame of mind. At last when you and your guide are ready, you unconsciously assume the attitude—"I am part of these woods—I now belong," a mental state which in no way could be acquired were you in stiff "city" clothes. Perhaps it is just this relaxation of mind that makes men feel the fishing urge every year though many would say it is the actual fishing itself. Sometimes I doubt it, for granted the best fishing were in Central Park, the reservations would still be made for the Maine fishing camps.

It is the getting away—the urge to do something different. Some call it the love of outdoor sport—some, the love of nature but after all it is finding one's self in a place one longs to be—no matter the objective.

Then the fishing rods and flies—or if hunting—the guns—and after two weeks of such vacationing, whether successful or not, as fisherman or hunter, one returns to one's allotted task literally "better and wiser men" or women.

One's soul is better for the life in the open. One's heart is happier for the memory of the sound of rapid water, the song of birds, the click of a reel, or the snap of a shot. The play hours of man make the work hours lighter. The old sweater is tenderly folded away and you sigh for those happy hours, then smile, for subconsciously, you know that about the first of May, the old clothes will again be brought out and packed—to do it all over again.

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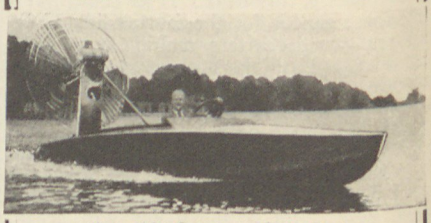

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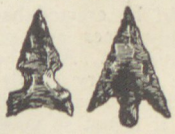

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Tribute to William B. Kemp

By P. R. Blodgett

Director Illinois Division

WILLIAM B. KEMP was an outstanding figure in the affairs of a great national organization, which has for its aim the saving of outdoor America. He was a real sportsman and a true Waltonian. We cannot render too much tribute to his untiring energy, to his steadfastness of purpose, and to his unswerving loyalty to the cause of conservation.

William B. Kemp was the first President of the Will County Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America, and for the past two years its Secretary. He has been the State Secretary of the Illinois Division of the League since its formation. During the past five years he has devoted practically all of his time to the preservation of his beloved out-of-doorland. The greater part of the time he has served without any financial remuneration. What he has received in the last few months has been trifling compared to the things he has accomplished.

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Oblivious of everything else in his devotion to service for the cause, he worked for others. No thought of reward, no thought of self had any place in the direction of his activities. He loved the League and all it symbolized. To further its influence and to enhance its value to the nation were the aims uppermost in his mind. So intense was his application to service that he fell a victim to an insidious organic malady and an operation performed to relieve this condition was without avail. Before most of us knew that he was seriously ill, he had been called to report to his Supreme Commander. Up until the very last, he carried on the duties of his office.

He was a volunteer in this great civilian army which is fighting to save fast-vanishing America, to stop the pollution of our waters, to halt the destruction of our forests and marshlands, and to compel restitution where at all possible. He died like a soldier. He died in the saddle, fighting to the last in his service for this great cause. His was the spirit of the crusader, the courage of the pioneer, the militant determination of the patriotic American.

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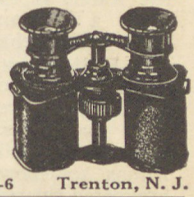

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The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments by O. W. Smith

Just Warming Up

Here is a letter from a man not in search of information, not asking anything; that's unusual, not to say unique, merely to say "howdy and the Red Gods bless you, Old Top." Well, that IS refreshing. Think I can lay a pretty straight line after that, and if I get a rise I'm sure I'll hook him.

With the Autumnal Bass

THE fringed gentian is in bloom. Know what that means? It's the time of the year when Brothers Small and Largemouth have taken unto themselves pep plus and are hungry as well as scrappy. No coaxing now; if they are there and feeding, they will strike all right. Forever commend me to Autumnal bass.

When Jack Frost flies over the earth, sowing diamonds broadcast, painting the trees purple, yellow and gold, with a lavishness of color only he can equal, then comes the modest, retiring fringed gentian, hidden away in some nook generally. Just why this flower should wait until Autumn chill hints of hard freezes, and even there are a few vagrant flakes seen in the air, is hard to understand. The fringed gentian is beautiful enough to grace the table in a king's banquet hall, indeed too beautiful for that, but not too beautiful to lay above a pair of bronze-back warriors that fought till every ounce of strength was gone, surrendering at the last because unable to fight longer but still not vanquished. I can think of no flower so worthy to grace this regal fighter, as this fairest of Autumn's blossoms. Why this flower with the heart of the sky in its cup should be a concomitant of Autumn coloration is beyond me, but I am glad it is so. Gold and red above, bluest of blue flowers below, and scrappy bass in the water, if that isn't a combination to make a Waltonite rave in his sleep I don't know what would.

It matters little what the angler's preferred method of fishing—live-bait, plugs or flies, all are acceptable to the bass. Now that the zest and tang of Autumn has scented and vivified the atmosphere, it has somehow entered the water, impregnated the fish with new spirit and life. There is as much difference between a smallmouth in October and in Dog Days as there is between a bass and a perch. I am speaking of ordinary waters. Of course in the cold lakes of the north, when water never warms overly much, there the fish do not become logy and lazy. We all know how unsatisfactory fishing is in mid-summer sometimes, the only good hours being those early in the morning or again at evening. Now, however, there is little need to get out too early, for the bass are not the early risers they were two months ago. Just when the sun first kisses the twinkling water with slanting rays is about the best time, though I have had wonderful sport at mid-day. If you live near a lake in which the bass have been "off their feed" for some weeks, better visit once more, just at a chance, you know.

A friend of mine writes that he went into the far north for two weeks, fishing hard, here, there and everywhere: fishing early and late on river and lake: spending money lavishly for guide and boats, but all to no purpose. In fact he says that he traveled several hundred miles, spent two hundred dollars, fished thirty different waters and caught just three bass! The 20th of October he visited a little lake near his home town and caught three bass in a half hour whose combined weight was a few ounces better than ten pounds. Had been out three times when I heard from him last and had taken three fish on each trip. You see, he is one of those fellows who is satisfied to quit while the fishing is good, a real Waltonian. Think, he got better fishing at home than he did on his vacation.

It is altogether possible that had he visited one of those northern lakes in October he would have had better luck, but the truth of the matter is the home waters are often not as heavily fished as are the distant ones. There's a reason too. In mid-summer the fishing is poor in all lakes, and one will be tempted to believe them fished out, and it is just as well to foster that superstition, for often superstition it is. These are the days when our home fishing is at its best, these days when frost lies white upon the ground in the morning, crunching beneath our feet with a sound that brings thoughts of winter. Wait until Old Sol has licked up the imitation snow, then set forth with fly-rod and flies, or with the old stand-by, casting-rod and multiplying winch.

I have a pet conviction that plugs offer the best bet to the angler ambitious to take fish, though I will not wager a cent on the proposition. I have had wonderful luck with feather-minnows and bass-bugs, or near-fly lures of that sort. Few anglers handle 'em with utmost skill, slapping and banging altogether too much. Now it is just as suicidal to cast too much as not to cast at all. Watch a home water when the boys get out in force. Every bass seeks cover in the deepest holes and most inaccessible weed-tangles. Who can wonder? With all the racket and splashing going on on the surface. Many a "fished-out" home lake is merely a water in which the bass have been scared to death.

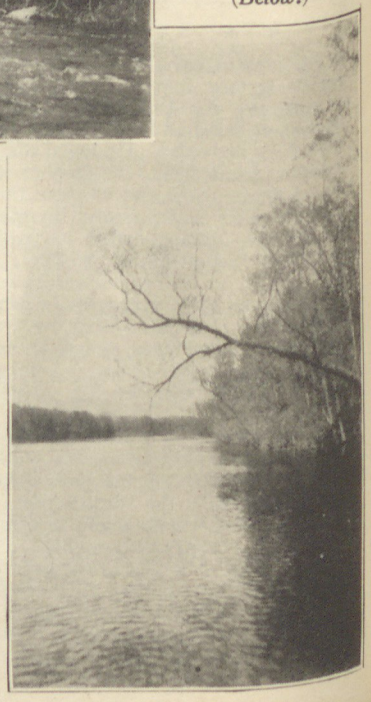
The proper way to handle feather-minnows and lures of that ilk, and plugs too, is not to overdo it. We fish not wisely but too much. If you can find the lake without a crowd of ambitious anglers seeking to make as many casts per five minutes as possible, and will steal quietly along the shore, just casting length away from the weed-bed or grass, and send your feather-minnow in *quietly*, letting it rest quiescent for a minute or two, then with gentle jerks bring it in, you may

Where the small mouth hang out.

When either the small or large mouth species performs like this, who can say which is the gamer? What do YOU say?

Home of the large mouth.

(Below.)



get a rise. After years of angling I have come to the conclusion that a single cast, made with utmost care and understanding, is worth a dozen noisy splashes sent any-old-place. There are few lures so satisfactory as those of the feather-minnow, bass-bug type, and I am classing all under those heads. Only, don't expect Lady Luck to do it all, you must know a few things yourself. I am surprised that so many anglers think those fly-rod lures are for spring and summer fishing only: I have found them even more successful in golden Autumn days.

I think I said in a preceding paragraph that I preferred the plug for Autumn fishing, and I guess that's right, I do. I like the increased action it gives, and on a frosty Autumn morning, the breath of approaching winter in your face, action is welcome. There is something about the attack of a bass, when a floating plug is the object of his anger or appetite, whichever it is that actuates him, that gets my goat. While there are times when one is forced to the conviction that the splashing of the lure is its attention-arresting quality, still in Autumn, after months of fishing, I am quite certain there is a better method than making too much noise. As I have already remarked, the bass have become suspicious of the splashing lures. They have been "plugged to death."

As recommended for the fly-rod lures, steal along as quietly as possible. If you have a boatman, select a deaf mute, one acquainted intimately with the shore line, its sinuosities, and character. Don't stretch the cast. The temptation is always to see how far we can throw, not how well. Move along within easy casting distance, splashing as little as possible, talking not at all. Oh, I know that fish "can't hear conversation" and all that, but —send your lure only into the most likely spots. If a rise does not immediately take place, do not conclude no fish are present, retrieve and cast again. Wait a moment or two. More, maybe. Invoke your soul. Note the sparkle of the frost on those red leaves over there. See that frugal muskrat, mouth full of green stuff, parting the water as he swims eagerly homeward. Forget the fishing, it isn't of much importance anyway. There, that will do. Now jump the lure with a couple of short jerks. That's right. Wait a second, and repeat. If nothing happens, begin to reel home, but if your lake is any good at all, you will have something on.

It will be objected that the thing won't work out in practice. How do you know? Did you ever try it out thoroughly? You are an angler, a fisherman, and you have never honestly let time slip unregardfully by because you have been too eager to take fish. When fish become the end of fishing, the only object, we overdo the thing. Just because that has become our habit we find it woefully difficult to stay our hand, to wait, to dream, to forget fish, in our surroundings. If we but regard bass as a by-product of fishing, we will take bass. This whole thing is like life itself. When we start out, saying, "I will be happy," we end up in misery. But when we forget happiness in work, in trying to bring happiness to others, lo, we find the very thing we had thought beyond our grasp. I am a crank, right. I believe that four casts an hour, well placed, well considered, never hurried, will bring greater "net results" than will much fishing, unmixed with brains and fishful wisdom.

The short Autumn days, hot at noon, cold with the going down of the sun, are delightful and rewardful for the angler who knows, who can appreciate his surroundings whether or not there is a bass

20 *minutes to sunrise — —*

and the blind is across the lake. It's a great morning —just nippy enough. Thanks to your Johnson you can enjoy it.

As you glide through the dawn mists — easily, swiftly—you recall the rowing and paddling effort of former trips. *Man!* your Johnson's a wonder. It's getting you there—and it's going to bring you back —*in relaxed comfort.*

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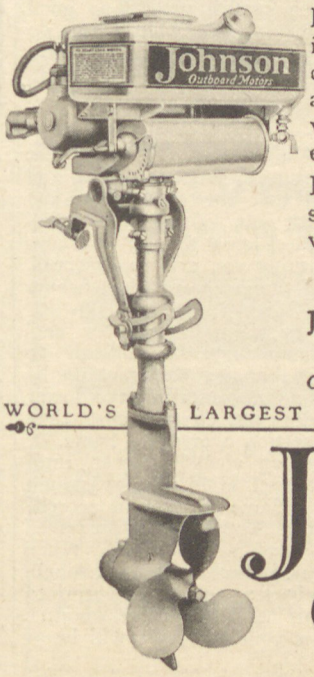

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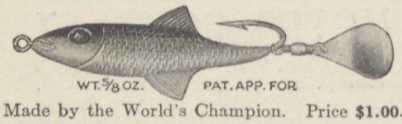

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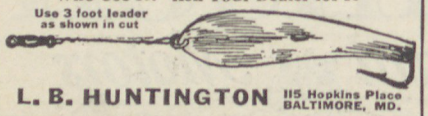


L. B. HUNTINGTON 115 Hopkins Place BALTIMORE, MD.

looking his way. I like the man who becomes so enamoured of the wonder and glory of the Open, the tang of the frost-impregnated atmosphere, that he forgets what he is on the water to do. Just because the slant-wings are coming down out of the north, and bob-white are calling from the southland, do not neglect Autumn fishing. Just to build a smelly wood-fire under the trees alongside the water, and spit a bass a la nature, ah, that is living!

* * *

ANGLING BOOKS

THIS is a pretty good time to stock up on angling books, evenings are growing longer, and there's winter just ahead. The man who does not know the joy of an open fire-place, a pan of red-cheeked apples, and a good book, has missed half the joy of angling. Fireside angling is most enjoyable. There is no limit to the catch, in numbers or size. I would not highly recommend the how-to books for true enjoyment, they induce controversy and argument. The book I prefer is the one that brings the outdoors in, makes the reader hear the thrum of the line and the song of the reel. Modern writers are too how-to for me. I want the old books, the writers of a day that was, who fished not for fish, but for a good time, and took their good time with them. Find an old angling book, like "I Go A-Fishing," or Walton's "Compleat Angler," and dip here and there, reading a bit, dreaming some, anticipating more. Stock up the angling library, Brother, do.

* * *

FLY-FISHES FOR SUNFISH AND SETS HIS ROD

Rise No. 1:

Dear O. W.—Your article, "Fly-Fishing For Sunfish," came at just the right time for me. I went sun-fishing on July 4th with a fly outfit and had exceptionally good luck. Got 25 large sunnies on a No. 12 Coachman, fishing from 10 A. M. until noon, and had lots of sport. I waded about knee-deep along the shores of a weedy lake and fished with the wind, which was just strong enough to ripple the water. Allow me to express my appreciation of your timely article, which brought me one of the most pleasant fishing trips I have had in many a year. Your "dope" on sunfish proved so good I am minded to ask you what I can do for a badly bent fly-rod joint? Have used the rod for 12 years.—M. B. J., Amarillo, Tex.

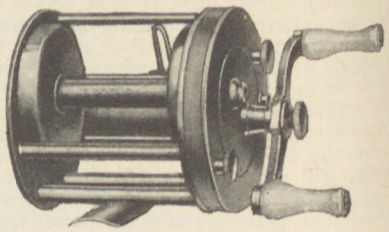
The Strike:

Naturally I am greatly pleased that you found the sunfish article so good, and doubly pleased that the method worked out so well with you. You certainly had great good luck. I know the day beat anything in bait-fishing you ever experienced, and I have nothing against bait-fishing either.

Now to the matter of the bent, or "set" rod-joint. Should not be difficult to straighten. Try hanging the joint up by the tip, attaching a weight to the lower end. If that does not effect a cure, then hold the bent section over a gas flame, or the flame from an alcohol burner, until the wood is hot, hot! Hold just far enough away from the flame to prevent scorching the enamel. You will be surprised how hot the wood will become. When thoroughly heated, heated clean through, bend the joint back; you will be surprised to see how "soft" and pliable the wood is. Let cool. Now your rod-joint will be as good as new.—O. W.

A Longer Season FOR YOU

A few feet more on each cast and a greater number of casts each day because of the freer action of Wilson Level Wind reels, will actually increase the length of your fishing season. Three models to choose from—Powell—Wilsonian—Crest. **Ask your dealer.**



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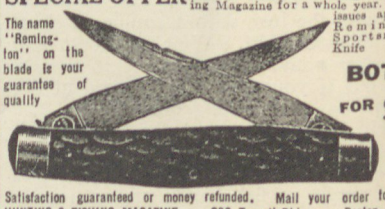

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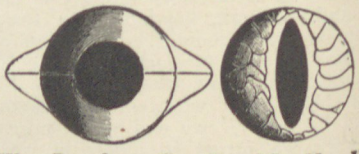

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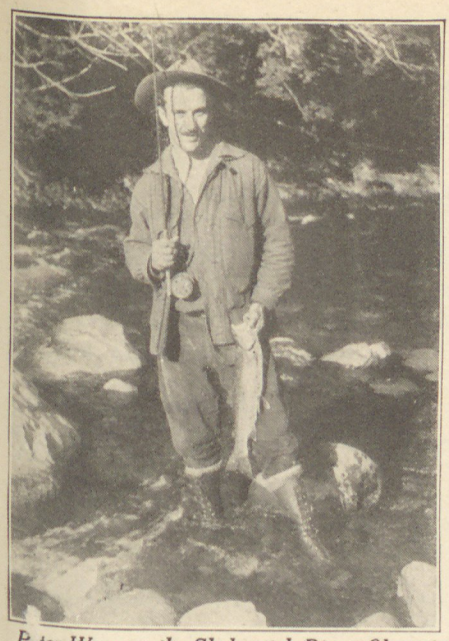

Peter Wyss on the Skokomish River, Olympic Mountains, Washington.

What Sort of Trout Is He Holding?

GOOD TROUT FISHING ON THE SKOKOMISH RIVER

Rise No. 2:

Dear O. W.—Last week-end was spent on the South Fork of the Skokomish River, the most beautiful fly stream I ever saw. Wide, long gravel bars for miles, with beautiful riffles running four to six feet deep at the head. Ideal places for those great two pounders. Spent an hour and a half Saturday evening fishing and took five, the smallest, a rainbow of 14 inches that went a pound and three-quarters; the remainder were of the variety shown in the photograph, which by the way was the first caught, and went better than 2 pounds. The rainbow won all honors by a large margin, leaving the water five times during the first few minutes of battle, and after making a successful escape from the dip-net, left the water three more times, losing his freedom by only a small margin. After he evaded the net and ripped off 10 yards of line, leaving the water for the sixth time, I let out a war-whoop that would have put an Indian to shame. Guess you know the joy of such a fight. The last two leaps were made in only ten inches of water. May the Eternal move our stupid Game Commissioners to do something to prolong this sort of fishing, instead of thinking in terms of commercial fishing, for we have salmon hatcheries and salmon protection, but not enough attention paid to game fishing.—P. W., Wash.

The Strike:

Dear Peter—No need to tighten line on you for you are well hooked. Yes, I know the joy of such a battle as you so graphically describe, but usually the victory remains with the fish. I am going to leave the readers to hazard a guess as to the variety of trout you are holding in the photograph. By the way, to my notion the rainbow is the best fly-fish that swims and I regret exceedingly that in some states sufficient attention is not being paid to restocking streams with them. On

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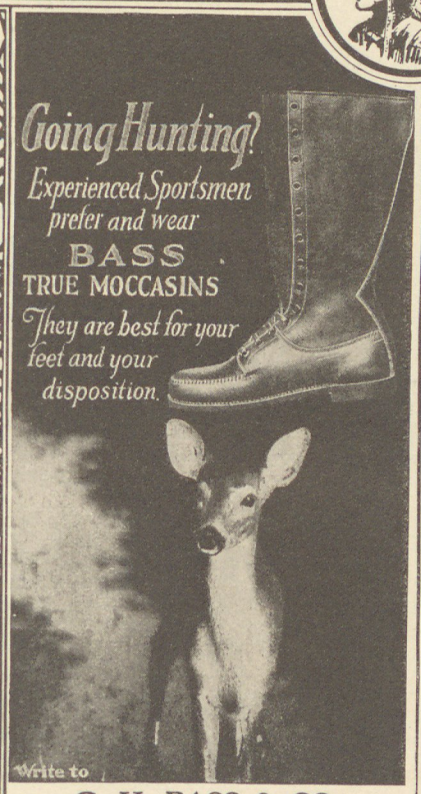

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BEAN'S NEW LEATHER HAT

Especially designed for Hunting and Fishing. Made of mahogany elk leather, same as my winter sports cap. Also plain olive green elk for duck hunting. Brim is 2½ inches wide with green underneath that relieves eye strain and keeps snow and rain out of back of neck.

Weighs only 5½ ounces. Can be rolled for packing. Has windshield, sweatband and red ear-laps. Red or mahogany band. Price, $3.65 postpaid. Write for free CATALOG and sample of hat, band and ear-laps.

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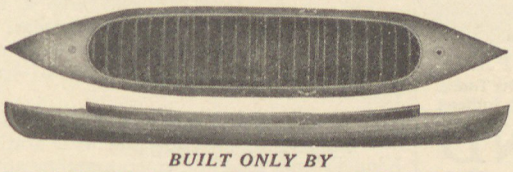

These autumn days are duck days—will you get your share? You can, if you use this light, fast, easy-to-handle Kidney Boat. Safe and reliable—a true hunting skiff in every way.

Built of white cedar and oak; draws little water; flat bottom; 18 to 20 inches wide. Painted dead grass color. Made in 4 sizes. Standard for 45 years.

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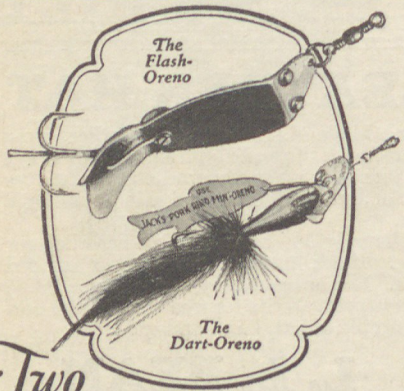

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9508 QUINCY AVE. CLEVELAND OHIO

Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

Nineteenth National Tournament

Braddon of Cleveland wins all around championship.

THE Annual National Tournament of the Association was held at Detroit, Sept. 2, 3, 4, 5, in connection with the Michigan State Fair.

The State Fair had provided a large square pool, 150 feet in length, with a platform on each side and also facilities for distance bait casting. These were secured by L. C. Morrison of the local club and will be used as its casting pool. During the Fair many were attracted to the pool to watch and without doubt this large attendance will result in a big increase of membership of the Detroit club.

Casting conditions were not at the best owing to light shifting winds but nevertheless the Distance Bait games were the best ever cast. While but one record was broken, the average casting was far superior to that of recent years, showing the intense interest in this branch of the game. Walter Newcomb, of Buffalo, casting 15 feet ahead of his nearest competitor, Sutter of Chicago, with White of Illinois, third, won the ¼ oz. Distance Bait easily.

In the ¼ oz. Accuracy, Braddon tied with Sutter, 99.5%, the Cleveland man winning the cast-off. Vong and Mitchell each cast 6 off with Peters in third place with 99.3.

Three men tied for first in the Accuracy Fly, but Braddon won over his competitors, Sutter and Peters.

The Distance Fly, 5¾ oz. rod, proved to be a duel between Behnen and Braddon, Columbus beating Cleveland by 1 foot. Jack Schwinn was a good third with 99⅓ feet. There was but little helping wind.

All the casters seemed to have a slump in the ½ oz. Accuracy, as the best score was 99.4 by Braddon who was three points ahead of the second place man. Only five were 99% or better.

The ½ oz. Distance Bait was a real contest. Newcomb made a long cast of 306½ feet but White cast consistently and put five through for an average of 273.4 feet.

Vong, his club mate, beat Foss for second place by a small margin, with Mathie, Kinnear and Braddon close together about ten feet behind.

The Salmon was quite easy for Braddon who averaged 144 feet, but Sutter made the long cast of 148 feet. The ⅝ oz. Distance was one of the most interesting of all the events. In this Lou Hurst cast an average of 224.8 feet and won the event. Foss finally struck his stride and beat Newcomb for second place.

Jack Schwinn won the Dry Fly with a score of 2 off and Peters took the Unknown Distance from Reese and Braddon in the cast off.

In the last event, the ⅝ oz. Accuracy, Leach and Mitchell each cast 99.7 and in the cast off Leach won the event by casting nine perfects with one demerit.

Miss Mathie of Chicago beat Mrs. Thomas of Buffalo in the cast-off in the Ladies' ½ oz. and Mrs. Hurst, of Indianapolis, captured the ⅝ oz. Accuracy making her third win for the Brown Palace Hotel Trophy, which now passes into her hands to keep.

Although the winner of the Distance Bait Championship did not appear among the high men in these events, Reese by his consistent good work had the highest number of points in these events and thus is the 1927 champion.

Braddon becomes the champion of the Distance Fly and Accuracy Bait Events as well as winning the All-Around, and Peters holds the title for the three Accuracy Fly Events.

Thirty-nine men entered the various events and although the 1926 Champion, G. G. Chatt, did not cast, he gave valuable assistance in all the contests.

It is safe to say that the Distance Baits were the most popular and the most discussed of all the events. A larger number cast the ½ oz. over 200 feet than ever before and at the next Tournament the records are due to be broken.

At the business meeting, the convention rated the 1928 Tournament to the Columbus Casting Club with the recommendation that medals be substituted for the merchandise prizes customarily awarded. The 1927 officers were re-elected for 1928 except the First and Fourth Vice-Presidents, and for these officers the delegates chose Behnen of Columbus and Unger of San Francisco.

George R. Babylon of the Baltimore Bait, Fly and Surf Casting Club spoke eloquently in behalf of his club for the next Tournament and was assured that his application would be considered for 1929.

Detailed scores will be sent by the National Secretary to all contestants. Following are the first five in each event.

¼-oz. Distance

Newcomb	215	223
Sutter	199.6	216½
White	197.8	213
Reese	193.1	196½
Trimble	190.1	206½

¼-oz. Accuracy

Braddon	99.5
Sutter	99.5
Vong	99.4
Mitchell	99.4
Peters	99.3
H. Chatt	99.2
Hurst	99.2

Accuracy Fly

Braddon	99-12
Peters	99-12
Sutter	99-12
Trimble	99-10
Reese	99-10

Distance Fly

Behnen	105⅛	107
Braddon	105	105
Schwinn	99⅛	100
Newcomb	95⅛	96
Neu	95⅛	97
Peters	95⅛	97

½-oz. Accuracy

Braddon	99.4
McCarthy	99.1
Schwinn	99.1
Hurst	99.0
Mitchell	99.0

½-oz. Distance

White	273.4	280
Vong	252	275
Foss	251.3	270
Mathie	244.2	261
Kinnear	241.4	267
Braddon	241.2	248½

Salmon Fly

Braddon	144	146
Sutter	137	148
Peters	136	144
Newcomb	132⅔	138
Neu	130⅔	140

Dry Fly

Schwinn	99-13
Peters	99-12
Newcomb	99-10
Crooks	99-10
Wicklund	99-10

⅝-oz. Accuracy

Leach	99.7
Mitchell	99.7
Hurst	99.6
Burlingame	99.5
McCarthy	99.5

⅝-oz. Distance

Hurst	224.8	239½
Foss	220.3	232
Newcomb	212.6	228
Merrill	212.1	227
Kinnear	210.7	219

Dry Fly—Unknown

Peters	99.2
Braddon	99.2
Reese	99.2
Merrill	99.1
Kretschmar	99.1
Vong	99.0
Neu	99.0

FOUR new casting clubs have recently entered the N. A. S. A. C. The Ten Thousand Lakes Club of Hackensack, the Gaylord Casting Club of the local I. W. L. A. Chapter, the Bait Fly and Surf Casting Club of Baltimore, and a casting club formed by the members of the Gary I. W. L. A. Chapter. Story and pictures in November issue.

THE high scores made at the first casting tournament held by the Sioux City Rod and Reel Club (I. W. L. A. Chapter) and South Sioux City, Nebraska (I. W. L. A. Chapter), will be published in the next issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

IN NOVEMBER
Further Stream Lore incidents by the famous scientific angler L. E. DE GARMO

Trade Mark

The wild folk call - - -
and your feet must follow

SOMEWHERE—along a blazed trail—on a canyon's edge—or in fields nearer home—you're going to hike after them—the furred and feathered folk.

You'll be happier—go further—in the "U. S." Yugo Hunting Shoe. Designed first for the wet Maine woods, today Yugos are famous with sportsmen and guides everywhere. They're built on a special last—comfortable yet snug, light, noiseless and waterproof. And they hug the heel just right to prevent chafing.

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Size of Dogs

Drawing by Lial M. Hoppen

THERE are a great many who conscientiously have a prejudice against small dogs, whether they are hounds, pointers or setters. Naturally, they have their reasons, which are nothing more than developments either from personal experiences or notions which somehow or other have become established firmly in their minds. Furthermore, a host of hunters and even field trial men who go in for no other sort of bird dog sport are emphatic in their declarations that small dogs in all respects cannot compare with large dogs, and point with pride to the size of the winners of certain great events as being big fellows, and yet they overlook the fact that the lightweights have held their own pretty well for a long time back.

Not long ago I was discussing the matter with a man well versed in field trialdom. Inadvertently I put in a good word for small dogs. He seemed greatly surprised that I would even consider them for a moment as prospects. In his den he had, open before him, a history of field trials with illustrations of many of the noted winners of the past and present. Suddenly, as a transcending argument that I was wrong even to give a thought to the lightweights, he turned to two different pages and showed me the pictures of three dogs that he had always greatly admired. These three were the pointer bitch Baby Ale, and the two setters Peach Blossom and Count Whitestone.

I could hardly repress laughter, though I was taking sides neither with large nor small dogs. Both Peach Blossom and Baby Ale were lightweights almost to the extreme, and Count Whitestone was no giant by any sort of fancy of the imagination. And remember these dogs were real class dogs in every respect. They had bird brains, range, speed and endurance aplenty, so much so that they topped many of the big fellows easily during their respective careers.

One can go on indefinitely citing wonderful small dogs as surpassing the big fellows and then turn around and find the opposite to occur quite as frequently.

Those who are in favor of large dogs, and love them, can see no good qualities in the little fellows and are past being convinced. They will tell you with a fulsome explanation of their dog knowledge that a large dog can be seen more easily than a small dog. Then they go on to add that a large dog will break through cover more easily than the little fellow, and labor less during a day's hunt. In other words, they can stand more and in every way physically and otherwise excel. This last is verity sometimes, and sometimes not.

Now I have to revert to retrospection, then possibly become a bit personal in this matter. You know in all this dog business we have to be guided by our own personal experiences and what we have seen. That is the way the other fellow gets his ideas, and we believe we are entitled to the same liberty.

In my own experience I can not, to this day, tell which dog is the better or, rather, will be the better—a large dog or a small one—until I see it go and learn both its carriage and other abilities. A little dog will twist in and out of cover which bothers many a big dog. A big dog will breast high weeds more easily than most small dogs, but do not forget that every once in a while a little fellow turns up that does not worry the slightest at any sort of weeds and "busts" through them with full speed as though nothing whatever were hindering him. They go well in the open; they go well in cover; they go in the briar patches, taking them cheerfully, when many a big dog is laboring and ready to quit.

The dog that counts, irrespective of size, is the one having natural courage for its work. We might call it a fighting and hunting heart. This means, in every way, more than size, more than strength or any other physical characteristic. A large dog has to have it to be great; a small dog has to have it to be great. You can not get around this irrefutable fact, no matter how hard you try. About the only difference I can well determine between large and small dogs is their gait. The little fellows are more inclined to chop and often deceive the novice into believing that they possess more speed than they really have.

My own reminiscences disclose many outstanding small dogs that were extremely frail in appearance, yet they made many a big dog look foolish and ran them off their legs if they tried for any length of time to keep up with them with the pace set in the open or under conditions of the most gruelling going.

Particularly, one little setter comes to mind at this moment, a midget daughter of Prince Lyndon. It would stretch the imagination to credit her with weighing an ounce over thirty pounds. A tri-colored creature of the richest white, black and tan, and with abounding hunt and going all the time in her system. She would work fast the entire day—and day after day, too—without evidencing the least indications of fatigue. But that was not enough for that little bundle of nerves. She wanted more of it. No day was sufficiently long for her. She developed a fondness for a pack of native fox hounds in the neighborhood. Whereupon, in the Fall when the owner ran them every night on reds, this little damsel, though she had been hunted hard over the roughest of hills, followed the pack all night, chattering when they sang their drive song as though she were one of them, and I learnt that she kept up with the fastest all the time. Then, to our amaze, when she returned home next morning she was yelping with joyous anxiety to accompany us on our daily quail hunt, showing not the least evidence of her hard night's travel.

Another small dog now is asserting itself for an uppermost position in my reminiscence. She was a personal possession; a tiny liver and white pointer bitch out of the great Alford's John, who was no midget, nor was her dam. She was the embodiment of the appellation runt, and about the homeliest little pointer at which I ever gazed. She weighed just twenty-six pounds. Her tail curled up over her back. Such a muzzle! It looked as though it should have belonged to the pug dog breed instead of a pointer. How Alford's John and the fine looking matron achieved such homely progeny is past analyzing. The six other pups in the litter were marvels in size and beauty. None of them, however, approached this uncomely mite in greatness.

Alford's Pearl, for that was her registered name, was really wished on me. I could not get out of accepting her without offending a friend. I regarded her as a joke, an abnormality and kept her as a playmate for my boy.

For quite a while I paid no attention to Pearl, nor the insistence of my boy that she was the best dog on the place. He said that she could with ease outrun any dog we had, and she never tired, and already on her own account was pointing birds. Finally, he got me to promise to try her out, and I certainly laughed to myself as I anticipated the results.

It happened one afternoon that a friend dropped in with a likely looking large, racily built, black and white setter, wishing to find out, which is quite impossible

in a day, whether he was a field trial prospect or not. He thought him a likely one.

I picked what I thought was my fastest dog for a bracemate to try him out, when who should appear, galloping ahead of our horses, before we turned the pair loose, but the homely Pearl, her broken corkscrew tail turned defiantly over her back. I tried to chase her home, but she would have none of it, and kept out of reach every time I approached her, so there was nothing to do but make the best of it, feeling positive that the little girl could never keep within sight of the big going fellows.

We let our brace go in a big open field of short ragweed which had come up since harvest time. Just as we did, Pearl came out of a clump of bushes where she had concealed herself for a while against the probability of my venting my anger on her. My big dog started independently at a speedy clip. Then Pearl started. I said "started," but in reality she simply flew over the ground, caught up with him with ease, widening out and widening out all the time, and without effort putting appreciable distance between herself and him. On, on she went to the right, then, suddenly running into a shift of the wind, she started to cross to a small patch of sedge on her left and, just as she came to it, wheeled quickly in to a staunch point with that prominent corkscrew tail standing up like a signal flag. It seemed as if I saw more of it at a distance than any other part of her.

"Stink bird!" I exclaimed.

"Stink bird or no stink bird," declared my friend, "that little thing is the fastest dog I ever saw in my life. If she can hold up that speed and has the other requisites, she's sure a comer, even if she does look as though the wrath of God had hit her at birth!"

I had no faith in Pearl's point. To my great amaze, when finally we arrived where she still remained frozen, our pair backed and I flushed a big bevy of quails before her. For the balance of the afternoon, she literally ate up ground and found all the birds. On our return, she was as fresh as could be, while the other dogs labored pretty hard to keep within sight of her. Then I sat on the porch and gazed and gazed at that little bunch of bird finding energy. When I started for dinner, all I could say to explain my unexpected surprise was: "I'll be d—med!"

After that I placed all my faith in Pearl. She was tireless in cover and in the open, and I never saw her equal in making birds lie to her in bare ground. She never hesitated, but came up to them with a rush and they seemed helpless to do anything then but lie to her point. She worked day after day, neither gaining nor losing weight. Altogether, she surpassed anything in our string and the first sight one of the noted field trial men ever got of her going he purchased her without quibbling.

Unfortunately, a few days after he bought her, she was killed by a car.

I recall another tiny, short-haired lady; possibly she surpassed even Pearl, though she was but a few pounds heavier and was built more like a whippet than what a granddaughter of Jingo from an excellent dam ought to have been. She was under the handicap of being deaf from her puppy days. She was a bundle of nerves and those nerves were of the highest tempered, spring steel. To rest was an unknown happening with her. All day she went, ever increasing her speed, crashing through all sorts of cover, sedge and dewberry patches, and the worst green briar thickets could not turn her.

I tried everything to tire her. It was as impossible as it was to prevent her find-

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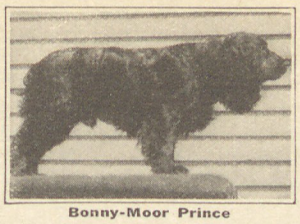

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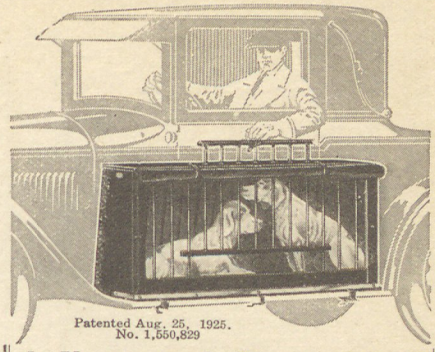

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ing quails staunchly, no matter where they were hidden. She appeared as if she was all the time in a race. Her courage was amazingly great and, while she hated cold water worse than Old Nick is supposed to hate holy water, she could retrieve from it, willingly, in the coldest weather. I once saw her, when a sleet storm overtook us, work in heavy sedge all day, ice-drenched to the very bone, and the other two big dogs belonging to a deceased governor of the state of Arkansas quit cold and hurried home.

This little bitch, Sis by name, was the property of the late dog fancier, Charles A. Pratt. An amusing incident in connection with her occurred when she was in my care. Mr. Pratt's friend, Martin Vorhees, owner of Lady Webster, visited me for the purpose of trying out a handsome, young setter he had named Count Corby. The first day we shot together over two big dogs, a pointer and a setter. He fell in love with the pointer, Lad, the property of Hon. Norman J. Colman, former U. S. Secretary of Agriculture. He was anxious to buy him. On our return home that evening, he espied Sis and asked: "Whose homely dog?" I told him she belonged to Mr. Pratt. Whereupon he laughed aloud and said: "I always gave Charley Pratt credit for knowing dogs, but he surely got stung this time!"

"Wait before you pass judgment," I returned, enjoying his appraisal of Sis. "We are going to take that Lad you are so fond of and Sis out tomorrow. Don't say a word more about Sis until tomorrow night."

Lad never was in the same class with Sis. He was a good plug dog, but the following day Sis ran the legs off of him and found practically everything.

"Well, now pass judgment on Sis," I said late that evening on our return home. "What do you think about her?"

"She has Lady Webster beaten a mile, and that's going some," he exclaimed quickly, "and I will right now send a wire to Pratt asking him to name his own price!"

Much as Vorhees wanted Sis, Mr. Pratt would not part with her nor let her be developed for the trials. Until her death, he retained her solely for himself as a private shooting dog.

No man, no matter how skilled he is in matters concerning bird dogs, can put greatness into one. He can develop it; that's all. In this article I have recited incidents connected with small dogs, not to depreciate large dogs, because I could relate just as many about them, but for the reason that so often beginners, and even the old timers, on account of prejudice regarding size, let slip out of their hands some astoundingly good prospects of light weight. We repeat, it is the fighting heart and love of the game which make the little or big fellows carry on against all hazards of hunting conditions and weather. All physical suffering means nothing if they can only augment their opportunities for finding game.

To illustrate what the above means, I will state an instance of a son of California Bell Boy. He was a very tall, rangy dog, and ought to have weighed at least eighteen pounds more than he did. His bones were very light, and altogether he was an exceedingly fragile-looking affair. His looks did not belie him, either. We simply could not build him up. He seemed to be perched on stilts; a puff of wind could have blown him over. He certainly could go nevertheless. Find birds? They could not get away from him! Still, that dog suffered all the time. Breasting weeds was a hardship to him. I was sure he was weak. His feet were always ten-

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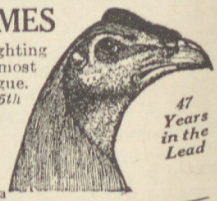

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der, bleeding after an hour afield. Nature had gifted that dog with marvellous speed, range and bird finding ability, but somehow had denied him the proper physique for the work. But Nature had given him a fighting heart, courage to equal his love for hunting and that carried him on and on until he dropped dead one day afield while his owner was hunting quails with him in the South.

I like large dogs; I like small ones, but they must have a fighting heart in them. When a dog goes over fifty-five pounds, as a rule he is too big, below forty he is too small. The happy medium for all is about fifty pounds, if they have bird brains, scenting ability, stamina, and the courageous fighting spirit for their work.

"Dan," lemon and white pointer, property of Alec Mermod, gun editor of Outdoor America.

Northern Indiana Field Trial Club

NORTHERN Indiana Field Trial Club's annual meeting was held at the Southmoor Hotel in Chicago, Monday evening, August 29, 1927.

Col. Wm. B. Spear acting as toastmaster introduced Mr. Don Wright of Rensselaer, Indiana, who spoke on the subject of the "Northern Indiana Field Trial Club."

The second speaker of the evening was Mr. Young of the *American Field* who spoke on "Field Trials."

Dr. Kelly, formerly of Oklahoma, now of Chicago, spoke in praise of the Izaak Walton League.

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The Battlefield of Conservation

(Continued from page 19)

small settlers were virtually wiped out. These were the lands referred to as "of not enough value to consider."

But the details of the whole affair cannot be entered into here. I could, by quoting sentences and parts of sentences from the transcript, make out that the interests back of this scheme are fiends in human shape. By quoting other sentences, I could show them to be angelic messengers from a Divine Providence. The affair must be regarded in its general, broad aspect.

I have seen Jackson Lake, Wyoming, one of the most beautiful in America and the gem of the Jackson's Hole country, with the mighty Tetons reflected on its surface, desecrated, flooded, surrounded by mud flats and dead timber, by a water storage dam. It was little less than a crime, yet the water so stored was, after all, for the use of farmers in irrigating their lands. Many reaped the benefit. This took the bitter edge from the despoliation. There is no such consolation in regard to the Superior case.

That the benefits of the development to "artisans, merchants, etc.," and its use in building the region into an industrial center are largely brilliant ideas of the same general substance as the tail of a comet, is evident from two facts. First, that no plans for the use of the electrical power, navigation, etc., have been given, and no specific industries, involving "artisans, merchants," which might grow up on the spot are indicated. Second (and most important), that the communities between Lake Superior and the Canadian boundary are virtually unanimous in not only opposing the project but in declaring their intention of fighting it to the end because it will destroy the most lucrative business they have—the tourist business. Those to whom Mr. Backus offers the power and the attendant wealth, do not want it!

Then why does Mr. Backus want to see the power developed? The fact is that he perhaps doesn't care about it at all. He mentions power by way of a Gift to The People, but he admits that the real purpose is to produce a series of gigantic overflow lakes—covering many thousands of square acres of public domain—to furnish a steady flow of water for his dams up in Canada.

Nobody has ever accused the Backus interests of over-sleep, and the increasing importance of outdoor recreation can be discovered, by a wide-awake person, without the use of a divining rod. Would it not be a good thing then to sew up the Superior before this new natural resource becomes too powerful, too evident?

If the dams are put in now, they are there to stay!

The dams have got to be put in now, if they ever are going to be put in, and nobody on the North American continent knows this better than does Mr. Backus. The handwriting on the wall is in capital letters. Even a stupid person knows that the day of private domination of public domain is fast approaching an end, and if there is any person in America who is stupid, that person is NOT Mr. Backus.

The remnants of recreational territory within anything like democratic striking distance of civilization are pitifully small, and the people have not the slightest intention of letting these remnants get away from them.

Mr. Backus now has several dams in the Rainy Lake—Lake of the Woods region, and they were put in some years ago or they never would have been put in.

As Mr. Backus puts it in his statement to the tribunal, "Early action is recommended, first, to obtain the benefits as promptly as possible, and second, to develop the storage reservoirs at a lower cost than will be possible if development is too long delayed."

That seems to be the substance of the Backus recommendations—get the first dams in quick, before there is too much opposition. The use will be determined later!

That this step would be merely the first one in complete domination of the entire Superior Forest region and its conversion into a gigantic private mill pond for the benefit of nobody but definite private interests which are engaged exclusively in making money, is indicated by another passage in the Backus statement which says:

"Further storage is practicable on this watershed, on tributaries not along the boundary, which will unquestionably be developed in the future, and thus bring the run-off under a control which is practically absolute."

The whole question sifts down to this: In what way will the boundary region best serve the most people?

That is the basis on which the Izaak Walton League wishes to stand. A resolution passed at the last convention of the League states:

> "The Izaak Walton League of America reiterates its declaration that it is not antagonistic to necessary industrial development, but that it believes that such development, when it will destroy great natural beauty spots, must meet a real public need and must be justified by more than mere private profit."

That the future of the Superior Forest as a recreation area looms far above its destiny as a provider of water-power is almost too obvious to be detailed. It is not industrial; it is not agricultural. The nearest industry is along the iron range of Northern Minnesota and near Duluth, and the streams of the Lake Superior watershed will furnish more water-power, close to home, than ten cities the size of Duluth, ten iron ranges the size of the present one or of its ultimate development, could use if they resorted to electrical flood-lighting of the entire region by night to use up the surplus.

But this is by no means a contest of recreation versus business. If the Superior Forest region remains as it is, it does not mean that it will be of benefit only to those who play in it. It means that, regarded solely and entirely as a business asset to the community, it will make more money for more people than the proposed development ever will.

I am not guessing at this. I have the testimony of representatives of every community bordering the Forest, and every one says that that statement is true —that the nearby communities will make more money from tourists than from any or all of Mr. Backus' developments.

Considered from a business standpoint only, the greatest good for the greatest number demands that the area be left as it is.

Mr. Backus stands alone.

Can it be that he, alone, has the Vision? That he can see great benefits to be derived, while the rest of the people are too dumb to see further ahead than ten years? If this is so, then the solution is obvious. Let the region remain as it is. It is a deal in futures. You can dam the boundary waters any old time, but if you dam them now, you can never un-dam them. Then why not wait until these Public Benefits in the way of water-power, etc., are needed? If it shall be eventually shown that they are not, or that outdoor recreation has outstripped them as a necessity, then it would be a mistake to have put in the dams now.

If it is found that the best development of the region will be served by the dams, when the need for them is shown, then put them in.

There is no need of determining, now, what the future will hold. Even Mr. Backus does not claim that the need is immediate. The recreationists are ready and willing to wait: to let the future do its own judging.

The whole proposition is most amazing. Mr. Backus seems to be some years late in his efforts.

It shows how things used to be done. At the same time, it shows how they can't be done any more, and why.

This case is of interest to people living in all parts of America, because it will establish more firmly in the public and the official mind that the great new natural resource, outdoor recreation, has attained to such a status that it must be considered "inch for inch and pound for pound", in the full light of its importance when administering the outdoor places. The case cited herein is perhaps the last one of its kind that will come before the public.

Outdoor recreation, grown to manhood, will stand shoulder to shoulder with lumber, iron, power, as a component and necessary part of the outdoors.

Those who fight the battles of this new member are accused of being propagandists. Yet, no single phase of use of the natural resources or of the public domain, has so few official adherents. On the other side are the great industrial interests, working day and night, day and night, year on year. They are mighty in their strength, but few of them are ruthless destroyers. They are the advocates before the bar of the American people of a certain kind of use of the public domain.

They believe in such use. They have done wonderful things with it. But there are times when, strange as it may appear to them, other uses actually overshadow those which they wish to see developed. And that is one reason why there is an Izaak Walton League.

Recreation as a major factor in the use of the outdoors is a newcomer, comparatively speaking. The interests that cater to tourists make their millions annually, yet they are not organized, and they are so scattered that a commercial organization would be useless. So recreation must have its lawyers before the bar. Do its advocates grow enthusiastic and speak in terms of sunsets and flowers? It is their handicap that the things that make up recreation are no more tangible, no more concrete, than that. Yet, the greatest things in life are composed of the same substance.

Surely, many of the Great Benefits to the Public that are advertised as results of certain forms of private commercial use may be considered as of just such flimsy stuff as sunsets. They are presented in terms of dollars and cents, but it has ever occurred to me, for one, that the Benefits are woefully lop-sided. They may mean greater profits to somebody, but as for John Doe, he gets what he always gets for nothing—free air!

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Chesapeakes

AMERICA'S greatest duck dogs, Chesapeake Bay retrievers. Trained dogs from $125.00 to $250.00. Afraid of no water or weather. Satisfaction guaranteed. Thompson's Chesapeake Kennels, Lake Andes, S. Dak.

PEDIGREED Chesapeake pups from working parents, 5 months, $20.00-$25.00. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebraska.

Dogs

Dalmatians

COACH puppies. Eligible to registration. Registered dogs at stud. Kane, Leland, Illinois. (6-1)

Hounds

COON Hunters, if you are through experimenting with inferior and unreliable Coonhounds, and if you are willing to pay the price a good dog is worth, it will pay you to investigate the Oorang Top-Notch Coonhounds which are the outstanding choice selection of thousands of highly trained dogs. Oorang Top-Notch Coonhounds sell at $150.00 each and they are shipped on ten days trial with the understanding that we pay return express charges out of our own pocket and refund purchase price if you are not entirely satisfied. We also have other Coonhounds at $75.00 to $100.00 each which are better than are usually found at the price. Our complete catalog of the world's largest dog kennels mailed to your address for ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9-B, LaRue, Ohio. (3-11)

RABBIT hunters, if you want highly trained and educated rabbit hounds that are perfect rangers, sure routers and tenacious trailers, that will circle game until shot or holed, it will pay you to investigate the Oorang Top-Notch rabbit hounds selling at $50.00 each, and shipped on ten days trial with the understanding that we pay return express charges out of our own pocket and refund purchase price if you are not entirely satisfied. We also have other rabbit hounds at $25.00 to $35.00 each which are better than are usually found at the price. Our complete catalog of the world's largest dog kennels mailed to your address for ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9-C, La Rue, Ohio. (3-11)

ARKANSAS best hunting hounds. Extra high class coon hounds $100.00. High class coon hounds $75.00. Extra high class coon, skunk and Opossum hounds $75.00. High class combination tree hounds $50.00. Good average combination tree hounds $30.00 and $40.00. Partly trained. One and two year old hounds $20.00. Coon hound pups $10.00. Extra high class fox hounds $75.00. High class fox hounds $50.00. Good average fox hounds $30.00 and $40.00. Champion Rabbit hounds $20.00. Trial allowed. References in your State. Twenty-two years a shipper. Henry Fort, Fort Smith, Arkansas. (3-12)

SPORTSMEN. Coon-Hunters, fifteen real Bluetick Cooners, none better on water and swamp hunting, $75.00 and $100.00 each. Twenty-five black and tan and redbone Combination hunter's, trained on Coon, Opossum and Skunk, $50.00 and $60.00 each. Old cooners good for a few years' hunting, $40.00 each. Above dogs will deliver the goods alone or in company; all full blood hounds, no trash; every dog tested before being shipped. Catalogue, Photos free; liberal trial. L. J. Adams, Ramsey, Ill.

SPORTSMEN: You that are looking for first class stuff and no trash I offer you my pair of 2 ½ year old rabbit hounds, male and female. Breeding, Kentucky English strain; medium size; good lookers, long ears. O. K. in every respect. All day hunters. Neither man nor gun shy. No faults. Will ship anywhere on 15 days trial. First $30.00 gets them C. O. D. J. M. Erwin, Murray, Ky. (3-12)

PAIR partly trained coon hounds, 2 years old, good ears, mouth and size, good runners and fair tree dogs, $25.00 each or $40.00 pair, C. O. D. 15 days trial. Rabbit hounds, 2 years old, good lookers and all day hunters, $15.00 each or $27.50 pair. C. O. D. 10 days trial. O. C. Trobaugh, Millington, Tennessee.

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; rabbit hounds. Also youngsters nicely started, at $15.00 each. High class pointers and setters, foxterriers. Trial allowed. Prices very reasonable. Descriptive price list ten cents. (3x26)

SPECIAL hunting season sale of 25 registered American Foxhounds trained and partly trained on coon, fox or rabbit. Seven special bred litters for your selection. New special mating catalog and sales list 10c. Hermosa Vista Farm, Box 4261, Bannock, Ohio. (3-11)

FOR Sale: My high class, 2 ½ year old rabbit hounds Pat and Pearl. Good as ever run a trail. Will hunt rabbits in brush or briers and drive them until shot or holed. Not Gun Shy. No faults. For $27.50 on trial. C. Hicks, Sedalia, Ky., B 115.

COON, opossum, skunk and rabbit hounds. Black and tans. Blue ticks and redbones. Cheap. Trial. Joe Sarver, Herrick, Illinois. (2-11)

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

COON Hunters. This dog is two years old, good size, open trailer, treeing good, helped to tree and catch 8 coons and a lot of opossum, Redbone English stock, good voice, clear of diseases and blemishes, stock proof. $20.00 buys him. Ray Moody, Paris, Tennessee. (3-12)

SPORTSMEN. Rabbithounds, gun and field broken, long-eared open trailers, steady drivers, clear voices, price $25 each. Send $5 with order, balance C. O. D. Ten days' trial, no trash, prompt shipment. Write Leo Adams, Ramsey, Illinois.

½ BLOODHOUND, ½ foxhound pups. Take to coon like duck to water or other large game. Will hunt this fall. Price $15.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Stamp. O. A. Ripley, Linden, Michigan. (3-10)

FOR Sale: No. 1 Coon dog 4 years old, full blood hound fast on trail. Extra good tree dog. Guaranteed not to run. Fox, stock or rabbits. Shipped on trial. Noble Cross, Route 9, Mayfield, Ky. (3-11)

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds cheap. Trial. Redbones, Blueticks, Blacks, Tans, Spotted. Coon, Opossum, Skunk, Mink, Wolf, Rabbit Hounds. Hunting Supplies. Catalogue. Kaskaskennels, SH25, Herrick, Illinois.

THE Mt. Yonah Farm Kennels, Cleveland, Ga., offers for sale coon, opossum, skunk and squirrel dogs. Also fox and rabbit hounds. Catalog and special price list free. Trial allowed on all trained dogs.

FOR Sale: Coon, skunk, fox and rabbit hounds, trained. Also Youngsters. Ship C. O. D. Trial. Write for prices. W. O. Henson, Xenia, Illinois.

LONG-EARED open trailing, Beagles, Rabbit, fur hounds. List free. Kenneth Plowman, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-10)

CLAYTON Kennels, Finger, Tennessee, offers coonhounds, combination hunters, rabbit hounds. Trial. Catalog 5 cents. (4-12)

FOR Sale: One tan-ticked four year coonhound. Deposit $45.00 anywhere. I pay express. Bob Sanderson, S28, Mayfield, Ky.

FOXHOUNDS—Bear, cat, coyote, trained. Also pups. Yamacasca Farm, Sheridan, Oregon. (3-12)

FOR Sale: Reg. greyhound pups, 4 months old. Priced to sell. Anton Bielen, Springfield, Minnesota. (3-12)

HUNDRED hunting hounds cheap. Hunting supplies. Kaskaskennels, S. H. 25, Herrick, Illinois.

HOUNDS of honor purple ribbon registered American fox hounds. Honor Kennels, Honor, Michigan. (3-11)

REAL rabbit dogs $25.00 pair. Some first class coon dogs. Trial. W. E. Hall, McKenzie, Tennessee.

TRAINED coon, fox and rabbit hounds and pups for sale. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (3-10)

BEAGLES, rabbit, coon hounds. Trial. M. Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Pa. (4-11)

COON, Opossum and Rabbit Hounds for sale. M. N. Ryan, Adairville, Kentucky.

HUNTING hounds cheap. 15 days' trial. C. O. D. Roy Ginger, Herrick, Illinois.

FIFTY extra well broken rabbit hounds. Harry Welsh, Mayport, Pennsylvania. (3-10)

HUNTING Hounds cheap. Trial. Dixie Kennels, B5, Herrick, Ill. (3-11)

TRAINED rabbit and beagle hounds. Ed. Leichtle, Cold Spring, Kentucky. (3-11)

WALKER Fox Hounds. World's Best hunters. Felix Klein, Hunt, Texas. (3-10)

Labradors

LABRADOR retriever pups, registered, beautiful in appearance. Natural retrievers. Sire Champion Wolferton Sapper. Imported. Males $30.00 up. Carl McCormack, Mirror, Alberta.

CLASSY Labrador retriever puppies. Also make wonderful sled dogs. G. Bertsch, Glasgow, Montana. (3-10)

LABRADOR retriever pups, 4 months old, $25.00 up. Papers. M. Wenner, Cold Spring, Minn.

PEDIGREED Labrador Pups. Males $25.00. Females $15.00. Wes. Morrow, Raymond, Minnesota. (3-12)

Dogs

Miscellaneous Dogs

T. J. BRADLEY, Alma, Arkansas, offers for sale high class trained coon, skunk, opossum and rabbit hounds on fifteen day trial; also trained fox, wolf and deer hounds. Youngsters just starting to trail at $10.00 each. Can furnish high class bird dogs, pointers and setters, reference and price list furnished. (3-12)

THE Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Ky., offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum Hounds, Bear and Lion Hounds, Varmint and Rabbit Hounds. Shipped for trial. Catalogue ten cents. (2-11)

FRYE'S Kennels, Finger, Tenn., offers for sale perfectly trained coonhounds, combination hunters, bird dogs; prices reasonable; sent for trial. Get complete catalogue and how I pay express. (3-11)

FOR Sale: Snow white spitz puppies. Price $10.00 and up. A. M. Long, Marshall, Missouri.

FOX terriers, collies, bulldogs, pretty puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Indiana. (12-5)

GREAT Danes, prize pedigreed, pups $50 and up. Frederikson Great Dane Kennels, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (3-10)

HUNTING; Toy; Police, Strongheart blood; Wolfhounds. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Missouri. (12-11)

RAT Terriers, Fox Terriers, Police, Beagles. Lists 10c. Pete Slater, Box OA, Pana, Ill. (6-3)

GREAT Danes, registerable. Tanana Kennels, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. (3-11)

Newfoundlands

BEAUTIFUL Newfoundland puppies. Pedigreed. Real pet and guard for baby. Earl Thurston, Hartsville, Indiana.

FINE Newfoundland Matron, Reg. Real watchdog, $50.00. Mae Bennett, R. 2, Edinburg, Indiana.

Pointers and Setters

POINTERS and setters. Have some extra fine puppies, all ages. Also some partly trained dogs and a few thoroughly trained dogs, in both pointers and setters. All extra fine individuals and the best of bloodlines. They are priced to sell and all shipped on approval. Write us your wants. Oak Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. (4x27)

TRAINED pointer dog, 3 years old. White and liver spotted. Staunch on points. Good retriever. Good all round shooting dog. Knows the game. C. O. D. $75.00 on five days trial. Setter dog 3 years old. White and Black spotted. Same class. $75.00. We have others. J. H. Murray, Brighton, Tenn.

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

IRISH setter pups. Three months. Sire Chip of Boyne. By Champion Terry of Boyne. Dam Queen May by Donegals Marty Oge II. She being half sister to the field trial winner, Samada Byrd. Ellsworth Lyman, Farmersville, Illinois.

60 HIGH class pure bred English Irish Gordon setters and pointers. Broken dogs and young dogs all ages for sale. Some beautiful Stud dogs and bred bitches. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minnesota. (3-10)

IRISH Setter pups, four to eleven months. Champion Terry of Boyne, Bud Law, Champion Bob of Down and Champion Palmerston Connemara. Grand breeding. At stud. Chip of Boyne. E. T. Burke, Farmersville, Illinois.

FOR Sale: English Setter Pups seven months old, registered. Pictures if wanted. $25.00 and $35.00. L. W. Peyton, 407 W. Vernon Avenue, Normal, Illinois. (3-10)

FOR Sale: Male Llewllyn setter, four years old, broken. Eighty dollars. 250-3000 Savage A-1 condition, twenty-eight dollars. Arthur T. Hallock, Palmerton, Pa. (3-11)

FOR Sale: Pointers, ten months to two years old. Setters, three years old. Broken. All have been in the Field. John Bowders, State Line, Pa. (3-11)

DARK red Irish Setter Pups. Champion Bran of Boyne breeding, 4 months up. $25.00. Papers. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-11)

IRISH Setters: May and July pups. Boyne, Oge, Eamon, Bob O'Down breeding, none better. Let us know what you want. Prices reasonable. H. A. Nork, Marysville, Kansas.

Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Continued

ENGLISH setters three months to one year old, $10.00 to $35.00. John Giblin, Stuart, Nebraska. (3-10)

FOR Sale: Irish Setter Puppies of quality. Real blood lines. Dam and Sire finished field dogs and bench champions. Write for descriptions, prices and breeding. John Kaberna, Wagner, S. Dak. (3-12)

ENGLISH setters. One year old. Best of breeding. Price $15.00 to $25.00. Papers furnished. J. F. Meyer, Box 467, Chadron, Nebraska.

AMERICA'S Best Irish Setters. Finest Puppies. Pedigree, photo, description. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-11)

FARM raised registered pointers, setters, yearling and pups. Approval. J. W. Chapman, Palmyra, Illinois. (3-11)

IRISH Setter Puppies, blood lines unexcelled; real hunters. They will please you. All papers. M. B. Hill, Williamson, Pa. (3-12)

POINTER pups scientifically bred. Registered proven strains, $35.00 up. Clayton Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-11)

POINTERS and setters sent anywhere on trial. Write us your wants. McLister Brothers, Brighton, Tennessee.

TRAINED registered pointer dog. Priced right. Edmond Bessler, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

IRISH Setter Pups. Males $12.50, females $10.00. R. C. Everett, Atkinson, Nebraska.

Police Dogs

60 POLICE puppies, papers to register, imported and domestic breeding. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. None better bred, all colors. Females $15.00. Males $25.00. Open and bred females. Shipped anywhere C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, North Dakota. (6-10)

FOR Sale: Pups from a strong, healthy litter of Sheperd Police puppies, sired by Champion Buddy of Swift Run, out of dam of excellent foreign blood lines. Prices reasonable. Write for further information. Nellie Landman, Piqua, Ohio, R. R. 4. (3-11)

FOR Sale: Police pups, grown dogs, bitches, open and bred. Pedigreed Strongheart blood. Shipped anywhere on approval. For particulars and list write Karnak Kennels, Cooperstown, N. D. (3-10)

CHAMPION police puppies above ordinary quality but below ordinary prices. Hermosa Vista Farm, Route 1 AP, Saint Clairsville, Ohio. (6-10)

GERMAN Police pups. Best of breeding. Eligible to register. Females, $15.00. Males, $20.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Chas. Heerey, Marion, Kansas.

PEDIGREED German police pups. Females, $20.00; males, $25.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. William Sova, Zumbrota, Minnesota. (3-10)

BEAUTIFUL police dogs, bitches, pups and stud; reasonable. Hedback Kennels, Cumberland, Wisconsin. (3x27)

DOBERMAN-PINSCHERS. Puppies and grown dogs. Reasonable price. Dr. Lueschen, Columbus, Nebraska. (3-12)

GERMAN Police Stud Cuno Westbrook. Great Guard. Grown Pups. Reg. Fred Kuether, Faribault, Minnesota.

Spaniels

SPRINGER Puppies. Whelped July 10, Sire International Champion L'Ile Messenger Boy, Dam Champion Coronation of Avandale, no better breeding obtainable, double champion bred by two of America's most popular dogs. Get one of the strain that wins. G. H. Thorsby, St. Charles, Michigan.

IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

SPRINGER spaniels. A few broken dogs and bitches, also, most promising youngsters. Book on spaniels; their training for sport or field trials. Price 50c. John Stewart, Minot, North Dakota. (3-11)

SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies. Double-cross Dual Champion Horsford Hetman blood. Will make winners and hunters. Cheap prices. Also high-class brood bitches. Frank Finkbine, Storm Lake, Iowa. (3-10)

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

CHOICE Springers from real field dogs. Blood lines Horsford Harbour and Spring Bock of Ware. Guaranteed to please both as to quality and price. Dr. O. R. Clovis, Canton, Ohio. (3-11)

EXTRA fine litter pedigreed springer spaniels, pups, sired by "Joe of Westhall." Black and white or liver and white. Males, $20.00. Females, $15.00. E. T. Hall, Sterling, Colorado.

COCKER Spaniel Puppies, Sired Champion Bellstone Bangson, Dam by Champion Guy Nebo, priced reasonable. B. Wiemeyer, 916 East Chestnut, Louisville, Ky. (3-10)

COCKER Spaniels. 3 months old. Dam is a half sister of the field trial winner, Winnebago Prince. Sired by Black Obo II. Solid Black. Dr. G. J. Hathaway, Superior, Wis.

SPRINGER puppies. Dam, daughter of Horsford Harbour; Sire, son of Flint of Avandale. Inquiries welcome. G. Schuler, Orfordville, Wisconsin. (3-10)

SPRINGER spaniels. Some very choice farm raised pups, registered. $25.00. One trained bitch in whelp, cheap. Ship on approval. H. Robertson, Olivia, Minnesota. (3-10)

SPRINGER spaniel puppies of Beechgrove, Horsford and Avandale bloodlines. Liver and white, nicely marked. Write for particulars. Carl Fletcher, Brookings, S. D. (3-10)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Some fine liver and white puppies sired by "Chief of Iowa." Whelped June first. Chief at Stud. C. F. Widman, McGregor, Iowa. (3-10)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Puppies old enough to work this Fall. Also youngsters and trained dogs. All papers. G. L. Gosney, 130 W. Pattit Ave., Dayton, Wash. (3-10)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Two litters puppies. Real stock, priced right. Two females, nine months old. Tip of Iowa at stud. Fee $25.00. Dr. Grant Newby, Platteville, Wis. (3-11)

REGISTERED English Springer Spaniels and Irish Water Spaniels, best of blood lines and from trained hunting stock. Priced reasonable. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minnesota. (3-11)

SPRINGER spaniel pups, 5 months old. Retrieving from land and water. Drops at command. $35.00 each. Al Howser, Norfolk, Nebraska.

SPRINGERS. We are short of room and will sell a few choice puppies in liver and white, and black and white, at $25.00 each. Joe Stephenson, Boyne Falls, Michigan.

WATER Spaniel youngsters half Irish. Half Cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Females black or brown $12.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-11)

COCKER Spaniels, handsome youngsters, from experienced hunters, registered. Peller Farm, Northeast, Pa. (3-10)

COCKER Spaniels, puppies, hunting strain, good blood lines. Eligible registration. E. G. Druding, Ellsworth, Wisconsin. (3-12)

COCKER Spaniels. Select breeding. Eligible. Farm raised, $10.00 up. Dr. Wooden, Seneca Falls, New York. (3-11)

FOR Sale: Springer Spaniel puppies out of Avandale stock, Beautiful Pups, Cheap. Leon J. Cherny, Rogers, Nebraska. (3-10)

NORTHERN raised, hardy, Irish Water Spaniels. They find the cripples. M. M. Oliphant, Missoula, Montana. (3-12)

IRISH Water Spaniels. Pups and adults. Finest stock, registered, priced to sell. Walter Magnus, Webster, South Dakota. (3-11)

SPRINGER Pups ready to hunt, priced to sell, shipped C. O. D. Emory Noble, Sinclairville, New York. (3-11)

SPRINGER spaniels, pups, good breeding, papers furnished. Greg Hartmann, Shakopee, Minn. (3-11)

SPRINGER puppies. Horsford Harbour, Laverstoke, Powderhorn bloodlines. Dewey Stowell, Platteville, Wisconsin. (3-12)

FIFTY Springers. Send for list. Avalon Kennels (Reg.). Al Nichter, Canal Fulton, Ohio. (3-11)

FANCY Springer Puppies. $20.00 up. Ragapple Kennels, Mayville, N. Y.

Terriers

DARE Devils. (Irish Terriers.) Protection, Playfellow, Pal for Kiddies. Only one man dog, fierce with strangers. Hunter. Noted for Courage and Brains. Litter registered pups for sale, bitch bred to Champion. Red Top Kennels, O. A. Teague, Texas. (4x26)

Dogs

Terriers—Continued

WIRE Haired fox terriers, classy youngsters, healthy, show prospects by Champion True Sport. Reasonable. Also registered bitch in whelp. Caswell Kennels, Toledo, Ohio. (3-10)

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

A FEW choicely bred wirehaired fox terriers. Puppies and grown dogs. Marathon Kennels, Wausau, Wisconsin. (3-10)

IRISH terriers, quality puppies. Booklet furnished. Altura Kennels, El Paso, Texas, Route 1.

Trainers—Dogs

WANTED: Bird dogs for boarding and training, also spaniels. Yard work and force-retrieving taught; faults corrected in dogs any age. C. W. Tuttle, Ina, Illinois. (4x27)

WANTED: Bird dogs for training. Thirty-four years' experience in developing shooting-dogs on grouse and quail. Excellent references. A. E. Seidel, Danville, Pa.

WANTED field trial and shooting dogs by month or job. J. B. Jefferies, Ripley, Miss.

Dog Remedies and Supplies

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

WORM your dog, give Revilo the genuine Tetrachlorethylene. Safer and more effective than any wormer yet discovered. Safe for puppies 3 weeks old. Avoid imitations by demanding Revilo—preferred by America's largest kennels. Cures running fits. Assorted capsules for dogs and puppies, $1 postpaid. Bulk prices sent on request. Oliver Products Co., Dept. 18, Quincy, Illinois. (8x27)

REGISTER your dog. Application blanks and rates for stamp. American Dog Breeders Stud Book, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-11)

Firearms and Ammunition

SPECIAL close out on new guns and rifles. N. R. Davis all gauges $17.50, Baker Batavia $27.50, Fox Sterlingworth $31.00. L. C. Smith $34.50, Lefever $24.50, Remington or Winchester pump $42.50. Winchester model 94 carbine all calibres $26.50. Remington model 14A all calibres $38.00. Savage model 99A $31.00. Wangers, 302 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ARE you a rotten shot? Game season open. Don't miss. Free booklet "Wing Shooting Made Easy" on request. Made hundreds of good shots. Read testimonials. Wilbur Gun Sight, P. O. Box 185, Times Square, New York City. (3-12)

SEVERAL 45-90 model 1886 Winchester repeating rifles; several 30-06 Sporting rifles; 15-10 gauge shotguns. Hand loaded shells. Printed firearms list 10c. We trade firearms. What have you? N. P. Frayseth, Milan, Minnesota.

HUNTING scopes, cleaning rods, Watson sights, bolt-sleeve sights, target scopes and reloading tools. Any folder free. Complete handbook 50c. Belding & Mull, 832 Osceola Road, Philipsburg, Pa. (3-10)

CLOSING out entire stock of genuine Mauser and Mannlicher rifles, Sauer shotguns. Lowest prices in the U. S. Send stamp for list. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (6-1)

THE Ovr-Unda gun for trap or field—the greatest improvement in a sporting gun in a generation. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (6-1)

WALNUT gun cabinets—Beautiful high light piano finish. Direct factory prices. Illustrated folder free. Corbett Cabinet Company, St. Marys, Pa. (3-10)

FLINTLOCK pistols, rifles, daggers, flasks, powderhorns. Lists free. Nagy, 08D South 18th, Philadelphia.

OVERSTOCKED, 30-06 cartridges, $2.50 per 100. D. O. Amstutz, Ransom, Kansas. (3-10)

RIFLE Telescopes for hunting and target. Send for catalog. Malcolm Rifle Telescope Co., Auburn, New York. (3-10)

Fish and Game Attractions

HOW to attract ducks. Grow their favorite foods—Terrell's Wild Rice, etc., in your waters. Seeds for every condition ready for Fall Planting. Write for free illustrated booklet giving expert advice on what and where to plant. Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 63 L. Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-11)

MINNESOTA giant wild rice seed. Write for special price for immediate delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly Company, Aitkin, Minnesota. (3-10)

WILD rice seed from the land of lakes. Minnesota Wild Rice Co., Laporte, Minnesota.

WILD celery seed. G. D. Shaver, Tacoma, Washington.

Fish Hatcheries

FOR Sale: Four million eastern brook trout eggs. Will contract now for Fall delivery. A. R. Gustafson, 28 E. Third Ave., Spokane, Washington.

Fishing Tackle and Bait

ANIMATED weedless bucktail and feather Bass flies, $6.00 per dozen; or your ideal from sample or faithful description at reasonable prices. Geo. F. Reinhardt, 1908 Washington Ave., Kansas City, Kansas. (3-10)

SOUR clams, best catfish bait, two pounds postpaid, $1.00. Doughbait, guaranteed for carp, two pounds postpaid, $1.00. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-11)

GUARANTEED anti-backlash attachment for any reel. $1.00. Circulars. Reel Co., Windfall, Indiana. (3-11)

Food Products

SPRUCE Gum. Refined from high grade stock fresh from Maine forest. Twenty 5c packages to box, $1.00 postpaid. Eastern Gum Company, Monson, Me. (3-11)

Forest Tree Nurseries, Plants, Etc.

ALL kinds of evergreens for forest planting. Provide cover for game at a profit to yourself. Write for price list. Keene Forestry Association, Box 378, Keene, N. H. (3-10)

For Sale or Exchange

BARGAINS in new and used guns, binoculars, watches, diamonds. I buy, trade or sell. List free. Robert G. Parman, Arkansas City, Kansas. (3-10)

FOR Exchange: Portable radio set in good condition for canoe. C. A. Noland, Monroe City, Mo.

For Smokers

PIPE Smokers: Join thousands smoking Scotch Clayschaum pipes. No nicotine bite or parch. Healthy, satisfying, economical. Six, $1.00; three, 50c; two, 35c, post paid. Send postal for description. Clayschaum Pipe Company, Importers, 448 Park Road, Dept. K-2, Washington, D. C. (3-11)

SEND 10 cents silver or stamps for sample package 20 finest quality mild cigarettes. Large tin special smoking tobacco sent for 10c. Direct-to-smoker. French Tobacco Company, Dept. F, Statesville, North Carolina. (3-10)

TOBACCO postpaid, guaranteed best mellow, juicy red leaf chewing, 5 lbs. $1.40, 10, $2.50. Best smoking 20c lb. Mark Hamlin, Sharon, Tenn. (3-12)

Game, Birds and Animals

WE offer extra fine, dark, Northern Minnesota Muskrats from our Battle Creek and Pine River Muskrat Ranches, for breeding stock, for delivery during 1928. $25.00 per pair for single pairs. Special prices for quantity contracts. All orders will be taken care of in the order received. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corp., R. F. D., Lake Elmo, Minnesota. (9x27)

CANADIAN Government Registered silver black foxes. 15 years raising foxes. Easy terms. Priced according to age and pelt value. $300 to $700 a pair. Pelts bring $100 to $400 each. We buy all the pelts you raise. Valley Silver Fox Farm, T-2, St. Stephen, N. B. (3-10)

ALL Star Silver Foxes. First selection litters. All related to All Star "Sybil," World's Champion. We can supply you with blue foxes, mink, raccoon, chinchilla rabbits, muskrats. Correspondence solicited. Minnesota Silver Fox & Fur Company, 835 Charles St., St. Paul, Minnesota. (3-11)

Game Birds and Animals—Cont'd

POULTRY, Pigeons, Canada Geese, Callers, Mallards, Peafowls, Stocking Pheasants and Games. Deer and fur-bearing animals. Milk Goats. Jersey and Holstein cattle. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Missouri. (12-11)

FERRETS for driving rats and other vermin from their dens. We have white or brown, males, $4.00, females, $4.50, pair $8.00. October price. Will ship C.O.D. J. E. Younger, Newton Falls, Ohio.

SILVER foxes, chinchilla rabbits, pigeons, mink, muskrat. Tell me how you are situated and I'll show you how to make big profits. Write for facts. 721 Conrad's Ranch, Denver, Colorado. (3-12)

LOOK Sportsman: Wild Canada geese $7.00, Mallards $2.00, Black Ducks $5.00, English Callers $4.00 each. Also game Birds, Animals. Claude Clinton, Olive Branch, Ill. (3-11)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-10)

SELLING ranch raised mink. Highly illustrated book on building pens and caring for animals mailed for $1.00. Davis Fur Farms, Inc., St. Johnsbury, Vt. (3-11)

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (3-10)

FOR Sale: Northern Mink, young or old, proven breeders; also Raccoon, Muskrat, Red and Cross Fox. Comfrey Fur Farm, Comfrey, Minnesota. (3-10)

RACCOONS—Dark Northern Illinois and Wisconsin Raccoons for fur farming or pets. $50.00 per pair. Elmer Johnson, Hinckley, Ill. (3-10)

MINKS, Raccoons, Skunks. Best foundation stock. Instructive, interesting catalog 10c. Shady Fur Farm, Springfield, Minnesota. (3-11)

FOR Sale: California Valley Quail, Doves and rare pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, California. (6-3)

GUARANTEED, Genuine Little English Call Ducks. Japanese Silkie Bantams. Audley Russell, Tekemah, Nebraska. (3-10)

LIVE Muskrats, Black or Brown, and a New Trap for catching them alive. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. D-18, Chester, Pa.

MINKS—Best Northern Mississippi Valley Minks. Orders taken any time. Cold Spring Fur Farms, Box E, Homer, Minnesota. (3-10)

MUSKRATS and Mink for sale. Finest quality breeders. October delivery. Silverbirch Fur Farm, Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

MINKS, raccoons, red foxes, muskrats, skunks. Anton Vejtasa, Fairdale, N. Dak. (3-12)

SILVER foxes, highest quality, sturdy, prolific breeders. Money makers. Bert R. Pope, Ogdensburg, New York. (3-11)

PHEASANTS. Golden and Amherst. Also Japanese Silkie Bantams. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-11)

CANADIAN Geese, mated pairs, young birds for decoys. William Harberts, Carthage, Illinois.

FERRETS: Hand trained. Tame. C. O. D. $5.00. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa.

FOR Sale. Large Canada mink, black skunks, ermine. T. Knipfer, Northome, Minnesota.

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MINK of quality. Dr. Warta, Omaha, Nebraska.

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FOR Sale: We manufacture full line golf clubs; woods, three dollars; irons, $2.50. Also leads, shafts and grips. I. R. Longsworth Co., Somerset, Kentucky. (3-12)

Help Wanted

FOREST Rangers, Border Patrol Inspectors, Railway Mail Clerks and other Government positions; $1,500 to $3,000 yearly. Vacancies soon. Particulars free. Write, Mr. Ozment, 119, St. Louis, Mo. (11x26)

MEN wanting outdoor work, qualify for forest ranger position. Start $125 month; cabin and vacation; patrol the forests, protect the game; give tourists information. Write Mokane, Dept. M-17, Denver, Colo. (12-7)

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Write George Wagner, 2190 Broadway, New York, N. Y. (3-10)

MEN, get Forest Ranger job; $125-200 month and home furnished; permanent; hunt, fish, trap. For details write Norton, 249 McMann Bldg., Denver, Colorado. (3-11)

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BOW, Arrows, $1.60; Beaded Fobs, $1.00; War Clubs, Belts, Moccasins, $4.50; Dozen Arrowheads, $2.50; Beaded Hatbands, Headbands, Necklaces, $2.75; Eagle Feather War bonnets, $15.50; Everything in Ancient and Modern Indian Handicraft. Navajo Blankets. Birchbark Canoe, Catalog 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. OA, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (5x26)

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WANTED: 10,000 Sportsmen in every State to buy our Special Personal Accident Policy covering accidents while hunting and fishing, including the travel hazard. $1,000 Death Indemnity and $10.00 weekly for Total Disability. Only $1.00 for 12 months protection in a reliable company. It is a remarkable offer. Send $1.00 today with name, address and age. Your policy will be forwarded immediately. "It's worth it, and more." Allen Registry Bureau, Telegraph Bldg., Harrisburg, Pa. (3-11)

Miscellaneous

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BEST coyote-fox scent formula on earth, $2.00. All professionals use it. Full directions for use and trap-set drawings included. 100 sets good scent free with order. Trapper Bill, Kimama, Idaho. (3-12)

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FOR Sale: Eighteen acres. Franklin County, Pennsylvania. For hunting lodges or private park. Exclusive location on Lincoln Highway. East of Chambersburg. Adjoins forest preserve. Spring water, boulders, timber for building. C. E. Stahl, 600 Fayette Street, Peoria, Illinois.

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SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-10)

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Wanted

WANTED: Five pair, Mated Canada Geese, some that have bred young. Charles Einfeldt, Box No. 65, Forest Park, Illinois.

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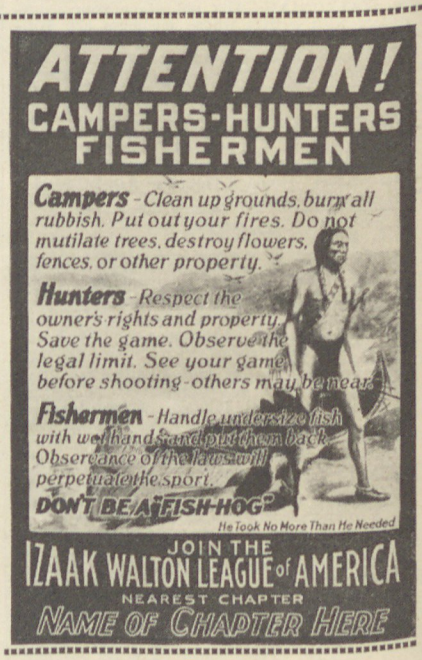

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